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NME — NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS

Trident: A Tory Ticket To Armageddon
P.6/7/8

Left: Malcolm McLaren. Pic: Anton Corbijn. Below: McLaren proteges past and present — Johnny Rotten and Annabella Lu Win of Bow Wow Wow. Bottom: Bernard Rhodes with The Clash.

MALCOLM McLAREN
The Age of Piracy vs The Age of Conservatism

P.25/6/7

P.25/8/9

BERNARD RHODES
Success (And How To Lose It)

NME CHARTS

Week ending August 9, 1980

UK SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks In	Highest
1	(4)	Upside Down	Diana Ross (Motown)	3	1
2	(1)	Use It Up And Wear It Out	Odyssey (RCA)	6	1
3	(2)	More Than I Can Say	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	5	2
4	(6)	Could You Be Loved	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	7	3
5	(—)	Winner Takes It All	Abba (Epic)	1	5
6	(5)	Babooshka	Kate Bush (EMI)	5	5
7	(3)	Xanadu	Olivia Newton-John & ELO (Jet)	6	1
8	(10)	There There My Dear	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	4	8
9	(9)	Cupid	Detroit Spinners (Atlantic)	6	3
9	(20)	9 to 5	Sheena Easton (EMI)	3	9
11	(24)	Oops Upside Your Head	Gap Band (Mercury)	3	11
12	(7)	Jump To The Beat	Stacey Lattisaw (Atlantic)	13	2
13	(21)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Brothers)	2	13
14	(18)	Lip Up Fatty	Bad Manners (Magnet)	2	14
15	(11)	Let's Hang On	Darts (Magnet)	16	11
16	(28)	Wednesday Week	Undertones (Sire)	2	16
17	(17)	Funkin' For Jamaica	Tom Browne (Arista)	2	17
18	(8)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones (Rollings Stones)	5	8
19	(14)	A Lovers Holiday	Change (WEA)	5	14
20	(13)	My Way Of Thinking	UB40 (Graduate)	7	8
21	(23)	Burnin' Hot	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)	2	21
22	(—)	Oh Yeah	Roxy Music (Polydor)	1	22
23	(15)	Mariana	Gibson Brothers (Island)	3	15
24	(—)	Does She Have A Friend	Gene Chandler (20th Century)	1	24
25	(—)	Private Life	Grace Jones (Island)	1	25
26	(16)	Are You Getting Enough	Hot Chocolate (Rak)	2	16
28	(19)	Theme From The Invaders	Yellow Magic Orchestra (A&M)	6	19
28	(27)	Shining Star	Manhattans (CBS)	2	27
29	(12)	Love Will Tear Us Apart	Joy Division (Factory)	5	12
30	(—)	Girlfriend	Michael Jackson (Epic)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Sleep Walk — Ultravox (Chrysalis)
Sunshine Of Your Smile — Mike Berry (Polydor)
My Guy/My Girl — Amii Stewart / Johnny Bristol (Atlantic)
Kings Of The Wild Frontier — Adam and the Ants (CBS)
Paint It Black — Modettes (Deram)
All Over The World — Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)

Pic: Chris Horler

Wilton Felder of The Crusaders can't wait to get back home and tell the folks how he visited the newly opened NME Location Backlot (Admission 25 guineas). Now, you too, can walk at leisure around such well loved photo session backdrops as 'Johnnie Clark at Surrey Docks', 'Peter Gabriel's Grey Room', 'The Slits' Mud Tree', 'Undertones Mom's Living Room' and many, many more! Wilton is pictured on our sensational 'Stiff Little Fingers Coach Set' which was so popular a few months back. (Children half price Saturdays. No Reduction For Students — in fact 50p extra)

US SINGLES

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	Magic	Olivia Newton-John
2	(2)	It's Still Rock & Roll To Me	Billy Joel
3	(3)	Little Jeannie	Elton John
4	(8)	Take Your time (Do It Right) Part 1	The S.O.S. Band
5	(4)	The Rose	Bette Midler
6	(6)	Tired Of Toein' The Line	Rocky Burnette
7	(7)	Shining Star	Manhattans
8	(5)	Cupid/I've Loved You For A Long Time	Spinners
9	(11)	Emotional Rescue	The Rolling Stones
10	(14)	Sailing	Christopher Cross
11	(10)	In America	The Charlie Daniels Band
12	(13)	More Love	Kim Carnes
13	(9)	Coming Up (Live At Glasgow)	Paul McCartney
14	(12)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson
15	(17)	Misunderstanding	Genesis
16	(21)	Let My Love Open The Door	Pete Townsend
17	(20)	Love The World Away	Kenny Rogers
18	(25)	Take A Little Rhythm	Al Thomson
19	(23)	Boulevard	Jackson Browne
20	(28)	Into The Night	Benny Mardones
21	(22)	Jo Jo	Boz Scaggs
22	(27)	All Out Of Love	Air Supply
23	(26)	Stand By Me	Mickey Gilley
24	(24)	Empire Strikes Back (Medley)	Meco
25	(29)	Old-fashioned Love	Commodores
26	(34)	One In A Million You	Larry Graham
27	(33)	You're The Only Woman	Ambrosia
28	(30)	I Can't Let Go	Linda Ronstadt
29	(31)	Make A Little Magic	Dirt Band
30	(35)	Fame	Irene Cara

US ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist
1	(1)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones
2	(2)	Glass Houses	Billy Joel
3	(5)	Hold Out	Jackson Browne
4	(3)	Urban Cowboy	Original Soundtrack
5	(5)	Heroes	Commodores
6	(6)	The Game	Queen
7	(7)	The Blues Brothers	Original Soundtrack
8	(9)	Diana	Diana Ross
9	(13)	Against The Wind	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
10	(12)	S.O.S.	The S.O.S. Band
11	(10)	Empty Glass	Pete Townshend
12	(25)	Christopher Cross	Christopher Cross
13	(8)	Just One Night	Eric Clapton
14	(14)	One For The Road	The Kinks
15	(17)	Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere	Rossington Collins Band
16	(15)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson
17	(18)	There and Back	Jeff Beck
18	(26)	Fame	Original Soundtrack
19	(19)	The Empire Strikes Back	Original Soundtrack
20	(16)	McCartney 2	Paul McCartney
21	(11)	Let's Get Serious	Jermaine Jackson
22	(22)	Duke	Genesis
23	(23)	Middle Man	Boz Scaggs
24	(21)	The Rose	Original Soundtrack
25	(—)	Give Me The Night	George Benson
26	(27)	The Wall	Pink Floyd
27	(20)	21 at 33	Elton John
28	(—)	Full Moon	Charlie Daniels Band
29	(28)	Women And Children First	Van Halen
30	(29)	Unmasked	Kiss

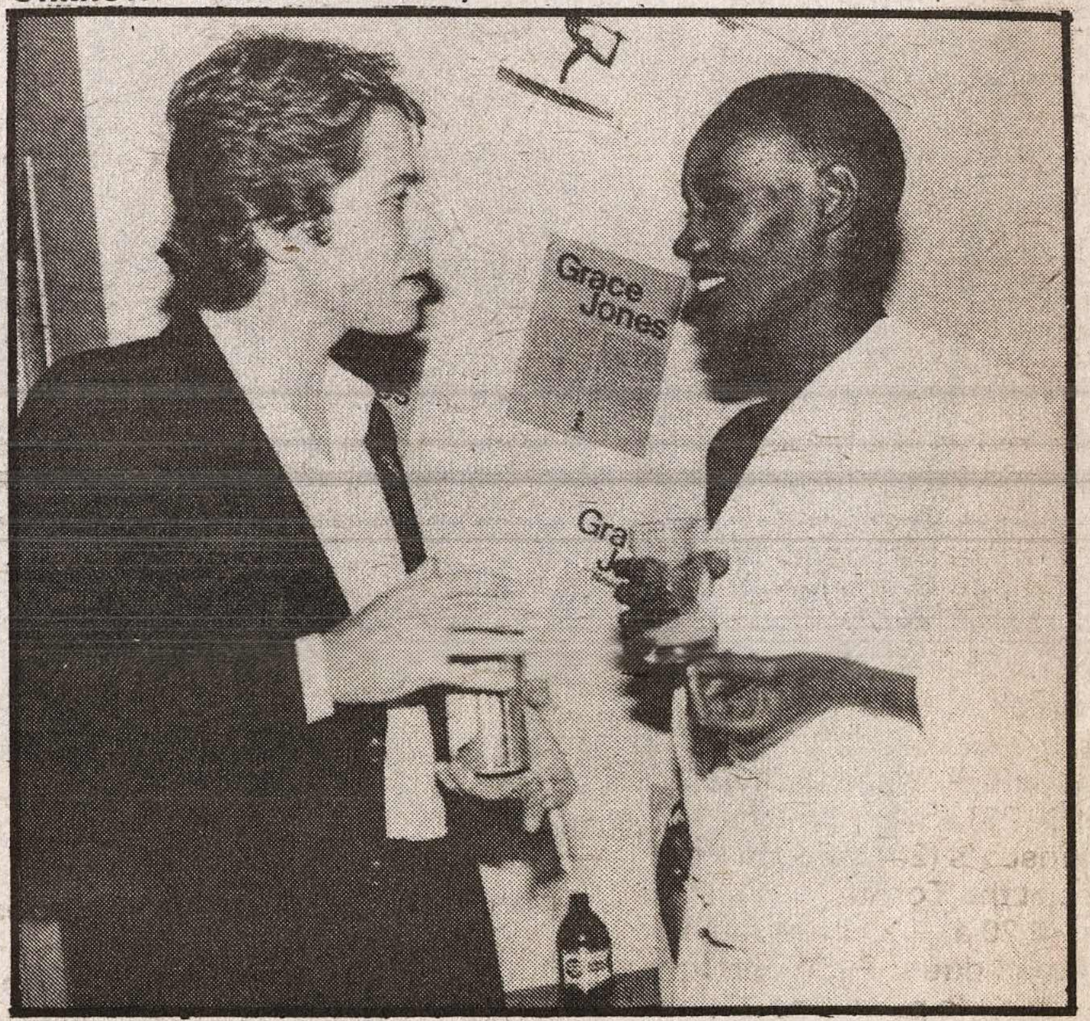
US Charts: courtesy 'Cash Box' magazine

UK ALBUMS

This Week	Last Week	Title	Artist	Weeks In	Highest
1	(1)	Xanadu	Soundtrack (RSO)	4	1
2	(7)	Deepest Purple	Deep Purple (Harvest)	3	2
3	(6)	The Game	Queen (EMI)	4	1
4	(3)	Flesh & Blood	Roxy Music (Polydor)	10	1
5	(5)	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Bros)	3	5
6	(2)	Emotional Rescue	Rolling Stones (Rolling Stones)	6	1
7	(4)	Uprising	Bob Marley & The Wailers (Island)	6	4
8	(8)	Off The Wall	Michael Jackson (Epic)	43	3
9	(15)	Searching For The Young Soul Rebels	Dexy's Midnight Runners (Parlophone)	2	9
10	(—)	Another String Of HIts	Shadows (EMI)	1	10
11	(10)	Me Myself I	Joan Armatrading (A&M)	11	4
12	(9)	McCartney 2	Paul McCartney (Parlophone)	11	1
13	(11)	Sky 2	Sky (Ariola)	16	2
14	(13)	I Just Can't Stop It	The Beat (Go Feet)	11	3
15	(25)	Closer	Joy Divison (Factory)	2	15
16	(16)	Diana	Diana Ross (Motown)	7	12
17	(22)	Vienna	Ultravox (Chrysalis)	3	17
18	(30)	Manilow Magic	Barry Manilow (Arista)	2	18
19	(19)	Magic Reggae	Various (K-Tel)	10	4
20	(12)	King Of The Road	Boxcar Willie (Warwick)	5	8
21	(—)	Rhapsody & Blues	Crusaders (MCA)	1	21
22	(27)	Regatta De Blanc	Police (A&M)	42	1
23	(14)	Black Sabbath Live At Last	Black Sabbath (NEMS)	5	7
24	(20)	Peter Gabriel	Peter Gabriel (Charisma)	10	1
25	(18)	All For You	Johnny Mathis (CBS)	2	18
26	(—)	Wheels Of Steel	Saxon (Carrere)	9	8
27	(17)	Saved	Bob Dylan (CBS)	6	8
28	(—)	Brazilian Love Affair	George Duke (Epic)	1	28
29	(—)	Romantic Guitar	Paul Brett (K-Tel)	1	29
30	(—)	Crocodiles	Echo & The Bunnymen (Korova)	1	30

BUBBLING UNDER

Do A Runner — Athletico Spizz 80 (A&M)
VIEP — Jah Wobble (Virgin)
Heart To Heart — Ray Charles (London)
20th Anniversary Album — Various (Motown)
There And Back — Jeff Beck (Epic)
Unknown Pleasures — Joy Division (Factory)



Robert Palmer: *"You know Grace, we've been on Island for six years now and still no-one's heard of us. Why?"*
Grace Jones: *"Beats me, Bob. I've tried everything — leather, overboard sex, modernism, reggae, you name it. People don't care. I've got high hopes for my new single though — it's in at 25."*
RP: *"You got a record in the NME chart? Now come on Grace, howdja manage it?"*
GJ: *"I'd let ya in on it Bobby but now I'm a hit I don't need to talk to second stringers like you. See ya around . . . Vinegar features."*

INDIES 45s

1	How I Wrote Elastic Man	The Fall (Rough Trade)
2	Final Achievement	In Camera (4AD)
3	Terror Couple Kill Colonel	Bauhaus (4AD)
4	Love Will Tear Us Apart	Joy Division (Factory)
5	Not Ready	Sector 27 (Panic)
6	Split	Lilliput (Rough Trade)
7	Holiday In Cambodia	Dead Kennedys (Cherry Red)
8	This Strange Effect	Spectres (Direct Hit)
9	Madman	Cuddly Toys (Fresh)
10	Going Through The Motions	Prefects (Rough Trade)

INDIES 33s

1	Closer	Joy Division (Factory)
2	Live	James Chance & The Contortions (Invisible)
3	The Voice Of America	Cabaret Voltaire (Rough Trade)
4	Black Box	Peter Hamill (S-Type)
5	Shape Of Finns To Come	Various (Cherry Red)
6	Los Angeles	X (Slash)
7	Colossal Youth	Young Marble Giants (Rough Trade)
8	Unknown Pleasures	Joy Division (Factory)
9	Bouquet Of Steel	Various (Aardvark)
10	Totales Turns	The Fall (Rough Trade

Charts by: Paul at Bonaparte, 284 Pentonville Rd, London N1

REGGAE

1	I'll Always Love You	Maria Taylor (K&K)
2	When I Think Of You	Ruddy Thomas (Hawkeye)
3	Sitting And Watching	Dennis Brown (Taxi)
4	Brown Skin Girl	Linval Thompson (Black Joy)
5	Blues Night	Clint Eastwood (Greensleeves)
6	I Adore You	Love & Unity (Studio 16)
7	Let Me Love You	Dennis Brown/Trinity (JGN)
8	Who Cork The Dance?	Bunny Lie Lie/Lee Van Cliff (JB)
9	Next To You	Cregory Isaacs (African Museum)
10	Fly Away Home	Pablo Gad (Greensleeves)

Chart by: Joe Gibb Records, Lewisham

DISCO

1	Give Me The Night	George Benson (Warner Bros)
2	Was That All It Was	Green Karn (CBS)
3	Unlock The Funk	Locksmith (Arista)
4	Use It Up, Wear It Out	Odyssey (RCA)
5	Could You Be Loved	Bob Marley (EMI)
6	Give Up The Funk	B T Express (Calibre)
7	Burning Hot	Jermaine Jackson (Motown)
8	In The Forest	Baby O (Calibre)
9	On The One	Cameo (Casablanca)
10	Rebels Are We	Chic (Warner Bros)

Chart by: HMV Records, Oxford Street, London W1

5 YEARS AGO

1	I Can't Give You Anything (But My Love)	Stylistics (Avco)
2	Barbados	Typically Tropical (Gull)
3	If You Think You Know How To Love Me	Smokey (Rak)
4	Jive Talkin'	Bee Gees (RSO)
5	Give A Little Love	Bay City Rollers (Bell)
6	Delilah	Alex Harvey Band (Vertigo)
7	It's In His Kiss	Linda Lewis (Arista)
8	The Last Farewell	Roger Whittaker (EMI)
9	It's Been So Long	George McCrae (Jayboy)
10	Sealed With A Kiss	Brian Hyland (ABC)

Week ending August 12, 1975

10 YEARS AGO

1	The Wonder Of You	Elvis Presley (RCA)
2	Neanderthal Man	Hotlegs (Fontana)
3	Lola	Kinks (Pye)
4	Something	Shirley Bassey (United Artists)
5	Lady D'Arbanville	Cat Stevens (Island)
6	Alright Now	Free (Island)
7	Love Like A Man	Ten Years After (Deram)
8	I'll Say Forever My Love	Jimmy Ruffin (Tamla Motown)
9	Rainbow	Marmalade (Decca)
10	Signed Sealed Delivered I'm Yours	Stevie Wonder (Tamla Motown)

Week ending August 12, 1970

15 YEARS AGO

1	Help	Beatles (Parlophone)
2	You've Got Your Troubles	Fortunes (Decca)
3	We Gotta Get Out Of This Place	Animals (Columbia)
4	Catch Us If You Can	Dave Clark Five (Columbia)
5	Everyone's Gone To The Moon	Jonathan King (Decca)
6	Mr Tambourine Man	Byrds (CBS)
7	There But For Fortune	Joan Baez (Fontana)
8	Tossing And Turning	Ivy League (Piccadilly)
9	In Thoughts Of You	Billy Fury (Decca)
10	With These Hands	Tom Jones (Decca)

Week ending August 12, 1965

20 YEARS AGO

1	Please Don't Tease	Cliff Richard (Columbia)
2	Apache	The Shadows (Columbia)
3	Mess Of Blues	Elvie Presley (RCA)
4	Good Timin'	Jimmy Jones (MGM)
5	Shakin' All Over	Johnny Kidd (HMV)
6	When Will I Be Loved	Everly Brothers (London)
7	Because They're Young	Duane Eddy (London)
8	Look For A Star	Gary Mills (Top Rank)
9	If She Should Come To You	Anthony Newley (Decca)
10	Polka Dot Bikini	Brian Hyland (London)

Week ending August 11, 1960

NEWS

ALL TICKETS £3.50

Joe's one-price jaunt

THE JOE JACKSON BAND, currently touring the States, open an 18-date British tour on October 5, when they play Cardiff's Top Rank venue.

They then appear at Llanelli Glen Ballroom (6), Bristol Colston Hall (7), Edinburgh Playhouse (10), Sheffield City Hall (11), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (12), Manchester Apollo (15), Glasgow Tiffany's (16), Carlisle Market Hall (17), Belfast Ulster Hall (20), Dublin Stadium (21), Galway Leisure Centre (23), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (26), London Hammersmith Palais (27 and 28), Bradford St George's Hall (November 2), Birmingham Odeon (3) and conclude the tour at Blackburn St George's Hall on November 4. Tickets for all venues are already available — and these are set at one price, £3.50 for advance bookings, though it'll be £3.75 on the door.

Before leaving for the States, the Jackson Band completed an album called 'Beat Crazy' at London's Basing Street Studios and this will be released to coincide with the tour.

"Hey Joe." "Yes Joe?" Pic: Lisa Haun.

Albert's Rocket

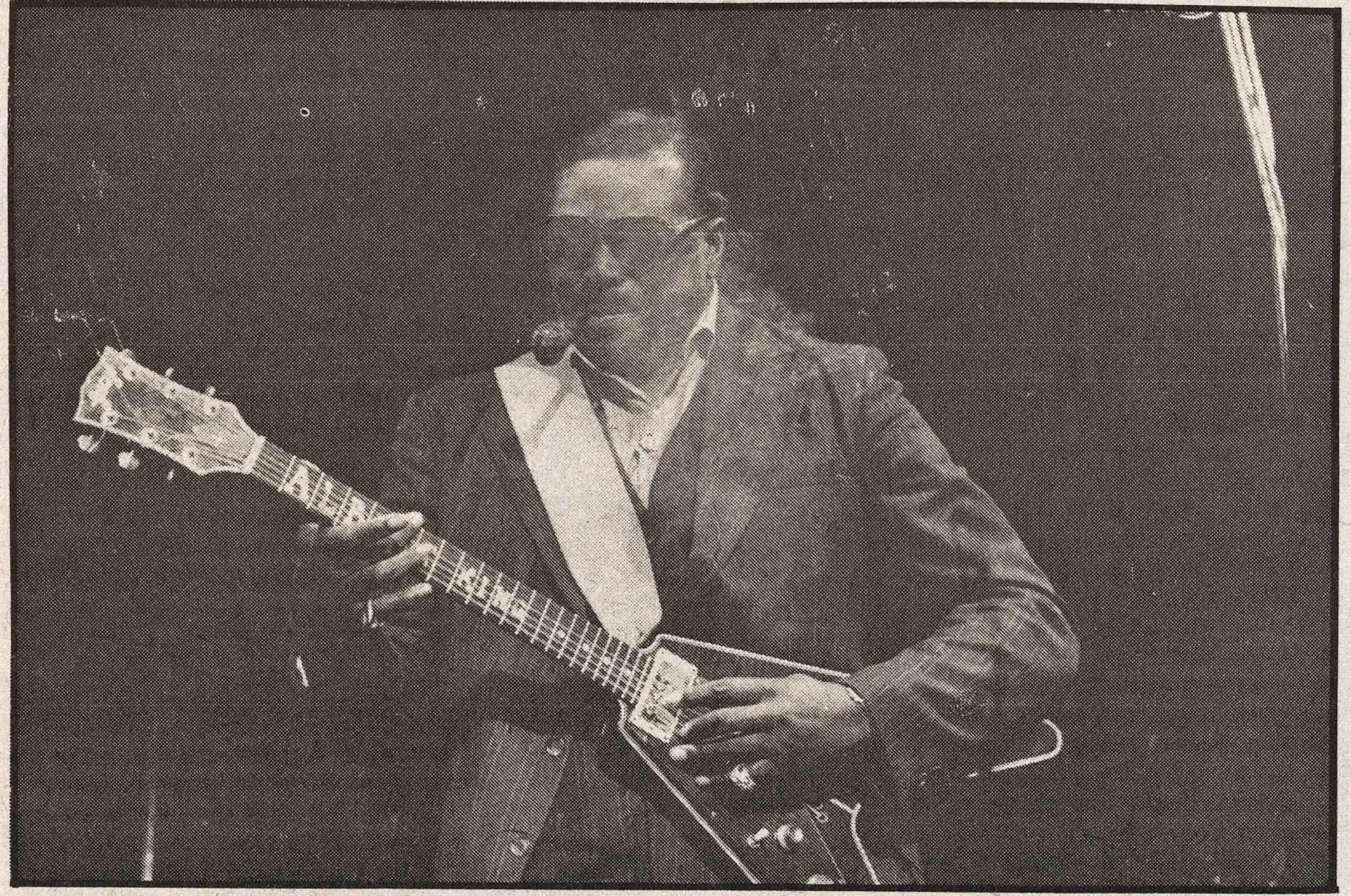
BLUES GIANT Albert King and his band are to play a special one-off concert at London's Hammersmith Odeon on Saturday, October 18.

On this, his first British gig since November 1978, the six foot four guitarist will be fronting a band comprising a second guitarist, a keyboard-player, a bassist, a drummer and a three-piece horn section. The support band will be Rocket 88, the boogie and blues outfit formed by Alexis Korner, Ian Stewart, Charlie Watts and Danny Adler.

Tickets for the concert are priced at £4.50, £3.50 and £2.50.

● **ATHLETICO SPIZZ 80,** the well-known name change, play a special matinee date at London's Marquee Club this Saturday (9) where only under-18s will be admitted. Doors for the gig open at 12.30 pm and tickets will be £1.50. But there will be no support band and definitely no alcohol!

Spizz also appear at Bournemouth's Stateside Centre on August 19, Malvern Winter Gardens (22), Birmingham Digbeth Civic Centre (23) and Brighton Jenkinson's (24), though the dates at the Torquay Pelican on August 20 and 21 have been scrubbed due to high demand and possible problems resulting from overcrowding. In place of these gigs, the band will now appear at Torquay Town Hall on August 20, playing just the one date.



Albert King — possibly the world's finest living pipe-smoker — having a quiet tootle on his guitar, An unusual way for a pipe-smoker to relax . . . Pic: George Bodnar.

A Harvest festival in Berlin

A UNIQUE event takes place on Saturday, August 30, when Barclay James Harvest play a free concert in Berlin — alongside the Berlin Wall. They will be the first major international rock band ever to play a free festival in Germany.

The concert will be preceded be a series of theatrical events on the lawns surrounding the historic Reichstagsgelande building, organised by the Cultural Committee of the Berlin Senate. It is expected that some local bands will also play.

Barclay James Harvest claim that they're playing the concert to thank their fans throughout Germany where, during the past year, their 'Gone To Earth' album has gone platinum.

During their 53-date concert tour of Europe earlier this year, Lees, Holroyd and Pritchard, together with guest instrumentalists Colin Browne and Kevin McAlea, played to more than a quarter of a million people, breaking all box-office records in Germany. However, no concert was given in Berlin at the time because no suitable venue was available.

Release on the rocks?

RELEASE, the national 24-hour welfare and advice agency, is on the verge of financial collapse.

In a letter to the media this week, RELEASE claimed: "We have no money at all and have been putting off paying our bills for months. We're fighting hard to maintain our present services and need to raise a substantial amount of money fast.

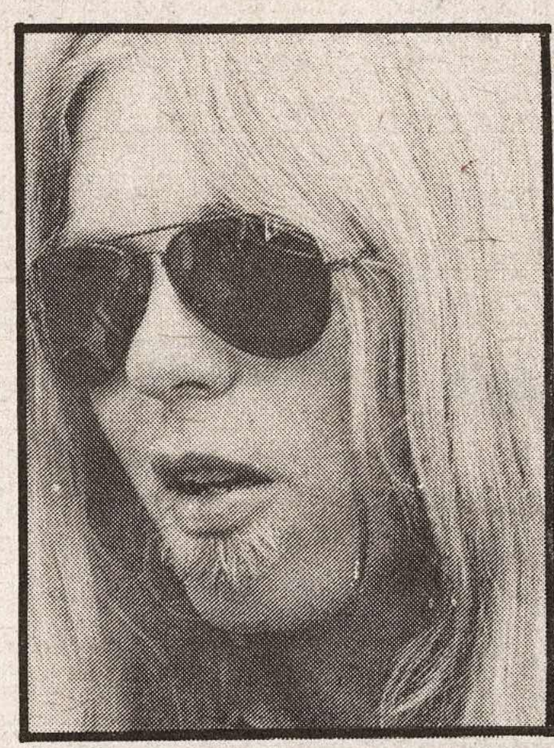
"We help an enormous number of people every year with problems regarding drugs, the law, abortion and lots of other difficulties. And almost all the people we help are broke."

A spokesperson for RELEASE further explained: "We do get donations and a grant from the Home Office, but this is much less than we need in the face of a 20% inflation rate and a 15% VAT rate, from which we're not exempt. Every couple of months we hit a situation where we can't pay the rent or the phone bill — and this is disastrous for an organisation like ours that answers over 20,000 calls for help a year all over the country."

Virgin boss Richard Branson has provided the organisation with aid in the past and he has now offered RELEASE the use of the London Venue for three nights (August 24-26) to put on benefit concerts. Bands who wish to offer their services are asked to contact Jane Goodsir at RELEASE, 1 Elgin Avenue, London W9 (01-289 1123).

Back to grunt

THE RE-FORMED Allman Brothers Band is heading for Britain. The band, which includes original members Gregg Allman (keyboards, lead vocals), Richard Betts (guitar, lead vocals), Jaimoe Johansen (drums and percussion) and Butch Trucks (drums, percussion), along with David 'Rook' Goldflies (bass) and 'Dangerous' Dan Toler (guitars) arrive in Europe in September and are scheduled to play Manchester's Apollo Theatre on September 9, followed by shows at the London Rainbow on September 10 and 11. Tickets for the Manchester gig are set at £4, £3 and £2, while those for the London dates are set at £5, £4.25 and £3.50. A new album, 'Reach For The Sky', the band's first for Arista, will be released to tie-in with the British dates.



Brother Gregg

XTC: LP looks black

XTC, who have been absent from Britain for much of the past year, release a new album on Virgin in September. Titled 'Black Sea', it was produced by Steve Lilleywhite, who worked on the recent Peter Gabriel album, and contains nine Andy Partridge songs plus two from Colin Moulding.

What Virgin list as "the first of a series of singles from the album" will be in the shops on August 28, in the form of a double-pack featuring 'Generals And Majors' along with three otherwise unavailable items — 'Don't Lose Your Temper', 'Smokeless Zone' (both out-takes from the album sessions) and 'The Somnabulist', a song Andy Partridge allegedly recorded during a free hour after a *Top Of The Pops* session.

Another recent recording gig found Partridge making a contribution to Morgan Fisher's 'Miniatures' album, on which personalities such as George Melly, Ralph Steadman and R. D. Laing have 'miniaturised' well-known works in under a minute, Partridge's contribution being a 20-second 'History Of Rock And Roll'.

Meanwhile XTC continue their succession of overseas tours, appearing in Spain shortly to play a dozen dates with The Police, then moving on to Australia before attempting a six-week haul across the States, where they played 56 gigs earlier this year. All being well, at the end of this tour Swindon's favourite sons return home to plan an extensive list of British dates.

The flight of the free bird continues
Rossington Collins Band
PRONOUNCED RÖSS-ĬNG-TŎN CŎLLĬNS
Their debut album 'Anytime, Anyplace, Anywhere'
9 new songs from some old friends.
Produced by Gary Rossington, Allen Collins and Barry Harwood

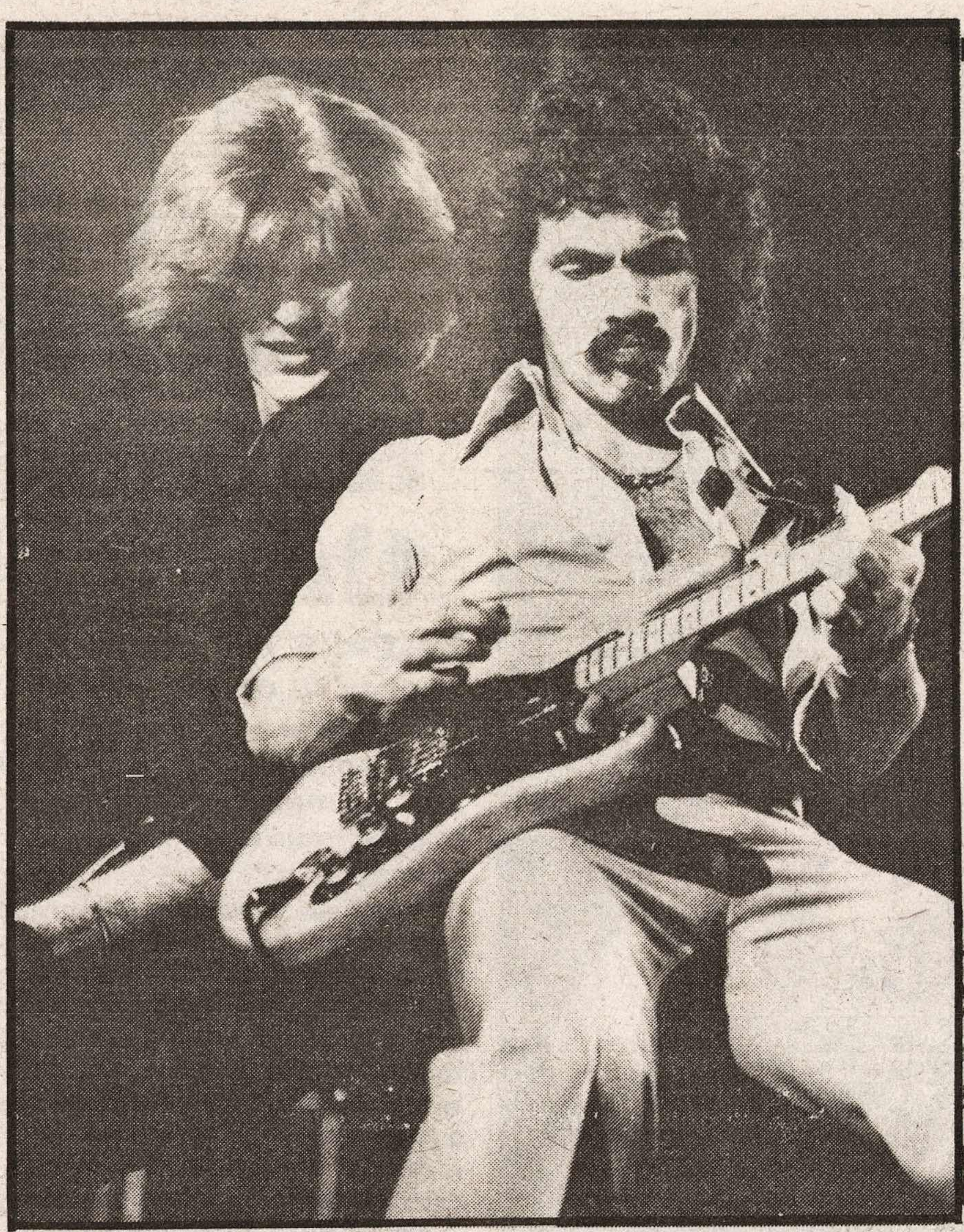
MCA RECORDS
1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1 3FW

And yet more badness . . .

THE STRANGLERS have added three more dates to their interary and are now to play concerts at Guildford Civic Hall (August 17), Bath Pavilion (18) and Nottingham Theatre Royal (19), the last gig being filmed by ATV. Tickets at Guildford are set at £3, and those at Bath at £3.50, while seats at Nottingham are priced at £3.50 and £3.

Meanwhile, the projected show at Liverpool Brady's on August 15 has had to be cancelled because it was discovered not to be viable without playing another town nearby. Unfortunately, the gig was advertised before contracts had been signed.

The Stranglers are also one of the bands lined up to appear in a forthcoming film planned by Michael White, the entrepreneur behind *Rude Boy* and many other shows and films including *Oh Calcutta!* and *The Rocky Horror Show*. The new movie, called *Urgh*, commences shooting in Los Angeles on August 15 and will also include live footage by The Beat, Gary Numan, UB40, Specials, Police, X and The Ramones, shot at special concerts promoted by Ian Copeland at venues in New York, London, Paris and Barcelona. *Urgh*, which is directed by Derek Burbridge, is expected to be completed by December and readied for release in early 1981. The soundtrack album will be marketed worldwide by A&M Records.



Pic: Howard Barlow

H&O ahoy

HALL AND OATES, who played four nights at the London Venue earlier this year, return next month for a full tour, commencing at the Bristol Hippodrome on September 11, and then moving on to play Southampton Gaumont (12), Coventry Theatre (14), Manchester Apollo (15), Southport Theatre (16), Oxford New Theatre (19), Brighton Dome (20), Croydon Fairfield Hall (21), London Hammersmith Odeon (22) and Birmingham Odeon (24), with an Edinburgh date on September 17 at a venue yet to be confirmed. Top price tickets for the shows at Croydon and Hammersmith will sell at £4.50, while elsewhere the maximum price has been set at £3.50.

The duo's latest album 'Voices' was originally planned for early August release by RCA but will not now appear until later in the month. It includes a version of The Righteous Brothers classic 'You've Lost That Lovin' Feeling'.

Rainbow is over for Cozy

THE CASTLE DONINGTON 'Monsters Of Rock' Festival on August 16 will definitely be the last appearance of Cozy Powell as drummer with Rainbow. Powell, who has been with the band for around five years, has contributed heavily towards the success of Ritchie Blackmore's heavies, a fact acknowledged by Blackmore himself. In a call from America, Blackmore said: "Cozy and I have been together now for a really good five years and I wish him nothing but success in his future ventures."

Asked for his comments, Powell merely stated: "I gave my notice in during the 1979 U.S. tour and agreed to play until the end of the Japanese and European tours. My plans for the future will be announced in the next few weeks."

Powell, once drummer with The Jeff Beck Group, and a hitmaker in 1973 with 'Dance With The Devil', a drum instrumental, previously took leave from Rainbow to record 'Over The Top', a solo album which Ariola released last October. More recently, he's said to have been working in a studio with such musicians as Jeff Beck, Gary Moore, Neil Murray, Bernie Marsden and Don Airey, most of whom appeared on 'Over The Top'.

● A special office has now been set up to deal with all enquiries regarding the Castle Donington Festival and anyone seeking details of ticket outlets, travel details, special attractions, etc, is advised to contact Walsall (0922) 33510.

. . . but Rainbow rocks on

THE RAINBOW THREATRE, one of London's major rock venues in recent years, is not to close as once seemed possible.

In June, Strutworth, the owners of the venue, were fined £200 at Highbury magistrate's court for infringing their existing music license during a concert last November. The company had previously been warned twice about such infringements and fire inspectors had expressed concern about possible disasters following visits to the Jam concerts of December.

Against such a background it was feared that the GLC licensing panel would refuse an extension of the Rainbow's current music license, which runs out on September 30. But such fears have proved unfounded, and last week the panel agreed to renew the license following assurances that the GLC code would be strictly adhered to in the future.

RECORD NEWS

IAN DURY and The Blockheads' new single, 'I Want To Be Straight' backed by 'That's Not All', will be in the shops this Friday. Available on Stiff, it features an A-side penned by Dury and Micky Gallagher and a B-side by Dury and Davey Payne. An album, which bears the working title of 'Laughter', has been scheduled for October, while another single should be available before that time. But there are still no plans for a Blockheads tour.

● **YES** have completed their first album since Bugglesmen Geoff Downes and Trevor Horn stepped in to replace Jon Anderson and Rick Wakeman. Due out on August 22, 'Drama' is the band's twelfth Atlantic album and their first studio offering in two years, the last being 'Tormato'. Arranged and produced by Yes at London's Town House Studios, the album contains only six tracks — 'Machine Messiah', 'White Car', 'Does It Really Happen', 'Into The Lens', 'Run Through The Light' and 'Tempus' — and will be decked out in the obligatory Roger Dean sleeve.

This week, Yes are due to fly to the States to commence their latest North American tour.

● **BLACK SABBATH's** 'Paranoid', a Top Ten single in 1970, is re-released this Friday on NEMS. The record, which will be issued in a picture bag, features 'Snowblind' as a B-side, a track that has never previously appeared on a single.

● **RAT SCABIES** is listed as the producer of the Satellites' 'Urban Gorilla', second release on the Rewind label.

● **THE TUBES,** formerly signed to A&M, have now joined the Capitol roster. They begin recording their first album for the new label in the near future and expect to have it relased in January, at which time they set out on a worldwide tour.

● **MIKEY DREAD's** 'World War III' album on Dread At The Controls, the sleeve of which bears special thanks to The Clash "for positive vibes", is to be distributed through Stiff Records.

● **SIMPLE MINDS** are currently putting the finishing touches to an album called 'Empires And Dance', to be released by Zoom Records on September 19. An extensive European tour is being planned around the release of the album, culminating in a lengthy British tour. Warm-up gigs are being planned for London, the first being at Hammersmith Palais in mid-August.

● **ROCKIN' DOPSIE,** accordion-playing leader of the Cajun Twisters, went into the studios with The Blues Band last week to provide some finishing touches to the album that Paul Jones and Co. have been piecing together. Dopsie, here to play the Cambridge Festival, recently met up with The Blues Band at Ireland's Lisdoonvarna Festival where the recorded get-together was first mooted.

● **SECRET AFFAIR,** currently in the USA, have an album readied for September release. Titled 'Behind Closed Doors', it has spawned a single 'Sound Of Confusion'/'Take It Or Leave It', which is out this week on the band's own I Spy label.

● **THE TEA SET,** who last year appeared in the alternative charts with their self-produced single 'Parry Thomas And Trixpan', release their first single on the Modern Records label — distributed by Liberty United — on August 8. Titled 'Keep on Running (Big Noise From The Jungle)' it was produced by Hugh Cornwell. The Tea Set recently supported The Stranglers on some dates and are currently setting up some gigs of their own.

● **SAMSON,** who appear at this year's Reading Festival on August 23, have a new single 'Hard Times' released to coincide with the gig. The track has been culled from the band's 'Head On' album but has been remixed by Tony Platt, who has just finished work on the AC/DC album. The single, which is on Gem, features 'Angel With A Machine Gun' as its B-side.

● **GENESIS** recently became the recipients of platinum discs for sales of their 'Duke' album — the first British album to achieve platinum status in 1980.

JUST FINISHED YOUR 'A' LEVELS?

If you have just finished your 'A' Levels and are not quite sure what to do next, NME will be carrying a series of features showing the availability of courses at different colleges commencing next week for 5 weeks.

DON'T MISS IT!

Welcome to GARAGELAND, the inaugural instalment of a department designed to keep you informed of developments among those independent labels without any affiliation to Rough Trade, or the other independent 'majors'. It's also intended to keep tabs on independent records which slip through the nets cast out by other areas of the paper and especially the scummy elitists who review the singles most weeks (this doesn't mean you, Paul. Stop worrying). Maintaining quality control will be ADRIAN THRILLS (right), a living testament to the power of positive thinking, and news and information relating to things independent should therefore be addressed to Ade at GARAGELAND, NME, 5-7 Carnaby Street, London W1V 1PG, Airstrip One. NME is confident that the inauguration of GARAGELAND will be recognised as a significant contribution towards rendering human existence at least marginally rewarding.

GARAGELAND

Bristol gets the news on record

A QUARTET of emerging West Country groups are to reap the benefits of the latest independent fusion of sound and vision, a project called **The Bristol Recorder**. A compilation album cum magazine cum advertising supplement, the Recorder is planned as a regular quarterly event.

The first album, which is due out next month, features four local bands — Joe Public, Various Artists, Circus Circus and The Electric Guitars — recorded live in Bristol. In addition to the goods in the grooves, the Recorder comes complete with a 12-page magazine including ads, the revenue from which has helped keep production costs down — the entire package retails in the shops at £2.50.

The logical step forward from Bob 'Fast' Last's earcom series of last year, the first issue of the album contains local info plus interviews with Peter Gabriel, Tony Benn and Alan Dicks. It is available after September 10 from 15 Regent Street, Clifton, Bristol.

ANOTHER QUARTET making their first move towards world domination by 1984 are the four new independent record labels this week announcing their launch with appeals for interesting new bands seeking that all-important outlet.

The Hit Machine, a new Liverpool label, release their first 45, a double A-sided single by **It's Immaterial,** and are appealing for bands to send tapes to 5 Hargreaves Rd, Liverpool.

Risky Discs (24 Matham Grove, London SE 22) are keen to hear from any South London bands "with record company arseache". Their first single, **Shadowfax's** 'The Russians Are Coming', should already be available at the band's gigs.

Zoo Metronome (3 Atherton Close, Cambridge) are on the lookout for "quasi-politicals and pseudo-feminists" for 12-inch maxi-singles, while **Hurt Records** (The Post Office, Hassall Green, Sandbach, Cheshire) are looking for groups to augment a roster at present comprsing **TV Eye** and **The Pits,** whose debut single 'Terminal Tokyo' is out this month.

SINGLES out this week — or thereabouts — include yet another **Mark Perry** retrospective. 'You Cry Your Tears' is the title with The P joined by his former ATV sidecick Dennis Burns. The single is available for 70p from **NB Records** (11 Ferrestone Road, Hornsey, London N8 7BX). As for the rest, we have. . .

■ 'Blackpool Rox' EP (**Blackpool Rox,** 86 Anchorsholme Lane, Blackpool). The ultimate post-Joy Division band **Section 25** follow their Factory single with a track on this 50p compilation. The other tracks are provided by **The Membranes, Syntax** and **The Ken Turner Set.**

■ **The Wall**: 'Ghetto' **(Fresh).** Jimmy Pursey-produced.

■ **Screen Idols**: 'Routine' **(Superstition).**

■ **The Alsations**: 'Teen Romance' **(SRTS).** Available through Rough Trade.

■ **The Collectors**: 'Different World' **(Central Collection,** 79 Elliot Close, Stratford, London E15).

■ **Intestines**: 'Life In A Cardboard Box' **(Alternative Capitalists,** 434 Abbeydale Rd., Sheffield 7).

■ **Dancing Counterparts**: 'Dancing Counterpart' **(Off-Centre Records).**

■ **Strangers In The Night**: 'New York In The Dark' **(Dancing Sideways,** 32 Cricklade Avenue, Brixton, London SW2).

■ **The Four Kings**: 'Loving You Is No Disgrace' **(Fresh,** 359 Edgware Rd., London W2).

■ **Inertia**: 'The Screen' **(Inertial,** 2 Hillingdon Rd., Uxbridge Rd., Middx). "A blatant disco 45" claims the one-man electronic band.

■ **Electric Ensemble**: 'It Happened Then' **(Superstition).**

■ **The Nice Men**: 'Nuclear Summer' **(Mrs Green Records,** 13 Black Moss Lane, Ormskirk, Liverpool). The debut single from Merseyside's first rhythm and green band.

■ **Josef K**: 'Radio Drill Time' **(Postcard).** Second single from up-and-coming Glasgow band, complete with hand-coloured poster.

■ **Orange Juice**: 'Blue Boy' **(Postcard).**

■ **'Beat The Light'**, the first album by **Ken Thomas** is available for £3.00 from **Fragment Records,** 18 Ash Grove, Yiewsley, West Drayton, Middx.

THE INDEPENDENT cassette boom gathers momentum this week with news of seven more album/single releases.

■ **The Heaven 17,** a Bradford band, are even filming a video to coincide with the release of 'Camera', their limited edition cassette LP. Available from Abbeydale, Grove Rd, Ilkley, W Yorks.

■ A cassette single is to be the first release from Lancaster band **Eyes Like Astronomy**. 'Echo I Love You' is available from 5 Gladstone Terrace, Bulk Rd, Lancaster.

■ 'One Year — A History Of Progression Through Digression' is **The Bron Area's** cassette album available from **Ambivalent Scale Records,** 37 Oakdene Crescent, Weddington, Nuneaton, Warwicks.

■ **Terminal Music** (133 Lower Seedley Rd Salford, M6) release their second cassette this week. It is the album 'English Electric' by The Night Visitors. A Salford compilation tape album is also in the pipeline.

■ **The Sea Of Wires** release their debut C60 this week. Entitled 'Individually Screened', it can be purchased for the grand sum of £1.50 from 36 Crosbie Rd, Chapelfields, Coventry.

■ The first **Snow Music** cassette is available at £2 from 77 Chandos Avenue, London W5 4EP.

■ Dover group **Electric Halo** release their cassette LP, succinctly titled 'Jackdaws Love My Big Sphinx Of Quartz'. It is available for £3 from **Plantation Records,** High Street, Dover, Kent.

ADRIAN THRILLS

PLAYING LIVE

● **THE RAMONES** add one more date at Derby Assembly Rooms on Monday, August 18. Admission is £3.50.

● **BILLY PRESTON AND SYREETA** have now been fixed for the London Venue on August 14 and 15. There will be two shows each evening, those on the Thursday (14), taking place at 8.15 pm and 10.45 pm while those on the Friday commence at 8.30pm and 11.30pm. Tickets are £4 from The Venue box office, 160-162 Victoria Street, London SW1 (01-834 5500).

Meanwhile, Motown announce that there has been a change in the booking arrangements for **Stevie Wonder's** 'Hotter Than July Music Picnic' at Wembley Arena on September 1,2,3, and 5,6,7 and all postal orders sent through the post should now be made payable to 'Marshall Arts Ltd (Stevie Wonder Box Office Account)'.

All postal orders already sent to the Ticket Unit, 8 Poland Street, London W1 will be honoured but only up to the date of this announcement being printed.

Motown add that Wonder has now completed his 'Hotter Than July' album and it is hoped that this will be released in time for his visit here. If not, a single will be rush-released.

Next, it seems, **Diana Ross** could be following the examples of Wonder, Gaye, Preston and Syreeta in playing British gigs during Motown's 20th anniversary year. For, in an interview on Radio One's *Newsbeat* programme last Thursday, she stated that she would be coming in for concert dates.

● **SKIDS'** Hammersmith Palais gig has now been changed to Tuesday August 26. They will be supported by Simple Minds and Pink Military.

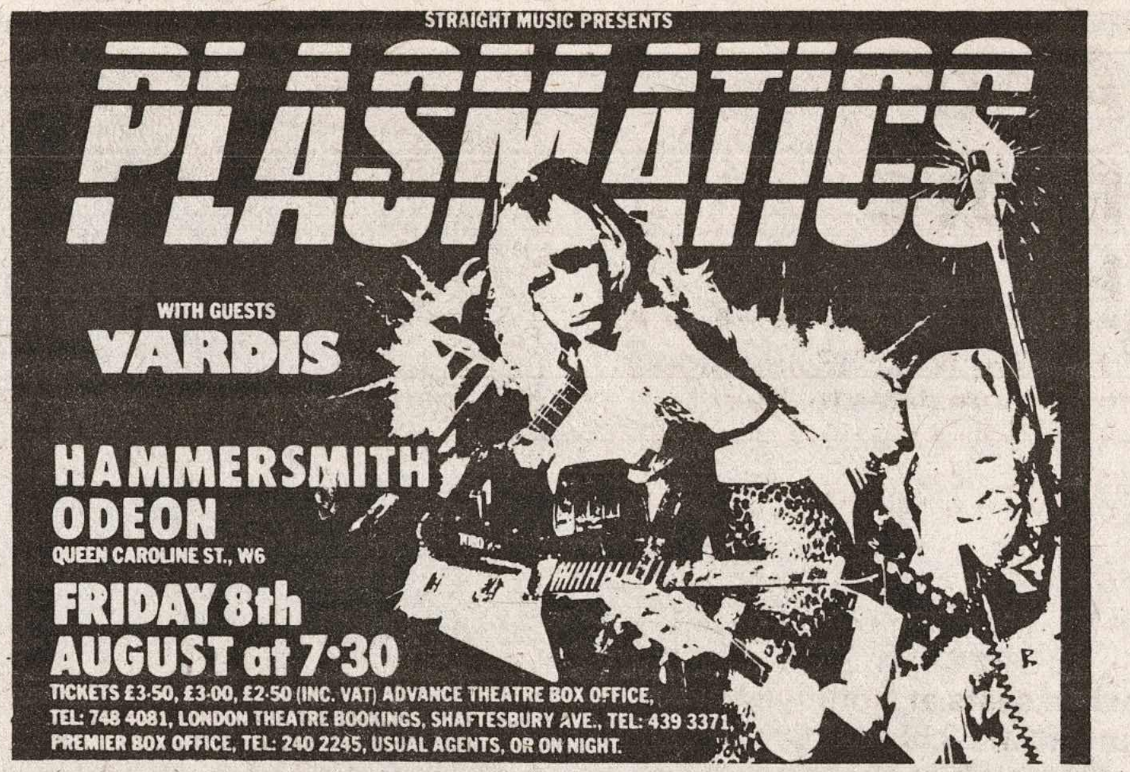
● **ELKIE BROOKS** , who is to play five dates at the new London Apollo at Victoria on November 4-8, has a full tour commencing at Sunderland Empire on October 28 and then playing Newcastle City Hall (29), Edinburgh Usher Hall (30), Glasgow Apollo (31), Coventry Theatre (November 2), London Apollo (4-8), Reading Hexagon (9), Birmingham Odeon (10-11), Southampton Gaumont (12), Brighton Centre (13), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (15), Oxford New Theatre (16), Ipswich Gaumont (18), Derby Assembly Rooms (19), Liverpool Empire (21), Manchester Apollo (22), Leeds Grand Theatre (23), Hanley Victoria Hall (24), Bristol Colston Hall (25), Leicester De Montfort Hall (26), Portsmouth Guildhall (27). Seats at all provincial dates are priced at £5, £4.50 and £4, while tickets for the London concerts cost £7, £6, £5, and £4. All go on sale this week.

● **GERRY RAFFERTY** is to play two Irish dates immediately after his concerts at the Edinburgh Playhouse on September 1 and 2, the gigs being at Dublin's National Stadium on September 4 and 6. The Rafferty Band had recently been extended to include Alan Brown (bass), Kenny Craddock (keyboards) and Mel Collins on sax and flute. Ex-Stealer's Wheel sidekick Rab Noakes will be appearing as special guest. Tickets for the Dublin gigs are priced at £6, £5.50 and £4, and are available from Phonodisc, Goldendisc and Murrays.

● **BROKEN HOME** play a series of London dates prior to their appearance at the Reading Festival on August 23. Confirmed gigs include The Marquee (August 14), Herne Hill Half Moon (17), Bridge House (19) and The Venue (20).

Pic: Virginia Turbett

THE BODYSNATCHERS go out on the road for a short tour starting today (6) at Bournemouth's Maison Royale. Other dates, which will see the band featuring new drummer Judy Prsons, include: Birmingham Cedar Ballroom (7), London Hornsea Floral Hall (8), Aylesbury Friars (9), Scarborough Taboo (15), Melton Mowbray Painted Lady (16), London Dingwalls (26), Leamington Spa Centre (28), Cardiff Top Rank (29) and Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall (30).



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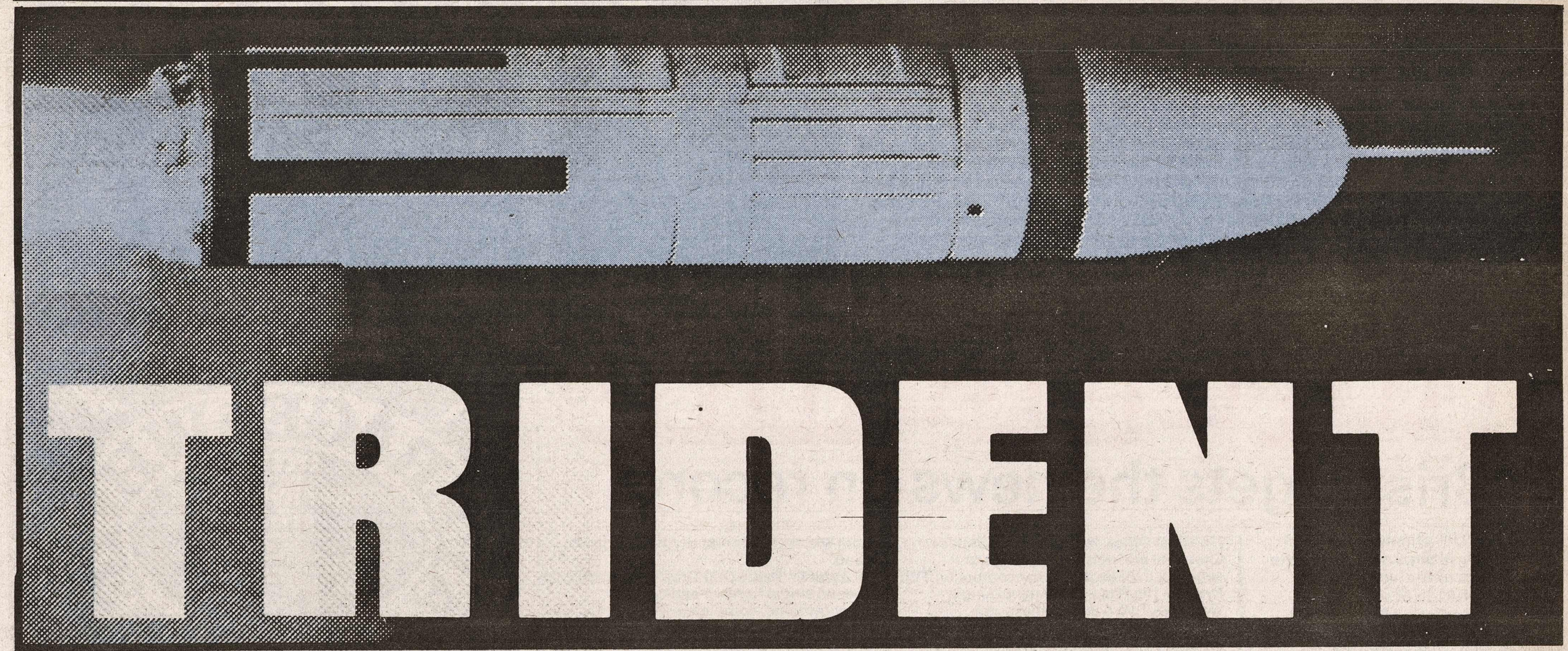


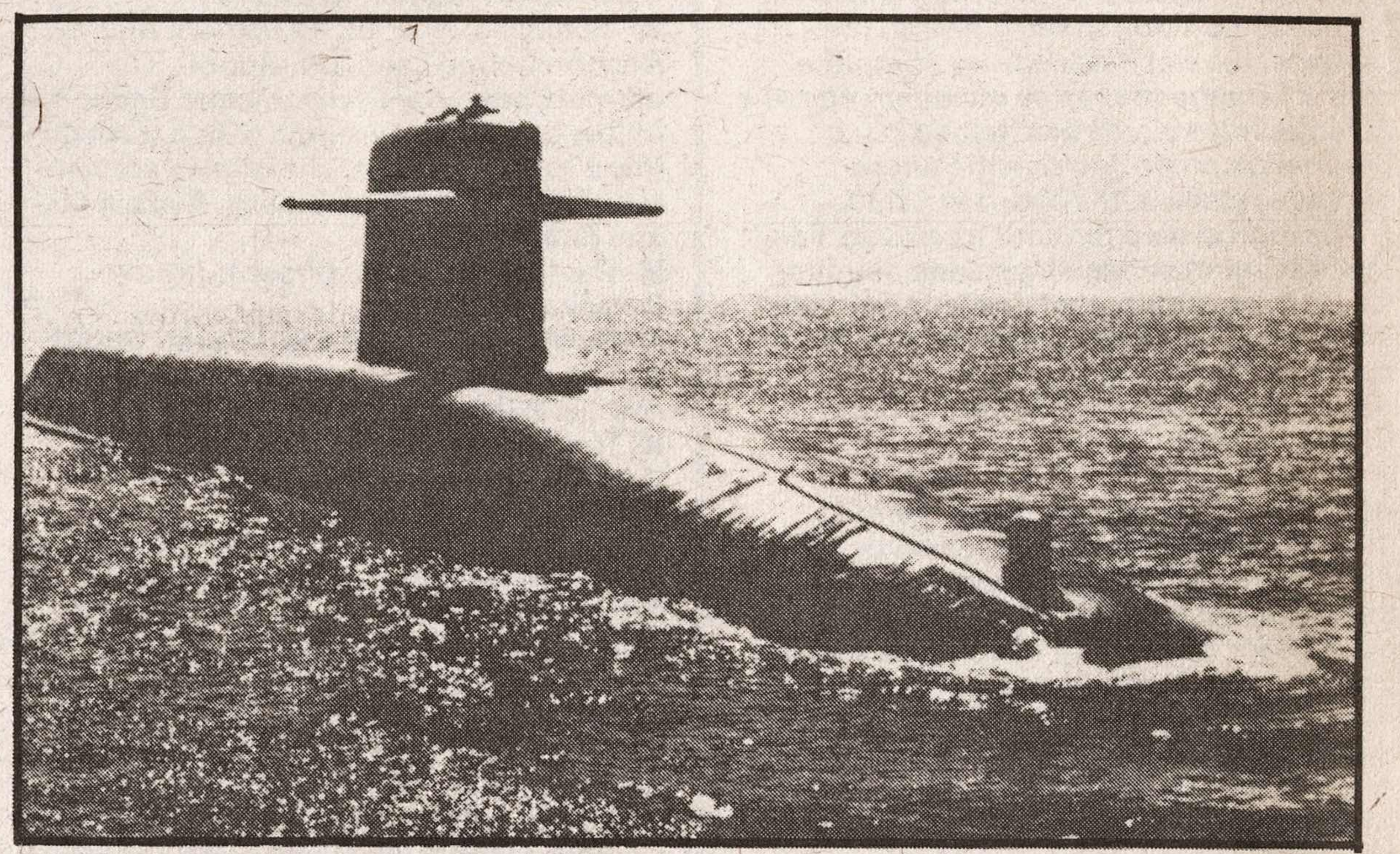
TRIDENT

Britain's brand new passport to Armageddon

Once again a British government has taken a crucial decision about the country's defence and survival without consulting the British people.

On July 15 Defence Secretary Francis Pym announced that Britain is to replace its ageing Polaris nuclear deterrent with the American Trident system.

This decision, made with unseemly haste and in great secrecy, will cost the country at least £5 billion, a sum it can ill afford at a time of economic crisis.



ANGUS MACKINNON reports on the background to this outrageous move

LIKE MOST governments, democratic or totalitarian, Margaret Thatcher's knows a thing or two about the finer points of political stage-management.

The timing of the recent announcement of its decision to spend £5,000 million of the tax-payers' money on American Trident nuclear missiles was by any standards masterful.

Trident, a monstrously potent behemoth built by the Lockheed Corporation and capable of carrying eight nuclear warheads over 4400 miles, is already in service with the US Navy. The decision for Britain to buy it was taken some time ago by a governmental inner sanctum named MISC 7 which comprised Thatcher herself, Defence Secretary Francis Pym, Foreign Secretary Lord Carrington, Chancellor Sir Geoffrey Howe and Home Secretary William Whitelaw.

Other Cabinet members who were thought likely to question or even oppose it were not consulted — and nor, for that matter, was the House Of Commons select committee then engaged in reporting on the matter.

But when, MISC 7 must have wondered, when to make the decision public?

Why not right at the end of this Commons session, thus stifling the chances of there being any parliamentary — let alone 'public' — debate over the issue?

Alternatively, since the garrulous Americans seemed on the verge of leaking details of the deal, why not on the occasion of the Queen Mother's official eightieth birthday, when any British media coverage of the Trident decision would surely be buried beneath swathes of nostalgic sentimentality over the celebrations?

And so it was. Pym duly rose in the Commons on July 15 and declared that "We have studied with great care possible systems to replace Polaris (Britain's current deterrent). We have concluded that the best and most cost-effective choice is the Trident submarine-launched ballistic missile system developed by the United States . . ."

Only a pathetic handful of MPs in the House voiced any genuine outrage at the decision. Ex-premier James Callaghan, whose overall record as Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition must be one of the most abysmal in British political history, and William Rodgers, Labour's decidedly feckless Defence shadow, restricted themselves almost exclusively to questioning whether or not the government had followed correct parliamentary procedures over the matter.

Such characteristic reticence on Callaghan's part has subsequently been explained by revelations that, in a flagrant breach of promises made in Labour's October 1974 election manifesto, he himself had already made overtures to the Americans about the Trident purchase whilst in power and had in fact completed most of the preparatory work for it before losing office in May '79. In other words, even if Labour had won the last election, a Callaghan-led government would sooner or later have announced exactly the same decision.

Quite how Callaghan would have justified himself we can only guess. The Tories' method was actually grotesquely amusing. The government, Pym revealed, had seen fit to publish a memorandum detailing the reasons behind the purchase. It's title: Defence Open Document 80/23. *Open* government, meaning government with prior and full consultation? The irony of the memo's title seemed absolute — all the more so since Pym appeared utterly unaware of it.

THE TORIES' high-handed behaviour should really have surprised no one. Its earlier decision to station American Cruise missiles under American control at Greenham Common, Berkshire and Molesworth, Cambridgeshire had been steamrolled through the great British democratic process in much the same way. Such are the advantages of holding office with a comfortable majority, and so it invariably goes; Atlee's Labour government was just as furtive and unscrupulous when in 1947 its own inner sanctum, GEN 163, ordered the construction of the first British atomic bomb.

But of course a lot of people will say that such decisions are far too important to be taken by the British public, that they're far too complex to be understood by you, me or indeed anyone below the rank of cabinet minister, general, admiral or air marshal, and that to discuss them in public at all constitutes "a grave threat to our national security".

Bullshit. The Trident decision affects each and every one of us so intimately that it cannot just be summarily guillotined through Parliament like some lump of party-political legislation. And it's no good our political establishment claiming that they're acting on the best advice available, since this is peddled to them by wheedling "Yes, minister" men: permanent under-secretaries, civil servants and military 'experts' who all have a vested interest in protecting their own departmental turfs.

But then only the incredibly naive would expect any Tory government to choose to spend money on health, social and local services instead of on defence — never mind that Britain is now entering a period of severe economic recession and ever-mounting unemployment. It sometimes seems that it is a condition of office in this country for front bench politicians to undergo some kind of lobotomy that effectively removes from their consciousness the last shreds of any ethical or moral awareness.

The level of information about and discussion of all matters pertaining to "the defence of the realm" is despicably low in Britain, far lower than it now is in the United States after the passing of the American Freedom of Information Act. The British public has for instance been regularly and comprehensively hoodwinked over the state of our civil defence network, which is essentially non-existent and will at best only protect a privileged few. At the same time many foreign journalists have been moved to comment incredulously on our archaic 'D'-notice system, whereby our mass media agree in a most gentlemanly fashion not to reveal details of anything that could vaguely be construed as "vital to our national interests" (whatever they might be).

Our so-called "responsible" Fleet Street press is in effect frighteningly compliant to governmental whims and strictures. Only the *Guardian,* that paragon of fence-sitting reason, has felt inclined to discuss the Trident decision at all conscientiously, and then mainly by giving space on its *Agenda* pages to historian E. P. Thompson, a move usually counteracted by the smug columns written by the paper's own Peter Jenkins, a political commentator well-versed in the art of saying almost nothing at inordinate length.

As for the defence correspondents of the "responsibles", they too seem to have been lobotomised. They are an affront to what little remains of the British journalistic profession's dignity. Quite content to regurgitate Ministry of Defence handouts as if these were tablets from the mountain, they seem to operate along much the same lines as did the vast majority of writers covering the Vietnam war who, like miserable hyenas, would rarely if ever venture out into the field to ascertain what was actually happening but preferred to scavenge amongst the fetid droppings left at press briefings by the US military, whose view of the war was naturally hideously biased.

Take for example the coverage of the recent exhibition of British military equipment at Aldershot. Press reports on it dwelt lovingly and almost solely on the 'charms' of the new Vickers Valiant battle tank. The morality of the show (why *does* Britain sell weapons to all manner of extremely unsavoury regimes around the world?) was never questioned.

Similarly David Fairhall, the *Guardian* defence man, began his front page piece on July 16 with these words: "Britain has agreed to buy the American Trident missile . . ." Forgive me, David, for being so puerile, but 'Britain' has not decided any such thing.

In short, even if we can stomach the reports of these MoD-controlled robo-writers, we're fobbed off with no more than an illusion of information. If anything, we're dis-informed.

Meanwhile, if we turn to more specialised publications in an attempt to separate hard fact from soft factoid, we're confronted with virtually impenetrable jargon. We learn of "throw-weights", "target-acquisition capabilities", "ongoing survivability factors", "defence-penetration capabilities"; we struggle to make sense of a deceptively bland micro-language that soothingly disguises the fact that what is actually being discussed is *weapons,* machines and devices whose only purpose is to maim and kill in ever more efficient and repulsive ways.

Underlying these smokescreens, in their way just as deluding as the propaganda sicked up by Radio Moscow or America's Radio Liberty, is a tacit, unquestioning acceptance of what are in reality totally unproven hypotheses — namely that it is only the "balance of terror" held by the two super powers, the USA and the USSR, which has prevented them from going to war with each other for the past 35 years and that the only way to preserve this fragile "peace" is to build more weapons and rely on ever-larger nuclear deterrents. If it's ever mentioned at all, nuclear disarmament is

Angus MacKinnon is a former NME associate editor who contributed to NME's July 1977 Consumer's Guide To The Nuclear Age.

dismissed as the domain of basically preposterous and probably subversive idealists.

ULTIMATELY our ignorance is our worst enemy. This is not the place to dwell upon the mind-boggling intricacies and absurdities of the arms race, but some mention of it must be made to better understand the history and 'thinking' that lie behind the Trident decision. Let's take the case of Europe, one of all too many areas which could precipitate a "conflict of interests" between the super powers and thus start a nuclear war.

The populations of divided Europe play reluctant host to two enormous opposing groups of armed forces, those of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation (NATO: America, Canada, Britain, West Germany, Italy, Belgium, etc) and those of the Warsaw Pact (WarPac: Russia, East Germany, Poland, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, etc). Some European nations, like Sweden, Switzerland and Austria, are actively neutral whilst others, like Finland, find themselves in rather more ambiguous situations.

Possibly as a result of the Soviet Union's harrowing experiences in the Second World War — the 20 millions or so dead in that conflict still cast a long shadow over Soviet military planning — the WarPac forces enjoy a considerable numerical superiority over NATO in terms of conventional weaponry. The Soviets' dread of a reunified Germany persists and their military men, many of whom fought against Hitler's initially vastly more capable tanks and aircraft, are determined to ensure that their country is never threatened in the same way again. (Bear in mind also of course that the Soviet forces' role in the Eastern Bloc is as often as not one of a potential army of occupation; only recently have the Russians begun to entrust any of their more formidable conventional weapons to their WarPac allies.)

NATO has responded to this quantitative lead by attempting to maintain a qualitative one; it may

Pym — Cold War cant

not have had as many aircraft or tanks as WarPac, but those it did possess were confidently expected to better their opposing equivalents. But lately the quality of the Soviets' equipment has dramatically improved, and so NATO planners have implemented a strategy of what they like to call "limited (nuclear) response". This means that NATO will not hesitate to use smaller "theatre" or tactical nuclear weapons (eg the US Lance missile and, at a pinch, Cruise) against the WarPac in the event of a confrontation.

In plain English, this strategy assumes that any such confrontation — and any NATO attempt to escalate it by using theatre nuclear weapons — will remain "controlled", that's to say fought on a nice, neat graded scale, and confined to Europe.

The chances of this actually happening are at best minimal if not non-existent; modern warfare is not a particularly chivalrous business.

LOST SOMEWHERE amidst the miasma of mutual military suspicion are the French and British nuclear deterrents. Both pale into insignificance alongside the huge nuclear arsenals of the United States and Soviet Union, but they're still capable of wreaking immense destruction on any enemy.

Following De Gaulle's espousal of intensely nationalistic military policies, France's nuclear strike force *(la Force De Frappe)*, a triad consisting of Mirage IV bombers, submarine- and silo-based missiles, is an independent one. Britain's, on the other hand, is committed to NATO and is usually targeted through the computers of America's Strategic Command in Omaha.

France's force continues to be the subject of much controversy over what exactly would constitute a threat to French "national interests" (and thus justify her using nuclear weapons). But it seems more than likely that she, like Britain, will build a new generation of missiles and submarines, also take her land-based missiles out of their silos on the Plateau D'Albion and place them on mobile transporters and even — a possibility recently broached by President Giscard D'Estaing — build herself a neutron bomb. (You remember the enhanced radiation or neutron bomb, don't you, that delightful "capitalist" bomb which will kill tank crews but leave tanks and property intact?)

Britain exploded her first hydrogen bomb in May 1957 on Christmas Island, and in the early '60s modified her Vulcan and Victor bombers to carry it in the guise of the Blue Steel stand-off missile. Her attempts to build a British inter-continental ballistic missile were costly and ineffectual; Blue Streak was cancelled in 1960. Subsequent collaborations with the Americans over the Skybolt air-launched missile proved similarly abortive — they were ended in November 1962 — and so a "credible" compromise was reached; in December of the same year British premier Harold MacMillan and American president John F. Kennedy signed the Nassau Agreement, one that would enable Britain to buy the Polaris missile on extremely favourable terms.

The Polaris fleet of four vessels, only one of which is usually on station at any one time, is now due for retirement. Polaris will have to be withdrawn from active service in the late '80s as the submarines' hulls will no longer be reliably seaworthy and the Lockheed production line making spare parts for Polaris will by then have closed.

So what were the options in 1980? They were multiple.

Polaris could have been replaced by Trident, the luxury choice; by Poseidon, the American missile that replaced the US Navy's Polaris system; by an Anglo-French design;

Thatcher — missiles before hospitals

by some elaborate mix of land-, sea- or air-launched Cruise missiles; by some sort of new stand-off missile to be carried by the Tornado strike aircraft soon to enter widescale RAF service; or, of course, by nothing at all. The British nuclear deterrent could have been dismantled and work on Chevaline, a warhead currently being developed to 'improve' Polaris, could have been abruptly stopped.

Lord Carver, a former Chief of the General Staff and one of the few military men to oppose the Trident decision in public, albeit for very sound military reasons, has said that all a system like Trident represents for a country like Britain is "political machismo" on the part of the government that wields it. To support his argument, he has challenged the government to envisage any situation in which Britain would independently launch Polaris or Trident at an enemy (presumably the Soviet Union). The silence from Thatcher and Pym on this point has been deafening.

Carver's opponents in the British military establishment answer him by suggesting that the maintenance of a British deterrent helps confuse the Russians (doubtful), and by raising the spectre of possible American withdrawal from NATO (extremely unlikely), thereby underlining the degree of suspicion

Pictured right and opposite, the US Trident missile and below left, a British Polaris submarine.

that exists even within the NATO alliance and conjuring up Cold War cartoons visions of a poor, naked, defenceless Britain being blackmailed and bullied by the ruthless Red ogres in the Kremlin. Carver duly responds by saying that, although he's not opposed to some smaller British nuclear presence in NATO, he is immensely concerned that long-overdue re-equipment programmes for the British armed forces will be threatened by spending so much on Trident.

Other authoritative voices have raised similar concerns. The July 26 editorial of the aviation weekly *Flight* criticised the Trident decision in unusually strong terms. Again the reasoning was that of military practicality, nay necessity. Trident, it was argued, will be prohibitively expensive and, even if it doesn't go over-budget (which it almost certainly will, like all military programmes), will entail compensatory cancellations, the first of which will presumably be that of Air Staff Target 403, the replacement warplane for Britain's Jaguars and Harriers.

ENTER, at an odd angle, the British Labour Party, currently tearing its hair out in doctrinal and procedural disputes. Perfectly exemplified by Callaghan's appalling hypocrisy over Trident, Labour's record in this area has been abominable.

The following is an extract from the party's 1964 manifesto:

"It (the British deterrent) will not be independent and it will not be British and it will not deter . . . We are not prepared any longer to waste the country's resources on endless duplications of strategic weapons. We shall propose the renegotiation of the Nassau agreement."

Stirring words, but they were totally ignored by Wilson's administration which did nothing beyond cancelling a fifth Polaris submarine in 1965.

There is nevertheless a considerable weight of opinion in favour of British nuclear (and indeed unilateral) disarmament within Labour ranks. Many party members must cringe at the decisions taken (or not taken) by the likes of Wilson and Callaghan, but their influence within the upper echelons of the Parliamentary Labour Party is limited. Until Labour is led by politicians who, like their Dutch counterparts, will fulfil their electoral

Callaghan — humbug and hypocrisy.

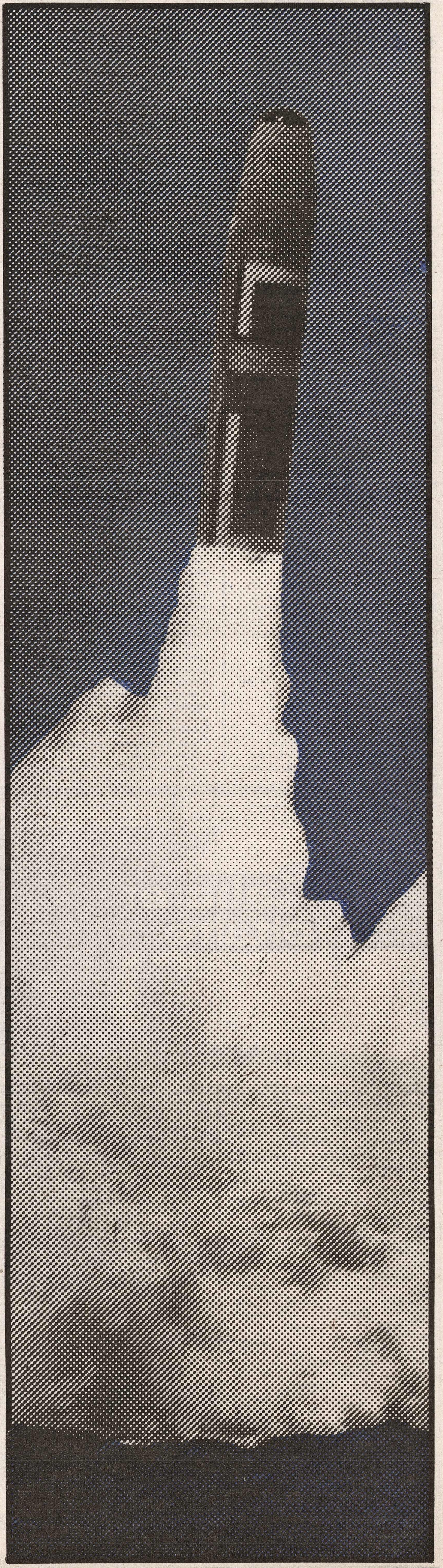
promises, it really can't be relied upon; a Labour vote is far from being a vote for the cancellation of Trident. Only Robin Cook, the Labour member for Edinburgh Central, displays any real moral and pragmatic grasp of defence issues (cf his articles in the *New Statesman*), but the discrepancy between his thinking and that of the present Labour shadow cabinet is depressingly vast.

BUT WHAT ARE the justifications for buying Trident and maintaining a British nuclear deterrent? Often treating their opponents as if they're suffering from some incurable disease (idealism), apologists for the deterrent will begin by stating categorically that it's the only means of making the Soviet Union think twice about attacking or launching a nuclear strike on Britain, and is therefore essential to our survival, whatever its cost.

Francis Pym put it this way to Parliament on July 15:

"As the House knows, our strategy, with that of our NATO

■ ***Continues overleaf.***



TRIDENT

■ From previous page

allies, is entirely and absolutely defensive in concept and in scope. It is designed solely to preserve peace and to prevent war. Until genuine wide-reaching multi-lateral arms control can be negotiated, any diminution in the pattern and structure of our wholly defensive capability must increase rather than reduce the risk of war, especially at a time when the Soviet Union is rapidly building up its massive military strength . . ."

Beneath all the blather, Pym seems to have concluded that Britain has to buy and build *more* nuclear weapons systems before she can feel secure enough to negotiate for *less* of the vile things: a proposition so manifestly pea-brained and so riddled with double-think that it could just as easily have been scribbled by a *Private Eye* hack intent on lampooning the man out of public life.

Pym's crabbed thinking is typical of the cant and idiocy that pass for reasoning within the British establishment. It assumes: (a) that Leonid Brezhnev and his bunch of geriatric thugs in the Kremlin are in fact determined to attack Britain or devastate her with nuclear weapons at some stage in the future,

(b) that they will be deterred from doing so by the prospect of a British nuclear counter-attack (a 'privilege' most of us will enjoy posthumously), and

(c) that only by increasing her nuclear arsenal will Britain be able to persuade the Russians to come to the conference table.

None of these assumptions holds even a milligram of water. More to the point, there is a peevish element of flag-waving in British establishment thought these days. Britain is no longer a front rank military nuclear power and this obviously rankles our leaders. We haven't even been party to any of the Strategic Arms Limitations Talks (SALT) between the two super powers, and the Americans in particular don't seem to consider that our Polaris system is of any strategic value at all; they include it under NATO's theatre forces. Bloody galling, eh?

Nonetheless, if Pym is to be believed, Britain would jump at the chance of, like the Americans, dictating terms to the Russians from a position of military might. But such strength of nuclear arms evidently doesn't so much impress the Soviets, who are hyper-sensitive about their disadvantageous land-locked geopolitical position, as compel them to construct more nuclear weapons of their own. Just as he conveniently ignores the fact that America has almost invariably been responsible for increases in the momentum of the arms race, so Pym seems incapable of appreciating that if they had ever been impressed by superior nuclear strength, the Soviets would have crawled to the table long ago.

In addition, and contrary to popular belief, the painfully protracted SALT negotiations have failed to reduce the destructive power of the American and Russian (let alone Chinese) nuclear arsenals by as much as one megaton. Even if SALT 2 is eventually ratified by the American Senate and Congress, the agreement will only *increase* the ceilings on the nuclear weapons allowed to each side.

This sort of filibustering between the two super powers is fruitless. Some other negotiated approach to nuclear disarmament involving many more nation states must be found — and neither Britain nor France will speed things to a swifter and healthier conclusion by clumsily muscling in and bragging about their own new contributions to the world's stockpile of nuclear arms.

And what, you wonder, do the likes of Pym think the Soviet Politburo's reaction to the British Trident decision will be? To quake in a bunker on the outskirts of Moscow and disconsolately await the arrival of some invading British Expeditionary Force? As surely as Lenin lies in his mausoleum, the Soviets will construe the British action as further evidence of "rampant capitalist imperialist aggression" and will respond accordingly, by allocating further funds to building more missiles that could, if necessary, pulverise the British islands.

And whilst we're on the subject of the British deterrent's "machismo", we may as well scupper any lingering illusions about its potential independent use. These pipedreams are often floated boastfully aloft by those who foresee a game little Britain popping off Polaris missiles at the Soviet Union all on her tod. As Lord Carver has pointed out, the scenario is highly implausible — about as likely as Britain declaring war on Albania. Even if the Americans were to withdraw into an isolationist cocoon and leave NATO altogether, the only ways in which Polaris or Trident could be used against the Soviets would be ultimately self-defeating and result in Britain being reduced to irradiated rubble.

Suppose the Russians did threaten to attack us with nuclear weapons. What could Britain do, even with her deterrent? Launch a nuclear strike on Russia? Pointless — all she'd achieve by this would be to ensure an infinitely more devastating Soviet response. Or suppose Britain answered a Soviet and WarPac invasion of West Germany by launching nuclear missiles at Russia. Such a gesture of Anglo-German solidarity, unlikely as it is, would again only bring down a Russian nuclear strike on Britain.

Returning again to the argument that the British deterrent's very existence would deter the Soviets from springing a surprise attack on Britain, it's simply untenable. Even though if built they will be extraordinarily sophisticated, the British Trident submarines will not be immune to Soviet counter-measures in the form of hunter-killer submarines and the like, so it's conceivable they might not succeed in launching their missiles at all.

Furthermore the Soviet Union happens to be a vast country whose resources are spread over an area that our entire Trident force couldn't hope to saturate — and, unlike Britain, it has provided its main centres of population with a rough and ready but nonetheless functional civil defence system. Given all this, it wouldn't take much to persuade the Politburo that Russia's losses after British nuclear retaliation would be — dread euphemism — "acceptable".

SUCH ARE the grim realities confronting a smaller military nuclear power like Britain. In the meantime — and this is a possiblity that is invariably dismissed by our establishment — the very existence of a British nuclear force and the presence here of large numbers of American nuclear weapons systems (submarines at bases in Scotland, F–111 strike bombers on airfields in Eastern, Central and Southern England, Cruise on its way, etc) must surely signal to the Soviets the need to target Britain ever more comprehensively.

Fortunately for the Norwegians, their government has appreciated this blindingly obvious fact and, although a member of NATO, Norway does not allow nuclear weapons of any shape or size to be stationed on her soil. Britain could, if her governments had any gumption or concern for the wellbeing of the British people, demand the same, but doubtless will not. (A propos of all this, it's worth mentioning that Canada's recent decision not to arm herself with nuclear weapons received negligible coverage in the British press.)

Instead one of the many alarming aspects of the Trident decision is that it will link Britain even more closely to American strategic thinking. Petty nationalism is a loathsome thing, but I don't want my chances of survival dictated to me by the likes of Ronald Reagan and George Bush. Do you?

So why, the refrain goes, why are we buying Trident?

God knows. The decision is indefensible on moral and humanitarian grounds (one nuclear weapon remains one too many and what sort of government is it that sacrifices hospitals and education in favour of defence?), on economic grounds (Britain clearly can't afford it, despite Pym's budget-fudging protestations to the contrary), and even on military and political grounds (Trident will not usefully strengthen Britain in either sphere).

It seems almost trite at this eleventh hour to restate for the Nth time the possible benefits of Britain dismantling her nuclear deterrent, especially in view of the blockheaded stalemate reached after events in Afghanistan between the super powers, both of whom are preoccupied perfecting even more ghastly weapons of mass destruction.

But there again, surely only the embittered cynic would argue that the effect of such a move would be negligible on the world stage, even though other nations like India, Pakistan, South Africa, Israel and Brazil are already threatening to join the military nuclear league. There have after all been glimmers of hope in the past — Jimmy Carter cancelled the American B1 bomber in 1977 and late last year Brezhnev repeated his offer of talks aimed at creating a nuclear weapons-free zone in Central Europe — but such moves lack credibility if they're only to be counteracted later.

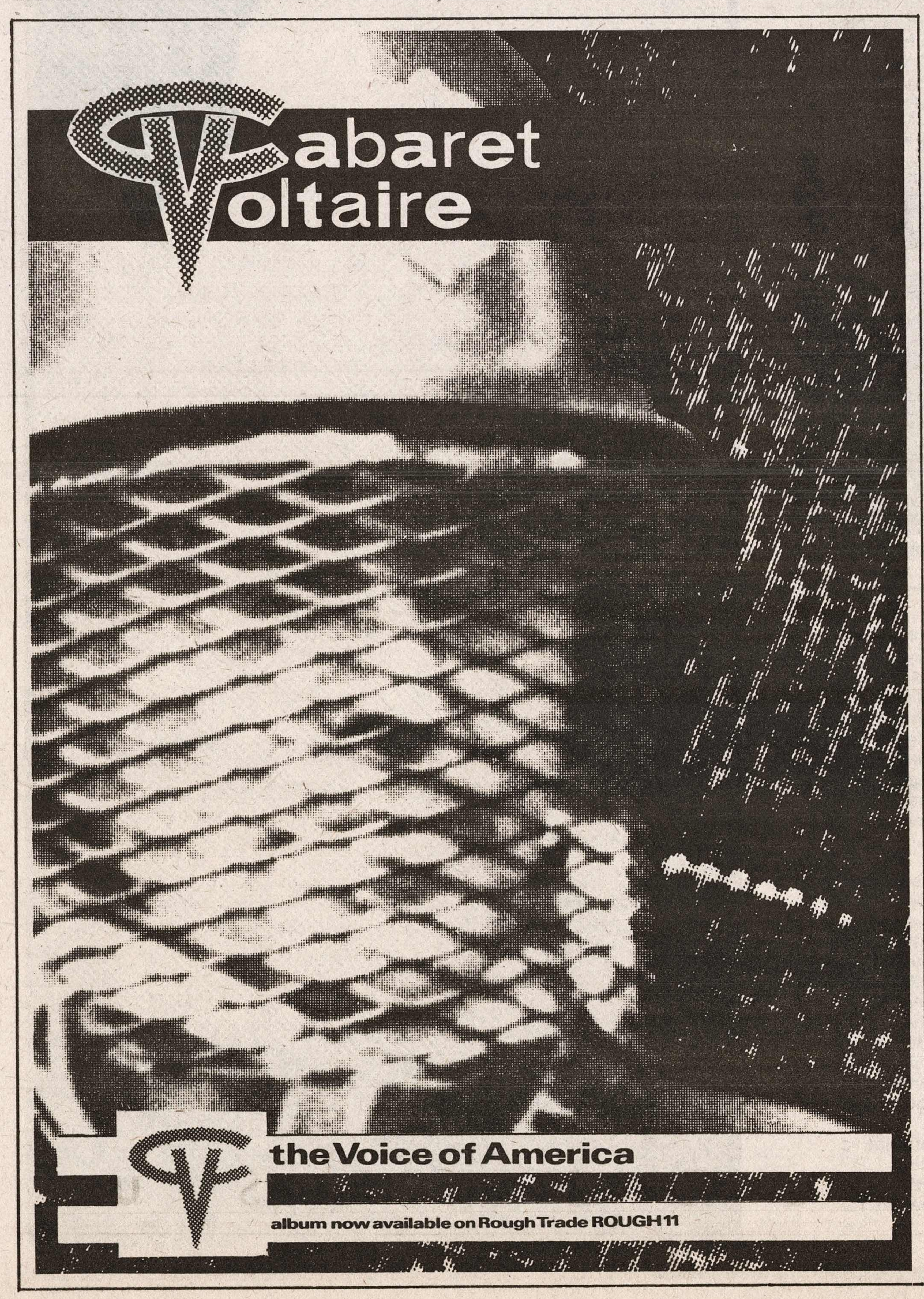
All the same perhaps one of the world's military nuclear powers, albeit only a second-rate one, taking such a step might just conceivably reinvigorate what used to be called the disarmament "process". Who knows? And we certainly won't ever know if that step is never taken.

It's profoundly depressing to realise that humanity's future depends on people like Thatcher, Brezhnev, Giscard D'Estaing and, heaven help us, Reagan — not to mention military men like the American air force general who, when asked about Cruise's manoeuvrability, exclaimed gleefully: "Why, the thing could even spell out 'Coca-Cola' in the sky before striking its target!"

What sticks in the craw most of all is these so-called world leaders' astonishing shortsightedness and, Carter possibly excepted, their moral bankruptcy.

And yet Britain somehow muddles on, seemingly content to let the mafiosi of cretinous liars and buffoons who pose as Conservative and Labour governments decide her fate. I'm all too frequently reminded of Pink Floyd's Roger Waters' lyric *". . . quiet desperation is the English way".*

So what can we do? We can attempt to ensure that we're better-informed. We can recognise our mass media for the orifices of trivia and mistruths that they are. We can aggressively exercise what are left of our democratic rights. We can protest and survive.



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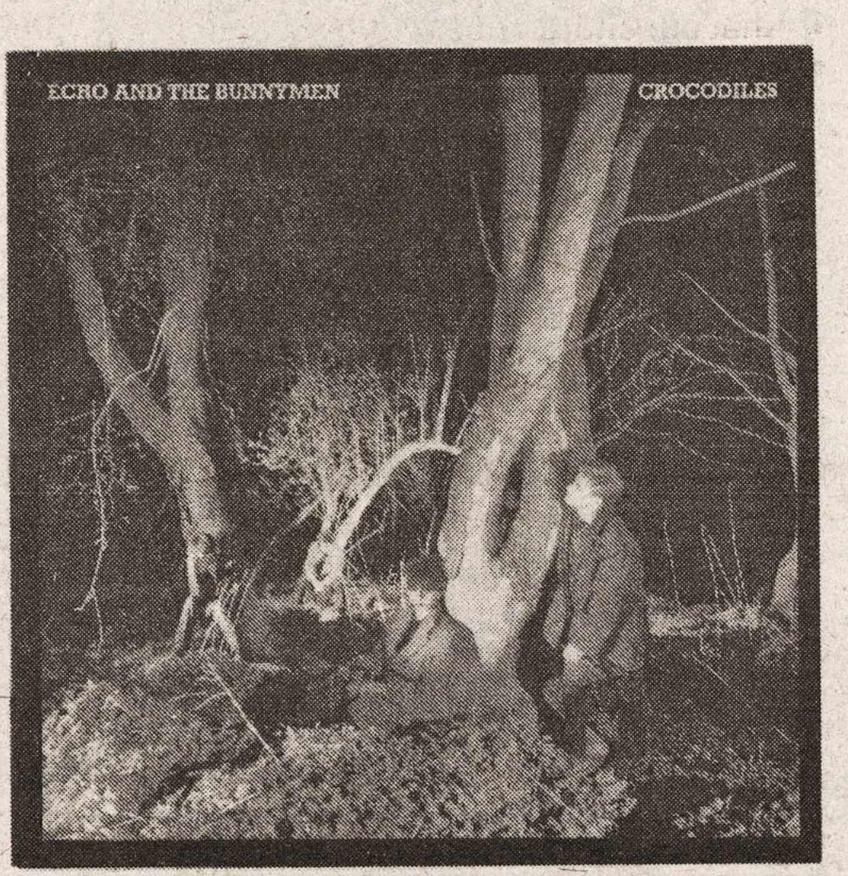
echo and the bunnymen



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THIS WEEK	LAST WEEK	TITLE	OUR PRICE
1	4	GEORGE BENSON GIVE ME THE NIGHT	3·49
2	2	VARIOUS – O.S.T. XANADU	3·79
3	3	JOY DIVISION CLOSER	3·79
4	1	THE ROLLING STONES EMOTIONAL RESCUE	4·19
5	7	DEXY'S MIDNIGHT RUNNERS SEARCHING FOR THE YOUNG SOUL REBELS	3·99
6	11	ROXY MUSIC FLESH AND BLOOD	4·29
7	5	JOAN ARMATRADING ME, MYSELF, I	3·49
8	6	ULTRAVOX VIENNA	3·49
9	10	ATHLETICO SPIZZ '80 DO A RUNNER	3·49
10	NEW ENTRY	AC/DC BACK IN BLACK	3·49
11	14	HAZEL O'CONNOR BREAKING GLASS	3·49
12	9	BOB MARLEY UPRISING	3·99
13	16	ECHO AND THE BUNNYMEN CROCODILES	3·49
14	12	PETER GABRIEL PETER GABRIEL	3·79
15	20	THE CRUSADERS RHAPSODY AND BLUES	3·49
16	8	QUEEN THE GAME	4·19
17	22	SKY SKY 2	4·75
18	13	JACKSON BROWNE HOLD OUT	3·49
19	18	THE BEAT I JUST CAN'T STOP IT	3·49
20	15	GEORGE DUKE A BRAZILIAN LOVE AFFAIR	3·49
21	23	JEFF BECK THERE AND BACK	3·49
22	17	GRAHAM PARKER THE UP ESCALATOR *LIMITED PERIOD ONLY	2·99*
23	21	BLUE OYSTER CULT CULTOSAURUS ERECTUS	3·79
24	19	PAUL McCARTNEY McCARTNEY II	4·19
25	35	SPLIT ENZ TRUE COLOURS	3·49
26	28	THE POLICE REGATTA DE BLANC	3·49
27	24	STANLEY CLARKE ROCKS, PEBBLES AND SAND	3·49
28	29	MICHAEL JACKSON OFF THE WALL	3·49
29	27	HERB ALPERT BEYOND	3·49
30	34	CHIC REAL PEOPLE	3·49
31	25	BOB DYLAN SAVED	3·79
32	32	THE KORGIS DUMB WAITERS	3·99
33	37	DIANA ROSS DIANA	4·19
34	33	THE SHADOWS ANOTHER STRING OF HITS	3·99
35	26	GIRLSCHOOL DEMOLITION	3·79
36	NEW ENTRY	YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA MULTIPLES	3·49
37	40	THE PRETENDERS THE PRETENDERS	2·99
38	39	JERMAINE JACKSON LET'S GET SERIOUS	3·79
39	45	FLEETWOOD MAC RUMOURS	2·99
40	30	THE COMMODORES HEROES	4·19
41	NEW ENTRY	HAWKWIND LIVE '79	3·79
42	44	THE POLICE OUTLANDOS D'AMOUR	3·49
43	49	ROSSINGTON COLLINS BAND ANYTIME, ANYPLACE, ANYWHERE	3·49
44	46	CHRIS DE BURGH EASTERN WIND	3·49
45	31	THE LAMBRETTAS BEAT BOYS IN THE JET AGE	3·79
46	48	JOHNNY MATHIS ALL FOR YOU	3·79
47	38	BLACK SABBATH LIVE – AT LAST	3·49
48	41	THE PHOTOS THE PHOTOS	3·49
49	36	SAMSON HEAD ON	3·49
50	42	WHITESNAKE READY AN' WILLING	3·79
51	47	ERIC CLAPTON JUST ONE NIGHT	5·99
52	51	GENESIS DUKE	4·29
53	43	STEVE HACKETT DEFECTOR	3·79
54	50	STACY LATTISAW LET ME BE YOUR ANGEL	3·49
55	55	FLEETWOOD MAC TUSK	4·99
56	52	PETE TOWNSHEND EMPTY GLASS	2·99
57	53	ROBERTA FLACK FEATURING DONNY HATHAWAY	3·49
58	56	RANDY CRAWFORD NOW WE MAY BEGIN	3·49
59	54	ELTON JOHN 21 AT 33	4·39
60	60	RY COODER THE LONG RIDERS E&OE	3·49

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Thrills!

Pics: David Corio

Regents in the rec room of new recording premises

MORE GERMANS DANCE POOT!!

Xmas union on wax for Eastern mental bloc

THE LABEL which first brought Deutsch Amerikanische Freundschaft into the world now brings you Der Plan and, soon, a slew of records ranging from a collection of Eastern Bloc rock to a Christmas compilation of Dusseldorf's blossoming new wave underground.

But first things first. The operation's so incestuous that a chronological rundown might be useful. The story begins with Art Attack, a suburban Dusseldorf art gallery, which decided to branch out into the performance area of live music. A consequence was the formation of Warning Records and a distribution set-up known as Ata Tak.

Behind the whole operation are Moritz Rrr, Kurt 'Pyrolator' Dahlke and a gent called simply Frank (plus a geometrical shape as surname). They are the trio known as Der Plan, whose debut single was recorded on a dictaphone and pressed in limited quantities. Because of its low production costs it yielded sufficiently high returns to finance further output — like DAF's first album 'Ein Produkt Der Deutsch Amerikanischen Freundschaft'. DAF were then a vocalless combo featuring Pyrolator on synths and tapes.

Differing ambitions precipitated his departure to record an excellent electronic pop album called 'Inland' and in the meantime he helped formulate Der Plan's concept album 'Geri Reig', released in Germany just before the IPC communications breakdown.

The infectious 'Geri Reig' is a facetious fusion of synth pop meanderings and gentle chidings of the German character, all geared to the point (roughly speaking) that problems are of man's own making and to avoid them is easy: think.

It's a wittily radical alternative to mechanical strife and two of Der Plan, Pyrolator and Moritz, explained their deliberately light-hearted approach to *Thrills*.

"Humour is so important — I just couldn't imagine a world without humour," Moritz intoned deeply. "The trouble is that humour today is just a reflection of all the bad things happening, not indicating any way out or any future. But if everybody were more positive, there'd be one."

Their most recent tongue-in-cheek single, 'Da Vorne, Steht 'ne Ampel'/'Rot, Grun Tot' ('Over There's A Pedestrian Sign'/'Red, Green, Dead'), hits the mark best.

Moritz again: "In Germany nobody dares cross the road when the red light is on — even when there isn't a car for miles around. But we didn't want to make a song directly about stupid behaviour, so we tell the people to take the easy step, even when the red light is on — it *is* possible to do something," he finishes, smiling.

Though they "don't like talking about plans, it's better to talk about deeds," M and P did reveal a few of Ata Tak's more interesting future projects.

One's for an East and West collection, under the working title of 'What Next Humans?' They've deviously requested taped songs from the eastern block countries, and they've already got eight hours' worth from Hungary.

Also on the cards is a new Pyrolator record, possibly acoustic if his experiments with a double bassist, opera singer and piano work out, and the aforementioned Christmas album. The latter stems from the Dusseldorf new wave scene's urge to present a united front, and should feature the likes of Pyrolator, Der Plan, Sylph, Post, Croo and Rigoletto, working their ya-yas out on seasonal themes.

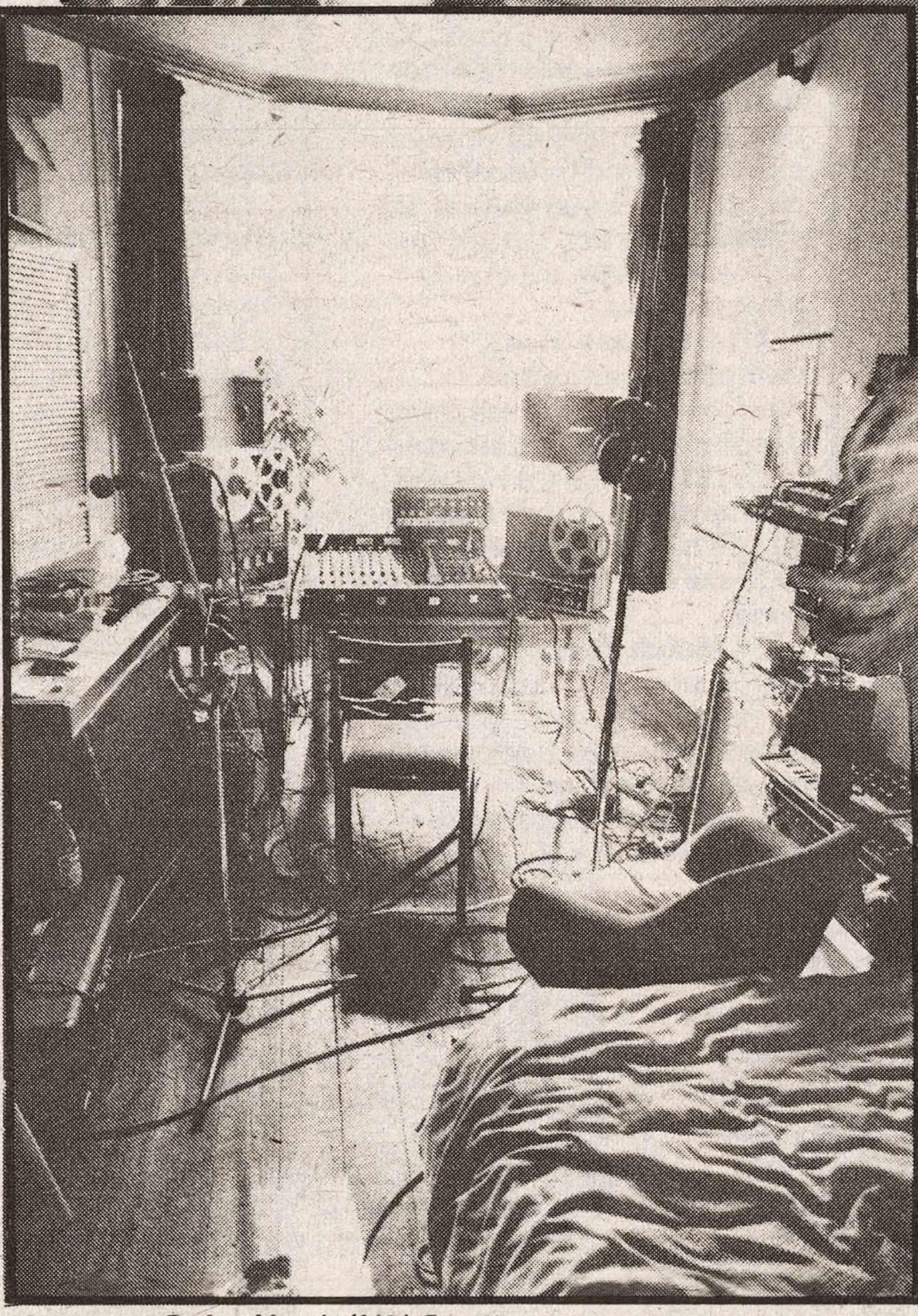
The perfect gift for new age clones?

Anyone interested in Ata Tak stuff can contact them at Furstenwall 64, 4000 Dusseldorf 1, Germany.

WOLFGANG MOZART

Before, During and After Science in concert

Pic: ar/gee gleim



Compass Point North (N8) Studios

HOME TAPING:

REGENTS RECORD IN MANAGER'S BOUDOIR

ART has ever been what you make it. And these days, in garden sheds, disused toilets, converted pet shops and swimming pools (The American Underwater Orchestra), DIY recording enables an increasing number of bands to make it more what *they* want.

The Regents — Martin Sheller, Damien Pew, Bic Brack and Cath Best, plus Eddie Cox, Billy Dream and Rupee Johnson on live dates — are following up their hit single 'Seventeen' with an Arista-sponsored album. And they've just recorded it — in their manager's bedroom.

Damien and Martin are long-time defenders of musical autonomy. Part of a healthy 'garage recording scene' around Regents Park, they were preparing to record 'Seventeen' when Martin did some pick-up drumming for a trio called The Cut-Outs. He thought Cut-Outs Bic and Cath might contribute some vocals to his single project and *voila* — friendly chemistry and like minds ("We all agreed that the music business is *entirely shitty*") yielded The Regents and their first success.

The band wound up at Conny Plank's illustrious German premises where they laid down five tracks. Upon their return, they secured a hall in Chiswick for rehearsal / recording purposes, but the local police turned up with a decibel register and, soon after, almost all their gear was nicked.

"We had built this weird little tent to help the sound," recounts Martin, "and luckily, some stuff was hidden behind it." But the band lost their recently overhauled Revox with self-synch button and new heads — which had the sentimental value of having immortalised all their earliest work.

Hired equipment enabled the group to re-locate in their manager's Muswell Hill house. At this venue, artistic concentration was hardly uninterrupted: there were incessant 'neighbourly'/phone calls and the elderly sitting tenant frequently wandered into sessions with pleading requests for the band to "turn the records down". After eleven at night, work had to take place through headphones and could only continue until the room's occupant decided to sack out.

On the basis of a single hearing, however, invention remained undiminished. Working titles like Angels of Space', 'All of You', 'On the Bus' and 'Cowboys' introduce some infectiously interesting stuff, much of it evolved, like the work of the B-52s, from the development of one or more musical ideas jammed on and expanded with a healthy sense of humour. The fabric of Regentsound resembles that of Cath and Biv's funkiest fashions: cocktail shaker reggae, metallic calypso dance tunes, and sweet Teenage Wasteland serenades. Some of the more idiosyncratic contributions were made via Sony microcassettes and dictaphones, as well as the band's own sturdy four-track.

One of the most impressive slices of sound is 'Cowboys', an excellent single candidate. Another is the gymnastic revamp of 'Seventeen' — a 'dirty version' which involves a crucial one-word change. What word? "Well," Martin Sheller hints, "I can say it rhymes with pantechnicon."

CYNTHIA ROSE

MPs call for inquiry into Rasta youth's death

Richard 'Cartoon' Campbell

FITE DEM BACK

COULD a black citizen's religious choice drastically influence his treatment in custody, or even custodians' opinions of his sanity? The death in custody of 19-year-old Londoner Richard Campbell, a Rastafarian, provides distressing evidence that it may.

This week two South London MPs — Alf Dubs of Battersea South and Tom Cox of Tooting — take their call for a public enquiry into his case to Parliament, following unhelpful talks with Home Office minister, Lord Belstead.

Richard Campbell was called 'Cartoon' by mates because of his hyperbolic sense of humour. On the first of last March, Cartoon Campbell was arrested in Brixton, allegedly for breaking into a sports shop. Pleading guilty to attempted burglary, he was sent to Ashford Remand Centre in Middlesex, for medical and psychiatric reports. Twenty-two days later, he was found dead in a hospital cell at the Centre.

The preliminary inquest attributed his death to dehydration resulting from schizophrenia. Evidence at a subsequent inquest two weeks ago revealed that two doctors classified Richard as schizophrenic, partly because of his 'confusion'. Instances of confusion were Richard's 'ramblings' about Jah, about going to Africa, and helping the poor. Anyone familiar with Britain's black citizenry would have recognised Richard Campbell as a Rastafarian.

Campbell was such a recent and fervent convert to the religion that when he disappeared his mother assumed he was staying with friends to avoid her scepticisms about his faith. When she contacted those friends, though, just before Richard's birthday, they hadn't seen him either.

When Richard arrived at Ashford, he gave his name as Anthony Benjamin Brown, and he gave the address of his (deceased) foster parents. He reportedly also signed a declaration that he did not wish anyone to be informed of his reception. If he did sign such a declaration, it may have been because he had recently promised his mother that his religion would keep him out of any trouble.

Mrs Campbell was informed of her son's whereabouts only when a single phone call told her that he had been arrested, that he had been taken to Ashford, and that he had just died.

A fellow inmate of Campbell's, who took food to his cell early in his stay, recalled to *Thames TV* researchers that Richard was upset and that he 'wanted to ring his mother'.

Official enquiries into Richard's hunger strike and death have been clouded. The pathologist's evidence, for instance, lists the presence of the drugs Largactil (a notorious control drug nicknamed "the liquid cosh"), Stemetil, and Depixol. But the doses, combinations, and methods of administration were not broached at the inquest.

Richard Campbell did progress from being 'withdrawn' to being 'aggressive'. While visiting Ashford General Hospital where the Centre unsuccessfully tried to have him transferred, he threw a vase at his escorting prison officer. This resulted in another attempted transfer: to a Southall hospital for 'urgent psychiatric care'. Yet there the examining doctor found nothing psychotic, confused, or uncooperative about him and refused to admit him as mentally ill. He stressed the boy's need for physical treatment due to hunger strike.

After the day away, Campbell returned to Ashford. There he remained, despite a further attempt to have Queen Mary's Hospital, Roehampton, admit him before his court appearance (due the day he was found dead).

On March 26 (when he had lost 35 pounds) Campbell was force-fed milk through a tube: a method which had proven unreliable and even dangerous when used on the hunger-striking suffragettes of Edwardian days. By March 31, he was dead.

The jury in Campbell's inquest was not a happy one — they asked to return a verdict of neglect by the authorities; and were told such a verdict did not exist. Half an hour later the coroner told them that a verdict of lack of care could be returned but that it was 'inappropriate' to the case.

The jury settled unhappily on a verdict of 'self-neglect', but refused to append the phrase 'suffering from schizophrenia'. In its place, they attached a rider expressing concern about the facilities at the centre.

Lord Belstead has written to MP Dubs, implying that the real issues in the Campbell 'case' are bureaucratic ones: the difficulties experienced by the prison service in transferring 'mentally disordered' patients to NHS hospitals; and the question of why the centre authorities did not feel it proper to notify Richard's parents of his condition until after he had died. He does not refer to the question of Richard's reputed schizophrenia, nor to the administration of drugs which are to say the least disorienting, especially in a 6ft 1in individual who has been refusing all food and drink for an extended period.

Incredibly, the probation officer who visited Mrs Jean Campbell to explain her son's death told her that he had been suffering from a mental disease common in 19 and 20 year-olds from 'primitive societies'. Richard Campbell was born and brought up in England; it was the only country he knew. Yet the circumstances of his death suggest the attitudes of an extremely primitve society. ***Messages supporting the call for a public enquiry can be directed either to individual MPs or to the Richard Campbell Campaign, 135 Lavender Hill, SW11, who also welcome donations.***

CYNTHIA ROSE

Stinker of The Week

HOW'S this for a rotten trick? With their Joy Division album 'Closer' sitting at number six in the national charts and still selling well, Factory Records approached Island Manufacturing Plant to fetch a new batch, but were told that none would be allowed out until they'd cleared a £40,000 debt.

What's unethical about that? Well, Factory supremo Tony Wilson had previously come to an agreement with the plant that the money would be paid over two weeks in August, after the yield from the initial shipments came in.

But, says Wilson, someone at Island HQ put pressure on the plant to collect the money before allowing Factory's distributors any records.

"I think it's wonderful, absolutely wonderful," says a frantic Tony, "an incredible stroke to pull in the middle of a deal.

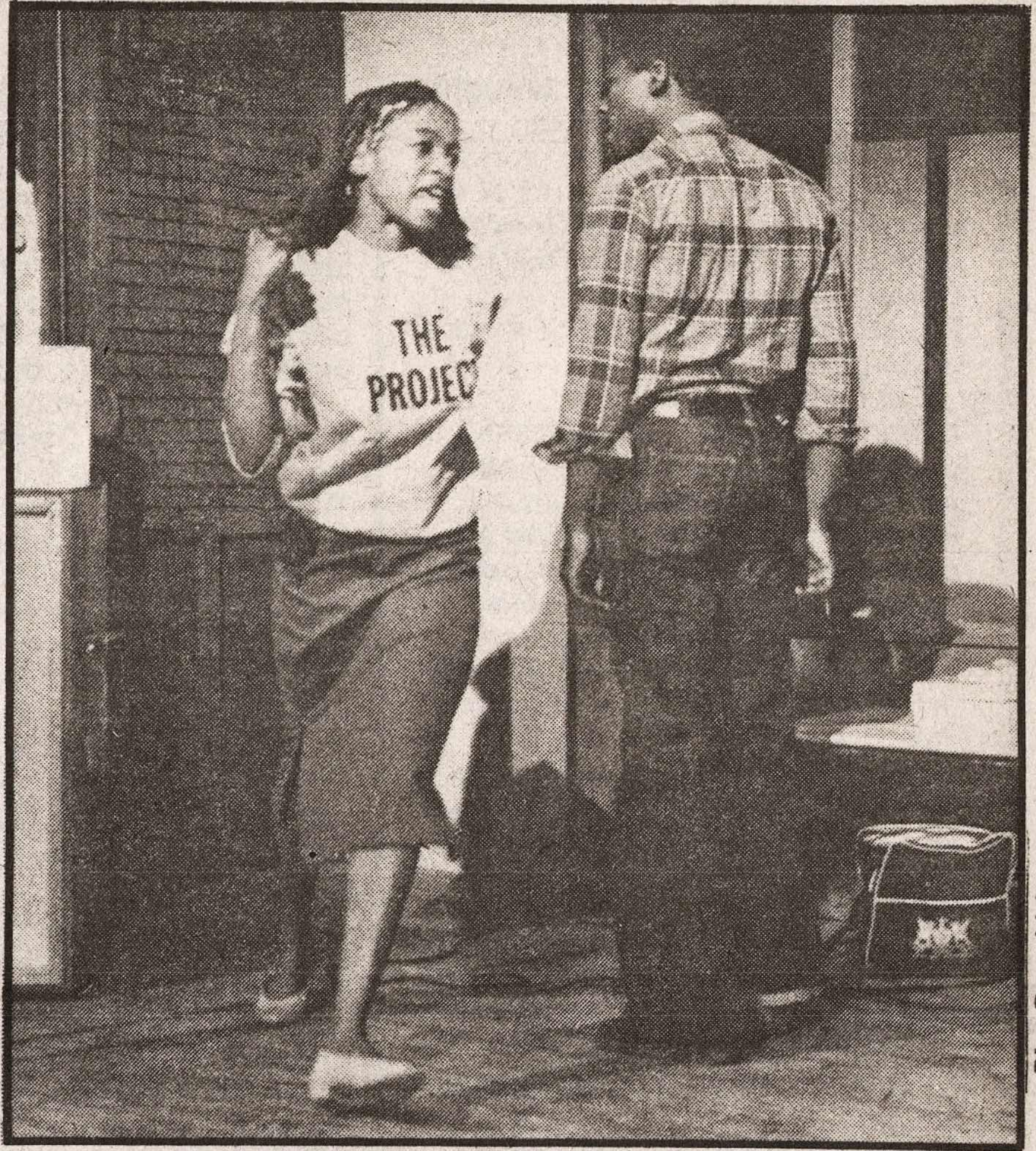
"I mean it's obvious that we'd pay in August, with a hit album and hit single; and even if the impossible happened — like our distributors (Rough Trade and Pinnacle) going bust, we'd have given them Joy Division's 'Atmosphere' as a single to pay off any debts."

On Monday, however, *Thrills* received a call from Nick Flower at Island's pressing plant, saying that the whole thing was a misunderstanding and had been solved amicably.

A late phone call from Wilson confirmed this. Island had reverted to their original agreement. At first, though, they wanted a letter from Factory guaranteeing that they would give them a single if their distributors went broke.

Wilson adds: "We would only sign over the rights with a ceiling as high as the debt and then it would hae reverted back to us." "But everything's alright now," he assures.

Music by The Government



Pic: Ray Abbott

Matumbi Protegees in ICA Play

REGGAE singer Janet Kay is set to make her acting debut this week, when London's Institute of Contemporary Arts hosts the run of *Mama Dragon.* The play is a new work by the Black Theatre Co-Operative whose *Welcome Home Jacko* — a portrait of young Rastas and their community — gained considerable success last year.

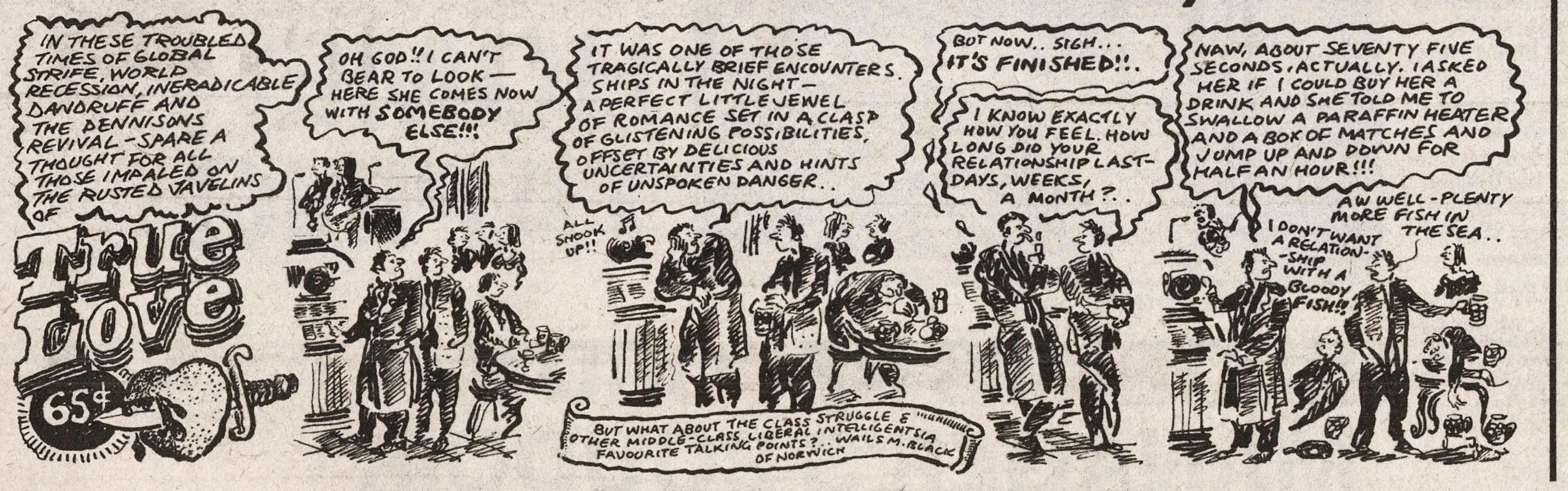
Mama Dragon is set in a community centre in South London and concerns a black soldier who returns from Northern Ireland still bearing a lethal flame-thrower (a 'mama dragon') — a counterpoint to both his inflammatory ideas and the possible violence of a prospective local march by the National Front.

The play incorporates live music by new reggae/ska band The Government, protegees of Bevin and Fergus Matumbi. Lyrics are by Farrukh Dondy, with Janet Kay contributing lyrics to one number, 'Cold Shoulder'. The Government's debut album will be released by EMI to coincide with this dramatic enterprise.

Ms Kay has been recording since '77 and in '79 was the winner of a slew of *Black Echoes* awards, for 7in single, 12in single, and female vocalist. Currently she is writing and recording a first album. *Mama Dragon* will run Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8pm until 23rd August at the ICA, The Mall, SW1. Telephone: 930-0493.

Lowry

Not Only Rock and Roll



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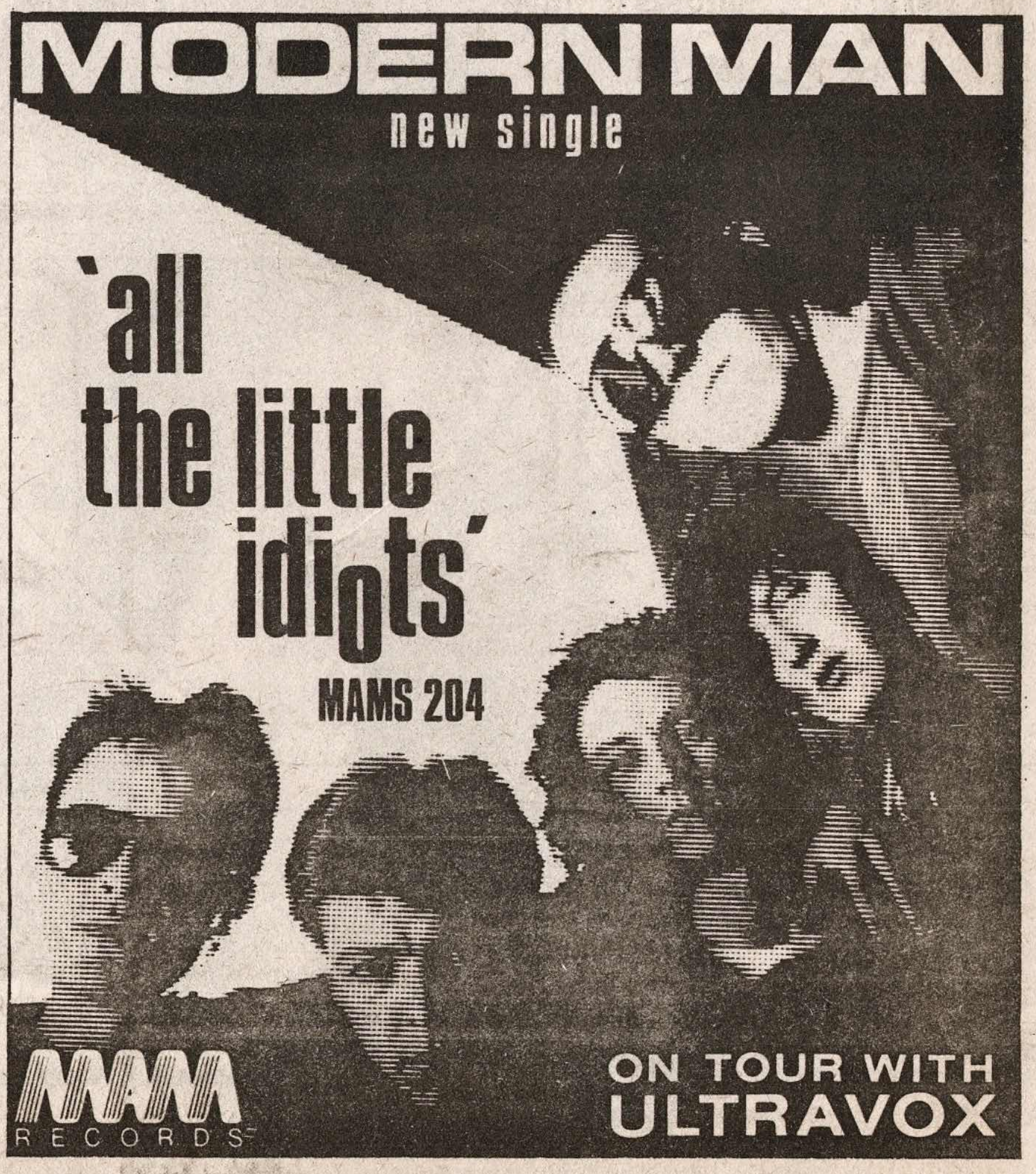

IRISH SUPERIOR SHELLSHOCK SHOCK

Pic: Alwyn Greer.

Ruefrex ease the shock of fair treatment in local boozerie.

Belfast band makes good on tube

REASONABLE and informative discussion about late '70s and '80s Ulster rock music has so far been absent from local and national television. This was rectified on Friday July 25 when BBC Northern Ireland broadcast *Cross The Line* — a half-hour documentary on Belfast band The Ruefrex.

The programme followed the group around their neighbourhood and to the local Glenburn Community Centre where they talked about their motivations and their problems (which are numerous, like those of any group in Belfast). They also played several songs live onstage including all 3 tracks from their excellent 'One By One' EP on Good Vibes.

Considerable care and attention was taken to place the group in an honest context by the sympathetic production team of Henry Laverty and Bill Meskelly, who complemented the band's compositions, with some straight-forward images and reference points.

Ruefrex grew up in Belfast's staunch loyalist stronghold around The Shankhill Road (read Ian Paisley, King William of Orange and the English monarchy). It is here that they play most of their gigs. Thankfully this fact wasn't overstated, as any local audience knows only too well the implications and connotations which that site holds.

While the documentary was transmitted at a time when most of their young audience would be, to quote former singer Allan Clarke, "hiding behind a garage with a bottle of wine", it was refreshing to hear supportive reactions from the area's older residents. Tom Coulter (bass), Jackie Forgie (guitar), Allan Clarke (vocals) and Paul Burgess (drums) modestly put forward the case for themselves and their audience. They tackled preconceptions and prejudices about their chosen form of entertainment, stressing it wasn't an answer but simply a way to enjoy themselves and express their disillusions and confusions — which are those of many young people in Northern Ireland. Remarkably, everyone resisted the opportunity to slag off Stiff Little Fingers.

The one moot point in the programme was a narrated voice over from one Jackie Flavelle (whose usual job is as a sort of Ulsterman's Tony Hatch). He churned out the stock cliches about 'anarchy' and 'nihilism' puked up and, one would have thought, exhausted by Fleet Street's mewling schoolboy essayists in 1977. The group's level-headed rationale showed it up for the presumptive waffle it was.

Ironically the programme, recorded in February, comes some time after the departure of Ruefrex vocalist Allan Clarke. Its publicity value for the group is negligible as presently they find themselves in limbo with no label, an incomplete line-up and only a promising demo tape to call their own. What *is* important is that the programme comes after the well-meaning but disappointing Belfast edition of *Something Else*, John Davis' over-rated Shellshock Rock feature and the overkill of SLF's 'Imflammable Material'. None of these efforts displayed the intelligence or clarity of 'Cross The Line'.

On that basis it is widely and personally felt that the documentary is worthy of the national network. With *OGWT* and *TOTP* off the air the only rock music programme on television is Granada's *Fun Factory*. Perhaps someone at Broadcasting House would like to take appropriate steps and show a topical subject, sensibly presented, to a wider audience.

GAVIN MARTIN

Thrills!

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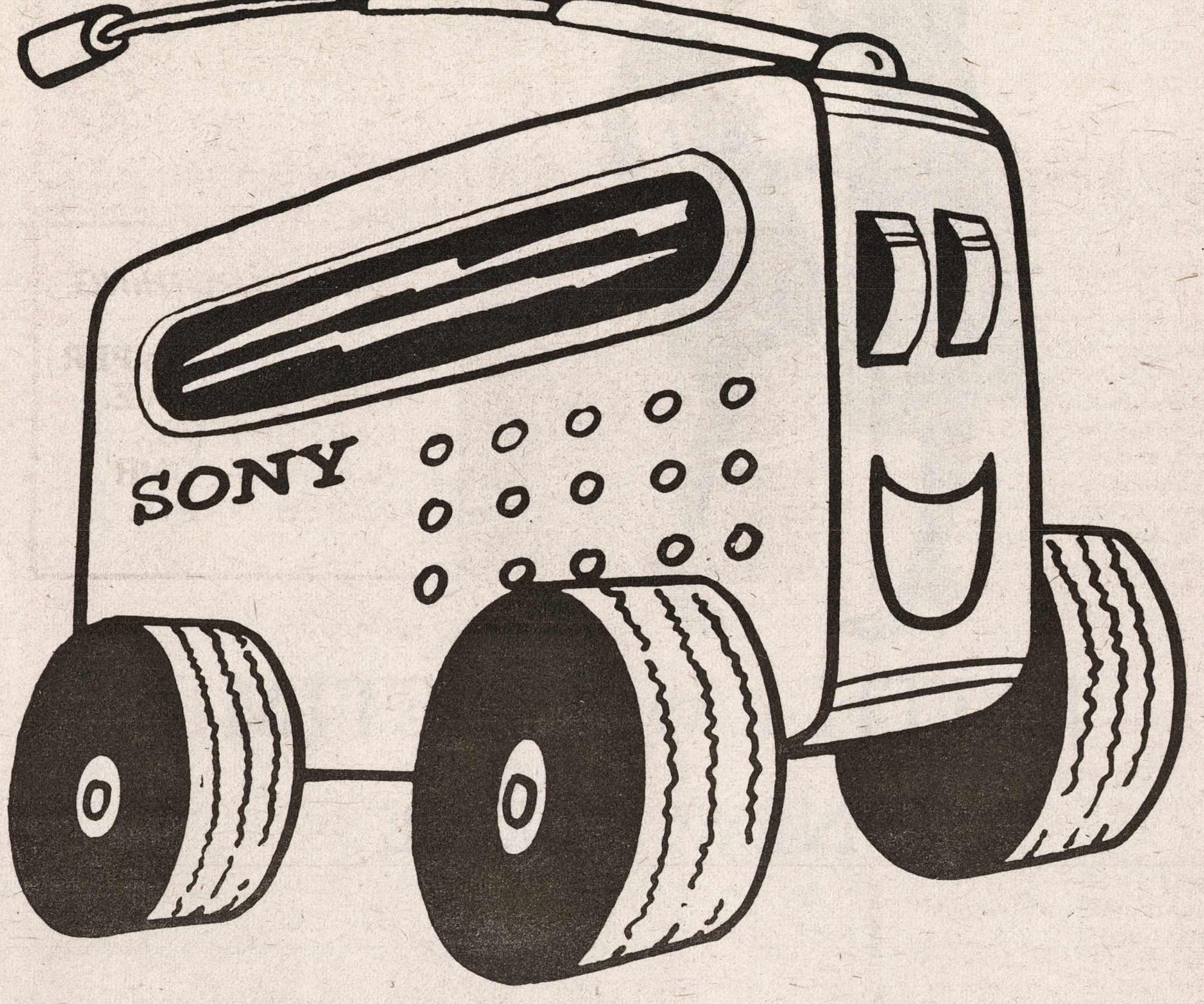

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For further details contact the venues concerned.

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ROADSHOW '80

NEW MUSIC NEWS?

'Industry' Seminar for Indies in NY

"New Wave' conference attendees conclude that blowing up high schools is the only way. Pic: Joe Stevens

TWO weeks ago in New York, while the trade magazine *Billboard* was hosting its annual Disco Forum, a gathering billing itself as the New Music Seminar became the first national convention for that side of the industry that stocks the more rebellious jukebox.

The seminar was organised by Rockpool, a record-pool service for new-music DJs and in form, it followed typical convention patterns. Four-hundred-odd participants registered and got pin-on tags showing name and affiliation, then divided up to attend panel discussions. Very old-hat. And like the usual kind of convention, there was evening entertainment. The Disco Forum had Grace Jones at Roseland, the N.M.S. had The Undertones at Trax and Kid Creole at Danceteria. But the content of discussion was geared not to "how are we going to maximize our profits" but rather to "how are we going to make inroads, get records on the radio and maybe put some food on our artist's plates?"

Who came? People that run independents, like Howie Klein of 415 Records (who put out first records by the Nuns and Pearl Harbour and the Explosions) Charles Ball of Lust/Unlust Records and Martin Mills of Beggar's Banquet. People whose stores specialize in new wave and imports. DJs with new wave shows, including college radio stations, about the only place in American radio now where new music gets consistently aired. Club owners, bookers and DJs. Journalists, publicists and under-assistant East Coast promo men.

Most of the panelists reiterated a familiar litany of hardships faced by the Little Guy: trouble getting financing, trouble getting record store chains to carry your stuff, trouble getting paid by distributors.

A panel on Press and Publicity had some interesting discussion on the way record companies pressure small magazines to cover their artists by threatening to withhold advertising. But a chat about journalistic "responsibility" degenerated into an insult-trading match between publicist Howard Bloom and critic Robert Christgau.

The liveliest debate occurred at the day's last panel, a Disco/Rock Faceoff. The argument here turned out to be not between disco and rock partisans, but between people like Warner Brothers whizz-kid Ray Cavian and some other promo-people, who want to use the dance clubs to sell "dance-rock" records, others, like Danceteria's Jim Fouratt, who argued that clubs must take over the function filled in the mid-'60s by the first experimental, free-form radio stations.

The important thing wasn't what happened but the fact that it did happen.

There's still a long way to go.

RICHARD GRABEL

Lowry ... **old grey Wallys vest**

"This next song's about a subject very close to my heart. Me."

"We're a crossover band. We work in the area between a fairly competent garage outfit and a bunch of brainless poseurs with overly indulgent, rich parents and friends in the business."

DANGEROUS VISIONS

Conspiracy therapist needed to quell latest fad?

MUCH ADO ABOUT DOOM

IN THE '60s it was called 'paranoia'; that black-hearted feeling (derived largely from marijuana) that the world was a lousy, stinking plot and that we were being done down by a crowd of politico/capitalist bigshots.

The '80s version is slicker and more penetrating. It rests not on instinct alone but on an alternative version of history . . . An enlivened version that introduces motive and emotion into the dry theorums of economists and historians. It is called Conspiricism, and those that practise it; conspiricists.

It's not big yet in this country, but it's coming. And perhaps quicker than anticipated given the recent watershed performance on ITV of Canadian union chief and author Charles Levinson.

Levinson talks in the ravenous tongue of the prophet. The man who bears a testimony so strikingly real and shocking it is practically ridiculous.

The hook for his 70 television minutes was Britain's participation in the Olympics: was the Tory opposition hypocritical given the ongoing trade situation between East and West?

Levinson argued yes and yes again. He repeated and updated the message of his book *Vodka Cola* which says that the level of trade between the 'two sides' is enormous and growing; that it is good for some (the Rockefellers and Breazhnevs) but lousy for most.

His scenario works like this: Eastern Bloc currency is non-convertible in the West, which means deals have to be conducted on the basis of barter rather than cash. What the Western Multinational Corporations (MNC's) want most is cheap, abundant and strike-free labour. This the Commies have by the million. They, for their part, thirst for Western technology and manufacturing capacity. The solution is for Dunlop, Fiat et al to set up shop in the East where they can produce more cheaply and reliably.

The result for the West is a flood of cheap imports, factory closures, unemployment and a terrible commotion in the streets. Levinson calls it a deliberate and callous play on the part of the MNC's who also derive vast profits from the manufactire of war devices, even more of which are now being produced thanks to the New Wave war hysteria originating in God knows which quarters.

Levinson suspects groups such as the TriLateral Commision, The Bilderberg Group and the Council on Foreign Relations as prime stirrers.

The Tri Lat was founded and is headed by David Rockefeller, brother of former US veepee, Nelson. David is chairman of the world's most influential banks — Chase Manhattan — and major shareholder in the world's largest corporation - Exxon.

It is no exaggeration to say that the Commission represents the commanding heights of European, Japanese and American capitalism and politics. Everyone from Carter to Schmidt to Carrington to Agnelli of Fiat is or has been a member. Like the Bilderberg Group (centred largely on the needs of NATO) it meets in secret session and publishes nothing that will reveal its innermost workings.

The Council on Foreign Relations is even more covert. For 40 years after its formation in 1922, just two small articles have been written on its affairs. And yet, every presidential *candidate* since the last War with the exception of Goldwater and Johnson, was a CFR member. Of Nixon's senior appointees, 124 were CPR stalwarts.

Officially the group is a non-governmental and entirely private body. In reality it is the producer of American foreign policy and of the senior staff to execute it. (CFR chairman is David Rockefeller).

NOW, of course, we are into the territory coveted by another notable conspiricist and lover of America, Gary Allen.

Allen writes best-selling titles such as *The Rockefeller File* and *None Dare Call It Conspiracy* in which he accuses the Rockefellers of running America and the world. And badly.

Rockefellers created the US PAYE system, the Federal Reserve Board, the modern educational system, the tax exempt foundation, the pharmaceutical industry, trade with communist Russia . . . in fact he maintains that the family actually runs Russia, thanks to the enormous weight it carries in banking and financial circles.

And that it was the family-run Chase Manhattan, along with other Rockefeller related Wall Street institutions who bankrolled the bolshevik revolution and continues to supply the Ruskies with arms, cash and grain to this day.

The odd part is, Allen is no kind of glib imbecile but a man capable of diligent and plausible research. He is driven by a loathing of communism/ fascism which he sees as the twin monopolistic evils situated on the extreme left of the political spectrum. (On the extreme right he places anarchism and, in the same vicinity, republicanism).

It is almost the Libertarian stance the position from which our third practitioner of the conspiricist art — Antony Sutton — argues his own case.

SUTTON appears altogether more reserved and thorough than Allen. And yet he too dumps heavily on the Rockefellers and the multinational clique.

Among his most notable outpourings is a trilogy that 'investigates' Wall Street's substantial financing of the three great ideological upheavals of the early half of the century; the Bolshevik Revolution, Hitler's National Socialism and Roosevelt's New Deal.

Sutton views these social experiments as fundamentally alike in that each aims to gather up the means of production and deposit them in a central pool. It is a process calling for massive funding and managerial/technological expertise and Wall Street is both equipped and intent on being the provider.

By governing the money flow and the industrial processes, Wall Street is, in turn, able to control the politicians and the world stage.

Such a proposition is, of course, regarded as preposterous by certain political savvies, notably of the left who unlike the conspiricist, sees capitalism as having pitted itself against communism in a straightforward ideological death struggle.

Levinson, Sutton, Allen and others see the two sides as 'loving adversaries'. The Ruskies, they say, and the Rockefellers carry with them the same foul stench. Their's is a devious and mutually advantageous pact which can do the little guy no good at all. Levinson's advice is to first wise up with the facts, after which the battle lines can be drawn.

ANDREW TYLER

Thrills!

SILVER BULLET BANNED

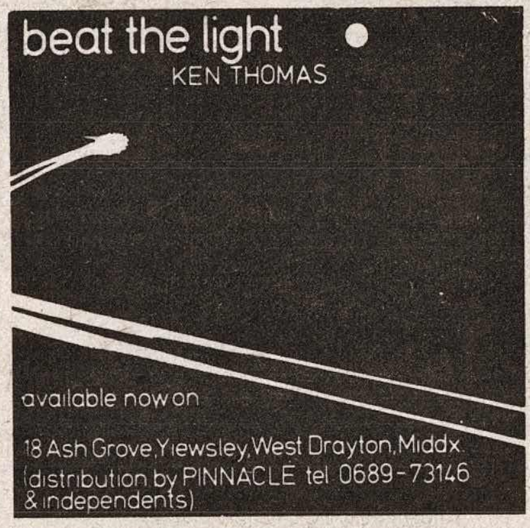
Lone Ranger let down by his heir

THE Lone Ranger's solitary status has finally got to him. Celluloid's latest masked man, actor Klinton Spilsbury, seems to have hit the bottle on location in Mexico. The *Daily Mirror* and Los Angeles press report that the twenty-five-year-old actor has been hurling drinks, insulting waitresses and straddling barstools while yelling 'HiYo Silver!' He's now been banned from at least two bars in the area. Furious fans have demanded he be drummed out of the Ranger ranks, and original Loner Clayton Moore wept when he heard the tales.

"He's violating the code of the Lone Ranger," said Moore, who not only killed no-one in 28 years, but claims he eschewed smoking, drinking, swearing, and disrespectful behaviour to ladies during his tenure. Moore is 65 and his Schiaparelli pink bathroom with wall-to-wall shag carpets and poodle lamps has been featured in at least one Hollywood fan mag.

BEVERLY HILLS

Thrills!



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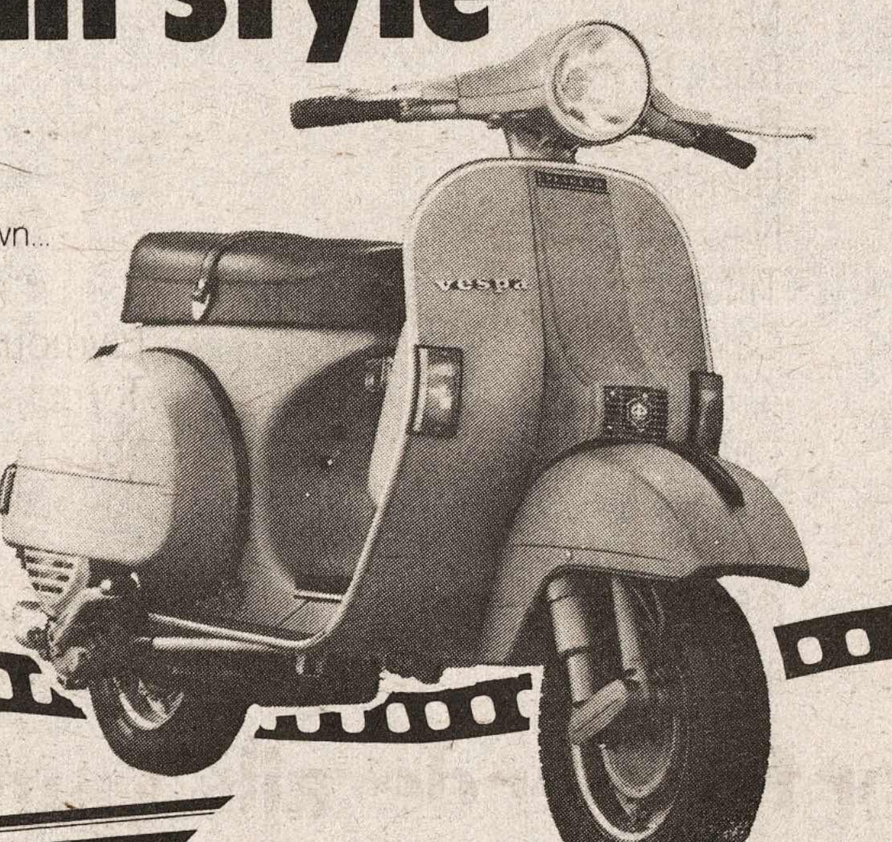

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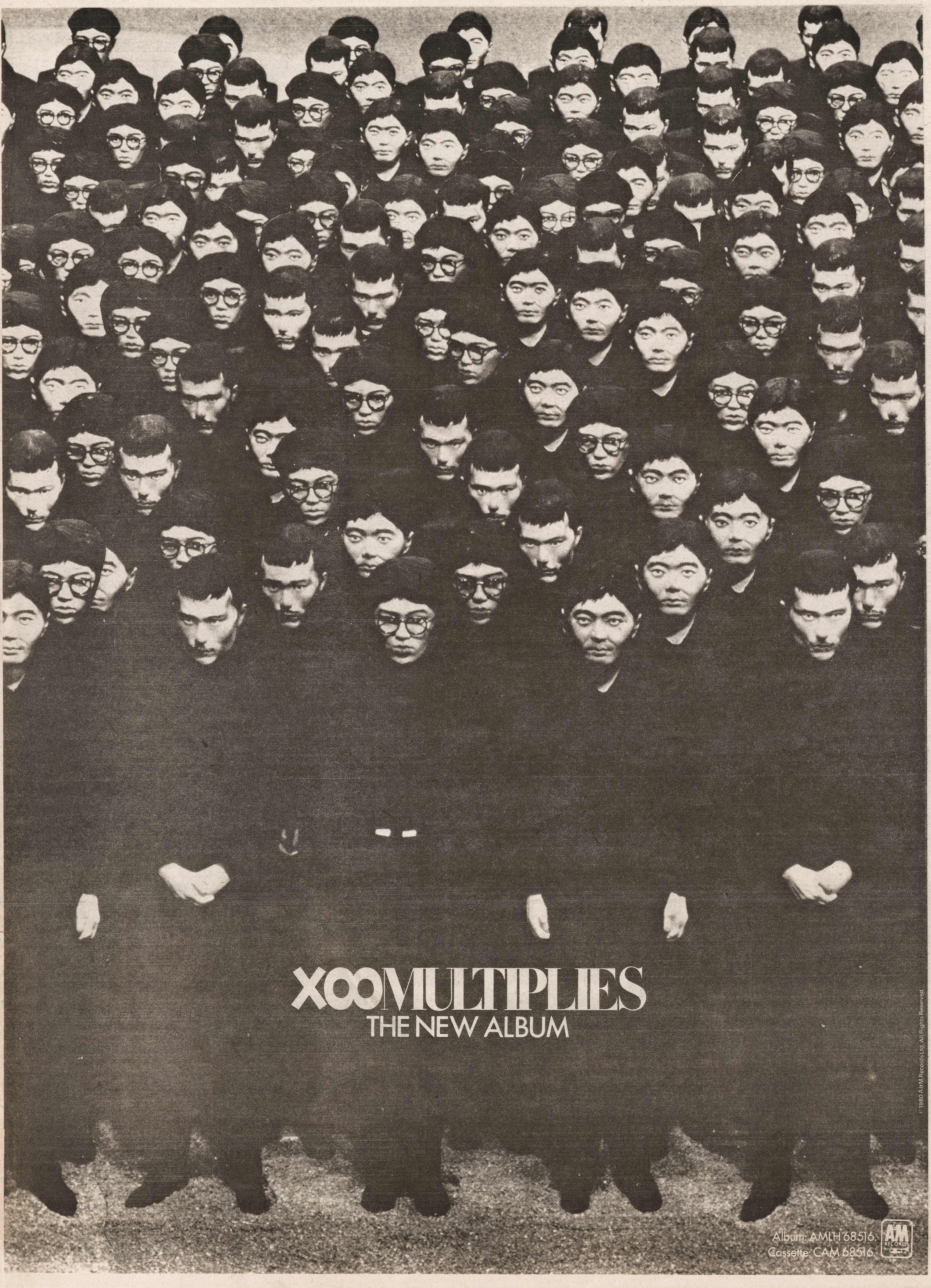
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THE 3 WISE Is

VIVIEN GOLDMAN checks out the Rastafarian way of feminism with The I Three

Pictures by JEAN BERNARD SOHIEZ

TO GET into the Mayfair service flat you have to pick your way over the supplies: catering-size packs of rice and kidney beans and pulses, giant drums of oil, more catering packs of washing-powder and nappies.

The I Three are going home to Jamaica, where although things have quietened down since the curfew imposed last week (a score of seven dead in the last couple of days is regarded as light), the supermarket shelves stack little else but air.

The I Three are laying in a goodly store, obviously intending to supply not only themselves but an extended neighbourhood family. Bob Marley wanders in, bemused at the sight of a living-room like a dry goods warehouse. Rita Marley laughs at him — it's a long time since he's done the weekly shopping backayard, that's for sure, or he wouldn't be surprised at all.

Like the good woman in The Bible whose price is above rubies, the I Three provide for their households diligently, allocating their time between selling in the market, spinning, weaving, and working in the fields and cutting records.

The I Three (remember the Rasta edict that every individual is part of a global unity by changing the first person singular into 'I & I'? The I Three are a trio, hence . . .) joined forces to back Bob Marley and The Wailers when the initial triumvirate of Bob, Peter Tosh and Bunny Livingstone broke up to perform their separate works back in '74. But all three women were in at the beginning of homegrown Jamaican music, when the synthesis of America, Caribbean and African roots was just beginning to whirr round in the blender, frothing the ingredients up into what we now know as reggae . . . .

IT WAS an exciting time, leaving school in '65. Jamaica had become independent three years before, and it seemed like the dawning of a new age, bursting like an overripe mango with possibilities.

This particular afternoon, Rita was excited anyway, because that night she was going to a dance. The music in those times, the ska, reflected the mood of the people; fast and exciting, it made you want to jump up, a kind of carnival feeling. The youth were filling the charts with a real Jamaica sound for the first time. It used to be all uptown people before that, smooth, fancy music from combos like Byron Lee and The Dragonaires — too refined, designed for the people who lived up in the hills, with the swimming-pools and the guard dogs.

Rita had just come back from the shops, where she'd bought some peroxide and a new kind of hair cream imported from America. You left it in on your head for two hours, put your hair in rollers, and suddenly it was straight, and you could pile it into a bouffant beehive, like the American film stars.

The tourists brought in these new fashions, all cloistered in the new hotels on the beach. People weren't all happy about the tourists. They didn't like the way their swimming and fishing beaches had suddenly become private property, 'natives' to be kept out.

Not that Rita liked it either, but since the hotels were already there, she hoped to get a job in one of them. Working behind the desk maybe, smiling nicely at all the guests as they check in their expensive luggage, even more nicely as you pocket the tip in US dollars.

Even though these are booming days, Trenchtown is still the poorer side of town, the ghetto. Rita starts to mix the peroxide with water in an empty coffee tin, singing *"Simmer down, oh, control your temper, simmer down, for the battle will be hotter . . ."* as she stirs. She leans against the window, watching the people in the street, and then she sees them.

Rita is always hoping to see them: The Wailers are her favourite group, Bob and Peter and Bunny. Every song a hit, and it's no surprise; with Coxsone Dodd at the controls of Studio One, they cut the toughest records in town, tunes like 'Simmer Down', 'Lonesome Feelings', 'It Hurts To Be Alone'. Coxsone Dodd makes lots of trips to America, carrying piles of albums back for his artists to choose from — songs by The Moonglows and The Impressions, The Isley Brothers. At every dance Rita goes to, it's always Wailers tunes that get played twice.

There they come now down the alley; Peter, the tall one, wearing a wool cap on his head. It's Peter that Rita calls out to, he's always the one to stop and chat first, the friendliest.

"Look here now, Peter Tosh! So you still don't believe me that I can really sing! Go on now, man, make me go with you to Studio One and introduce me to Mr. Dodd. You frightened? I can make records as well as you, you know!"

Peter likes this girl. Her eyes twinkle, she is a tease, but she is definitely far from dumb. He stops for a moment, staring right at Rita; there is even something saucy about the tilt of her nose that makes you want to smile. So Peter smiles back, and holds out his hand to the girl in the window: "Come on now."

Rita winds up working with the Wailers. She has her publicity photo taken in a big wide flounced skirt, as wide as her smile, and the other Wailers all togged up in gold collarless jackets, like those The Beatles wear.

She has her own group, the Soulettes, and every Sunday night they perform at the Ward Theatre, the Studio One audition night, when trios from Trenchtown, dressed in their smoothest narrow-trousered suits, sing like soul crooners under a lamp-post in Memphis or in a school gym in Brooklyn. Hallways of tenements always add extra echo, make the voices sound full even when they're singing well high, whether you're in Kingston or Brooklyn.

There are The Paragons with John Holt singing lead, Bob Andy, singing so sweet he tears your heart apart, The Wailers, The Soulettes, and Marcia Griffiths.

In those days, people wanted to put out records. That was more important than money. The ego urge, to have your own record out, to prove you were somebody, the toughest of the tough.

MARCIA GRIFFITHS, still better known in England for her hit with Bob Andy, 'Young, Gifted & Black' than for her more recent solo albums. 'Naturally' and 'Steppin', sits across the room from me. She's a pale-faced woman with a matronly demeanour. "Yes," she sighs, recalling the Good Old Days with Studio One, "it was a musical college, you had to graduate from Studio One."

Judy Mowatt sits on the same bed. She's not a graduate of the Studio One school, but she's taken some hard knocks in her career. She's endured the ignominy of having a tune she recorded, 'Woman of the Ghetto', released in this country under the name of Phyllis Dillon, then a more popular singer; she's been forced to confront serious music/life decisions when, as lead singer with the Gaylads' female counterpart, the Gaylettes, she had to leave because she was pregnant.

"Singing with my pregnancy wasn't accepted then, so I said: 'OK, it's life I'm bringing, I know that it's not gonna kill me, it's not gonna kill my career, it's not going to take anything from my voice — it's going to add, because it's bringing life into the world, the most beautiful thing one could ever think of.'"

Outside of singing with the I Three, she has five children to bring up and a farm with goats, chicken and sheep. "I'm trying to collect all the animals that went into the ark . . ."

She also runs a record label, Ashandan, who released a fine Mowatt solo album called 'Black Woman' a couple of years ago; the LP will shortly be released via the Grove/Island collaboration. The title track is an invocation of black women's heritage: *"On auction blocks, chained up . . . merchandise . . . but no need for that now, free yourself of that now . . ."* It still stands as the most complete, inspirational statement for women I've ever heard in reggae.

To complete her credentials, she's co-author with singer Freddie McGregor of the current reggae favourite. 'Jogging'. The song came to the handsome couple on their daily early morning jog along the beach in Jamaica; maybe that's why its rhythms make you step in an unusually athletic way.

As for Rita Marley, she's just released her first solo album on the French Hansa label; its title 'Who Feels It Knows It', is lifted from an old Wailers tune. Although it hasn't yet found a British release, the French love it. The cover features Rita looking typically sassy, smoking a big spliff — the first woman for the corniest visual to have emerged from reggae.

The ablum is smooth — probably too smooth for dub fanatics, for example, but that's its charm. Rita's is a silken, sensuous voice, with a smoky jazz lilt. A grown-up voice.

On the recent Wailers tour, the I Three performed a brief set before their stint backing the Wailers. As usual, their individual personalities emerge clearly, even while they present a unified group spirit.

The Wailers thought it would be too much for them, but the trio were determined — they are all strong women. They played their set.

AS THE I Three sit down together in the hotel room, as they have done so many times before, they all suddenly realise the same thing (you develop a kind of telepathy when you live and work as closely as the I Three); they've never been interviewed as a group before, despite a string of hit reggae singles to their collective name.

I want to know why the I Three have kept themselves so much in the

■ Continues over

L-R: Judy Mowatt, Rita Marley, Marcia Griffiths.

I & I & I

■ *From previous page*

background. It seems to come down mainly to the old Jamaican expression that "Nothing happens before the time." Doing elaborate juggling acts between roles is time-consuming in itself.

Then Marcia bursts out: "What we were lacking was the strength and encouragement from the men. When we see that they fail in that area, and that we have to give them strength, this is how we get the courage now to go forward."

Rita: "We were always staying behind the man, being the humblest, but now it's time to step forward."

They are all very conscious of their roles as mothers. Rita and Judy both have five children, Marcia two. Judy is very serious about explaining to her children that Jamaica is not their home, Africa is their heritage and their future.

Rita: "In this time, the women have to be father and mother both. The majority of men leave women with children, and go off on their own ego. You still have to stand firm, you can't go out there and be a harlot or a hustler."

Judy (earnestly): "You have to be father, mother, friend, everything for the child."

Rita is Bob Marley's wife; they married just before he went to work in a car factory in Wilmington, Delaware. The old Wailing Souls label is taken from the two group names: Wailers and Soulettes.

Still, Bob has stated several times in interviews that he's unmarried. How did you feel about that, Rita?

She laughs. "Mixed. I sort of understand that in the field of being an entertainer, he might . . . but . . . now I can say, yes we are married. Now it's my turn to speak!" More laughter.

"Bob got what he wanted to say across, the marriage didn't make no difference. People were very vexed about that article, they said, 'Is it because Rita's black?' But marriage is a Babylonian philosophy, it's not important.

"We've got beyond that time, or it would have caused fussing and jealousy, and that would be bad for the children. So we operate like brother and sister. We give more respect to each other, not dominating or claiming or being possessive about each other. That's a higher level than the normal marriage."

Agreed. Yet leaving their marital arrangements aside, the whole question of the way Rasta codes dictate the conduct of man/woman relationships is traditionally very vexing for Western women, starting from the oft-repeated Biblical premise that because women are made from the rib of men they are automatically second in the running as they were in creation. Add Peter Tosh's remark that women are the channel of the devil and endless mysogynist songs of the "woman is the root of all evil" category (thanks, Wayne Wade), also the asserted "unclean"-ness of menstruating women; it all makes a very disturbing picture to non-Rasta women.

The I Three, of course, all of whose lives have been radically changed to an enhanced self-awareness and pride in their black womanhood through Rasta, have a different view.

Rita: "We know about that, that's part of our religion. When a woman has her period she's unclean for seven days, you don't deal with your man, you don't have intercourse, you don't cook for him because you have an issue of blood — you separate yourself for seven days."

But doesn't that make you feel like you're being demoted or rejected or despised or hated or something like that?

Laughter.

Rita: "You need that time too! That's the only time when the woman's not working. That's our free period!"

But what about looking after the business and the kids and so on . . .

Judy: "You look after the kids, yes, but your man is like a kid too. Man is the first cook too, you know, they can do everything except have kids, but they get so much mothering. Women spoil them too."

Rita: "Women and Rasta women are two different types. A Rasta woman can be identified, it's significant. Many a women is devious, through from Eve time, she tempted Adam to eat the fruit. From that time woman is seen as a deceiver that makes man do things he doesn't want to. But I think it's man's weakness, you can't blame women completely."

Judy: "Yes, even at that time man knew about the apple but woman didn't, so he should have forbidden her to eat this fruit, but he was weak enough to partake of it with her . . ."

Rasta women reasoning, discussing the familiar age-old arguments, ranging through scriptural quotations, reversing all the old male Rasta misogynist arguments neatly, beating those hateful old arguments on their own terms.

The I Three know little of the Western women's movement. But they are acutely aware of their position as Jamaican women's role models. They are cautious about the songs they choose to cover, making sure they only sing lyrics they can defend absolutely. They encourage younger women, and are pleased that more women are now having the opportunity to make records without necessarily having to sleep with the producer.

Rita: "Singing is our career, our profession, our lives, our talent. This is what we dedicate ourselves to, to make a living from the talent God gave us. That's how we eat our bread, feed our children. We try to use the talent wisely.

"We are women, we are sisters and we speak for the sisters as well as the brothers, and we are the mothers of creation; we start the multiplication of the earth."

The Wailers — Bob in particular — have definitely not been encouraging in the past of the I Three's solo flights. They're more than back-up singers, they're a crucial part of the Wailers' chemistry, but now plans are being made for the I Three to record a group solo album in Nassau and Jamaica, backed by Sly and Robbie.

Rita observes: "If the I Three had a million-seller, they wouldn't have the time, we'd be pulling away from Bob as back-up singers. But we've been doing it for so long, we figure that now the privilege to make our own record is there, and we're going to use it."

& I & I &

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LONDON'S TURNING

Through a glass starkly. The Sound, l to r: Dudley, Benita, Adrian, Gordon.

The town is alive with the sound of THE SOUND

Spot the dummy: one of these people is not a musician.

THE ASTUTE amongst us will have noticed that this is the time of the post-Joy Division band. This is not something to fret about, not another wagon to latch onto (those who plunder after J.D. for the sake of it end up sounding like disgraceful parodies of a psychedelic Damned). It's not that there's (yet) a whole rash of insensitive imitators, it's simply that J.D. developed an awesomely effective way of constructing sound and developing tension and, in exploiting the possibilities of rock instruments like few before, unleashed new possibilities.

They are also opening people's minds. Months ago, who could have predicted or appreciated what could yet be done with those tried and mistrusted rock instruments? Who was singing so forcefully about good and evil, love and death, and where was the listener prepared to put up with it? J.D., Echo, Teardrop and Magazine have progressed somewhere unknown, and are already beginning to influence people. In this instance, 'influence' is a charge, something that will produce more than just a queue of clones.

The Sound have sounded around since October 1979 (the period when Echo, Teardrop and J.D. were sharing the same bill) and are truly a band of today. They're influenced but not overawed by the groups we're most excited about these days, and already beginning to burst out on their own. Months ago they persuaded a friend to form a record label, and the result was the 'Physical World' EP on Torch Records. The record wasn't major, but showed The Sound were in tune with the right things. I wrote twenty words in favour of it in my last singles column. I could see where it was going to lead.

It was a three piece band that made 'Physical World': Adrian Borland (guitars, voice, songs), Graham Green (bass) and drummer Dudley. By the time I meet them a week or two ago they've added a keyboard player, Benita, and their sound has developed into the places one particular track on 'Physical World' ('Unwritten Law') suggested it would. As groups like this seem to do, they've developed quickly: eight months from now they'll be somewhere else altogether.

The day I meet them (not knowing what to expect visually but let's just say that there need not necessarily be a tie-in between fashion and music) they've signed to Korova Records. This is of course quite fitting for a Liverpool group, 1980, stylishly ironic and deeply in love with the power-glory potential of flexible rhythms and strong melody.

Except The Sound are not from Liverpool. They're from London and that's something worth breathing quickly about. London's a horrible place. For a multitude of reasons it tends to produce groups who are all theory and image, who are more bothered about dirt under their fingernails than tension in their songs. All but two or three of the most important groups of the last two years have emerged outside London, so this makes a change. Perhaps it'll start a trend.

"It's about time we had a London renaissance," jokes affable Adrian, who doesn't hide his Outsiders past (one of those dingy Roxy groups, pre-HM). "The Sound: the spearhead of the London renaissance," he blunders on, tongue in cheek, cringeing at the stupid headline he can see coming out of what he's said.

More than being anything to do with a London renaissance, The Sound fit properly into the new movement (New Realism) that's been developing. "There is music and there is the selling of music," notes Borland, "and to me they are different things."

They should be different things to everyone. The Sound enjoy making music (they talk enthusiastically about rehearsals, quietly pleased with how their sound's progressing), need to make music, want to communicate and contribute, but resent the notion that they have to follow the path of total commercialism to make their points.

AS we sit in the obligatory Carnaby Street pub with The Sound faltering through this first but not last interview, we pull faces at this month's bland things — Any Trouble and Spandau Ballet. We know that this hollow silliness will attract momentary attention and we can predict that it won't last long, but it's annoying that the easy 'thrill' of it all draw attention away from what's really happening. Ultimately, The Sound will reach people with music of substance that doesn't smother reality — this has to be important.

But these days, getting to people isn't easy. The Sound have had to struggle to stand up. They started their lives as a typical DIY group. They released their EP simply to get out what they were doing at the time. Good as it was, it disappeared into the appalling flood of independents.

"Peel played it twice," (poor old John, so much pinning itself on him) "and you reviewed it — I think that's really sickening, not that you reviewed it but that you were the only one. You just can't get reviews nowadays. That's a reason the independent thing is getting crushed."

Other reasons include general apathy, the lack of quality of independent records, the boring grimy cheapness of many of them, and their self-righteousness. Some go the independent way with style and soul: most abuse it. It's becoming an underground thing in a negative way. Groups like The Sound who do deserve attention are having to find 'new' ways of getting it, of elevating themselves. The new way is the same as the old way. Sign up.

Borland: "It's very hard. It's a clampdown at the moment with the independent thing. There's no option. There's no point in making 1,000 singles and getting them in some shops in London and a few throughout the country. It's gone back to the big label emphasis and we're a group who has been forced to sign up. There's nothing you can actually do. Previously an independent label could be a way to make an impact for yourself, but no more."

Green: "There used to be almost a guarantee that an independent single was going to be interesting, but now the majority are a load of shit."

So everyone's given up, letting the A&R men select the sounds for them, which is pathetic given *their* level of competence. "You've got to be on a major label now, to show that you are different from other bands." What a turnaround! "Factory, Zoo, Rough Trade *are* major labels."

The Sound try to be pleasant about it — "You can't blame people if they don't notice you" — and claim that their Korova deal is good. A deal is also desirable because it gets them gigs. It's back to the stage where you have to have some sort of business backing to get the prestige gigs.

Now The Sound are signed they'll be noticed and taken seriously. Their LP 'Jeopardy', out in September, is tough and dedicated, an exciting debut. The emphasis is on rhythm, motion, space, an avoidance of clutter and complication, a lyrical despair but a feeling of hope, a singer with a deep voice (Borland sings southern soul). They are post-Joy Division but they are a pop group, closer to the Teardrop edge than the Distraction. They have all the right balances in check.

"We want a certain tension in the music, the melody to heighten things, chord changes to heighten the feel . . . the music we play we couldn't have played in '77," dogma punk days when long songs and slow pace was 'hippy-crap'. "Well, we could have but the reaction would have been totally derisive. I hate the word serious, but it is serious music. You can think about it and you can dance to it, as opposed to just thinking or just dancing."

By the end of the year you'll know all about The Sound. Promise and threat.

"I hate the word serious, but it is serious music. You can think about it and you can dance to it as opposed to just thinking or just dancing."

SINGLES

A CERTAIN RATIO: Shack Up *(Factory Benelux)*. The het-up, pent-up Certain Ratio get on single for the first time with drummer Donald Johnson, and it's even more dirty and insolent than their cassette-in-a-purse promised (if that's the word).

Crisis funk, all screwed up with nothing to do or be, coming from James Brown and Miles Davis via a decidedly unorthodox route. ACR are on the dour opposite side of the spectrum of influences to Dexy's.

'Shack Up' is an old song extolling the values of 'living in sin' done up in dishevelled clothes; low noises, high noises, shrill guitars, below sea level vocals, schematic drumming, a haywire brass section that won't blast you to kingdom come but'll knock you off balance.

The B side 'And Then Again' is live, even more desultory, and over before you know what's up.

This single is the first love match between Manchester's Factory and Belgium's Benelux — to come are Vini Reilly's 'Death's Kingdom' and something from Section 25 — and comes shrouded in Martin Hannet's uneven anti-production. As with The Fall and Cabaret Voltaire, it's purposefully unglamorous.

It's an imperfect world, ACR are an unsettling group, and this is a heavy record. Rubble, toil and trouble.

. . . AND THE NATIVE HIPSTERS: There Goes Concorde Again (Heater Volume). Just because you work against rock routines doesn't automatically mean your work is positive and exciting . . . And The Native Hipsters are pointedly anti-commercial (forgetting for now that commercialism is a state of mind) and as far outside rock routines as possible. They are musically esoteric, with a twisted way of viewing the little things in life and a strange wit; their music is an indulgent mess.

Their EP is a record of such discerning unorthodoxy and justified arrogance it strengthens my fading faith in the virtues and opportunities of being independent. 'There Goes Concorde Again' is a delightful, slightly moral fable sung-narrated through a voice subtly treated to the pitch of a 'cute' infant-school girl. Oddly enough it has mainstream hit potential, remembering David Cunningham's probings — this being more persuasive and substantial than any Flying Lizards piece.

'Stand, Still The Buildings' and 'I Wanna Be Around (Paul)' confirm the Hipsters' judicious love of toy instruments, surrealistic structures, silly voices and effects. I used to think Eno would make records like this (somewhere between novelty and the end of the world).

PATRICK FITZGERALD GROUP: Tonight EP (Final Solution). Polydor did the dirty on Fitzgerald, but he left behind an LP that at least sounded like it was made by a human being. Full of absorbed, interesting images and attitudes, the 'Grubby Stories' album is something to do with disappointment.

Final Solution's first 12" EP is a record of desperation. It is also his best record, more forceful than 'Stories' and (it will be) more enduring. He used to be frustrated, now he's alarmingly weary.

Side one's 'Mr and Mrs', 'Animal Mentality' and 'Tonight' are bare: instrumentally bare, laying bare, barely alive. Brutal balladeering, brave confession/confusion. Side two's 'A Superbeing' and 'Waiting For The Final Cue' are instrumentally fuller but still subdued. All Fitzgerald's old 'jollity' is gone. The words are exceptionally vulnerable, but not so self-piteous that the songs are impossible to listen to.

It's a powerful record. Early Bowie has been the comparison, but early Bowie was never this anxious and personal. There's a fight for survival going in: Fitzgerald's made it public.

THE BONGOS: Telephoto Lens (Fetish). Light relief, but not trite. The Bongos are yet another group who've popped up with a fresh, assured sound — there's a hint of humane, specious Devo in their pop. They've an eloquent melodic sense, and make their point quickly and elegantly; one of those groups who are perfecting the art in pop. I play both sides of this record a lot and always murmur great record as I lift it off the turntable. Great record.

GROW UP: Joanna (Object). And another! It always seems to fall to me to review Grow Up, probably 'cos I know enough to pick their singles out of the increasingly grubby pile. They're developing pop tradition as much as anyone, smartening the form without any pretence. Their sound is fancy but economical: nifty beat, witty swing, cabaret-sax, post-'What Do I Get' vocals, fretting guitars . . . It's another slant on the northern soul, yet another way to liven up the old ways by combining conflicting styles.

Unexpectedly, 'Joanne' is an almost perfect summer dance-song.

SNATCH: Shopping For Clothes (Fetish). Contrary black comedy, a rubber-bodied, swanky mode up-date of Leiber/Stoller's 'Shopping For Clothes'. Judy Nylon and Pat Paladin swap notes with preposterous mock-sophistication, half shutting their eyes, rubbing against each other with indecent grace. The vocals are barmy, the jazz instrumentation wily and the piece glibly slips away (down the dark side of the street) featuring the plusher kind of sax break. Foxy stuff.

The B-side has a couple more artful juggles. 'Joey' and 'Red Army' — didactic songs of misconduct — subvert rock dynamics, and are sophisticatedly textured and structured. Snatch's process or organising songs avoids vulgar and obvious rock-ee 'climaxes' and just lets things simmer. Vogue-ish but very dry, they lie somewhere between frivolous and treacherous. For fans of Cristina, Grace Jones (see below), Cabaret Voltaire and Ludus.

GRACE JONES: I've Lost Control (Island 12"). Penman trapped the 7" — now here's the 12". A fascinating clash of souls and cult(ure)s, the intemperate Jones and her merry men (including Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare) tackle Joy Division's 'She's Lost Control' with none of the hysterical vulgerisation or one dimensional reading that was 'expected'. It's not a plain version but a 'model interpretation'. Not reggae or rock but a visionary assimilation — a great body of music, posed and transcendent. It's 8 minutes of friction: it creeps up on you.

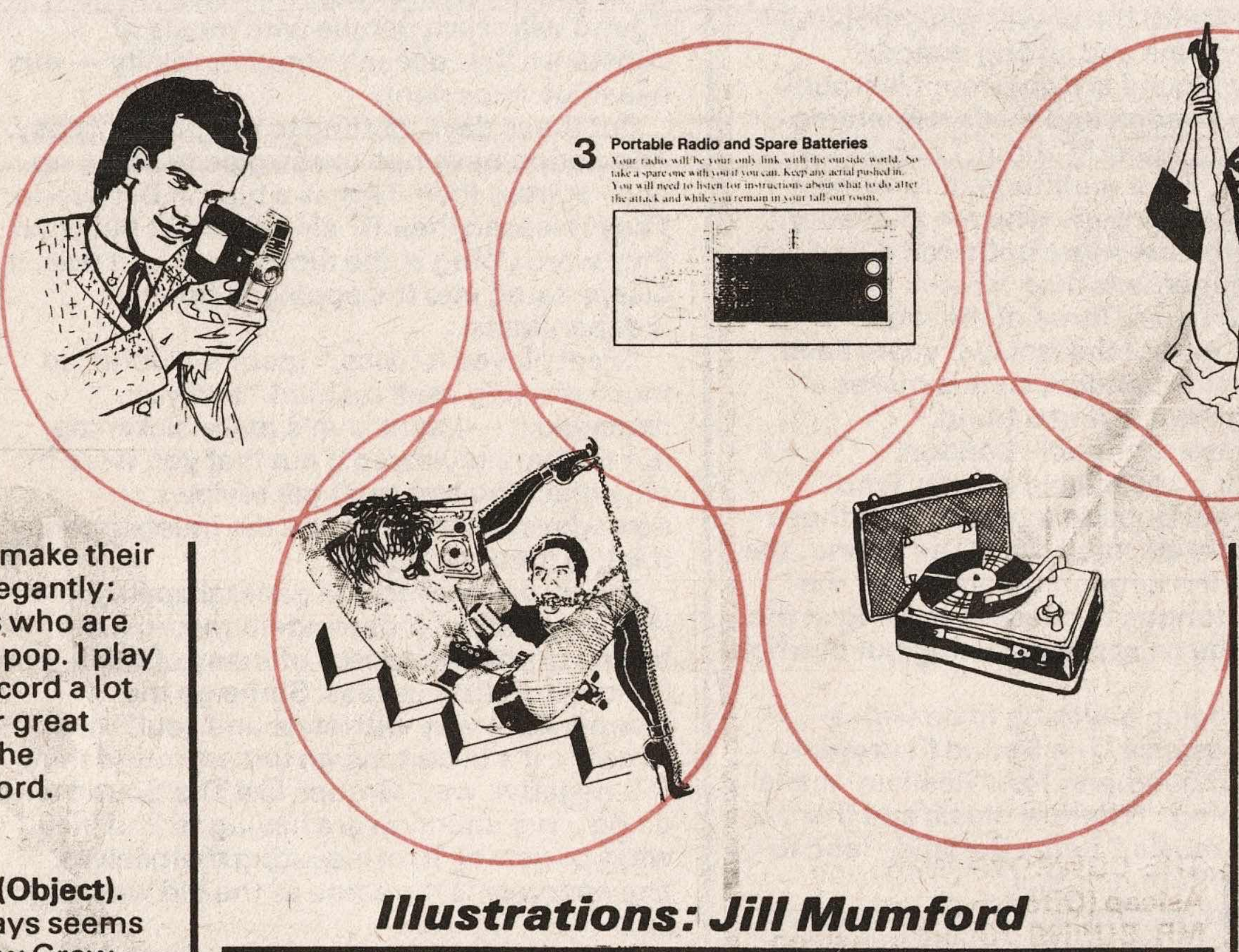
The other side of my copy is not her translation of The Pretenders 'Private Life' but a test-pressing single tone all the way through. I was tempted to review it, rave a little, but what the hell, it's been done before.

U2: 11 O'Clock Tick Tock (Island). Not enough attention has been paid to this one. U2's determined anti-single is a non-hit of beauty if ever there was one from a band who have 'hit singles' stacked up ready to wake the dead.

It's a good sample of Martin Hannett's genius — his is not just a physical technique, but abstract also. Compare the orthodox dynamics of U2's Irish debut 'Out Of Control' with the spaciousness and uneasiness of '11 O'clock'. Hannett has transformed the group allowing them metaphysical space to roam through, letting each individual come out of himself. This single is a masterpiece, U2 growing up before anyone's had a chance to say they're childish. Single of the year along with 'Love', 'Treason', 'Floorboards', 'I've Lost Control', 'C30, C60, C90' and 'Elastic Man'.

SKIDS: Circus Games (Virgin). Skids are always so close to being there, and thus so far away. 'Circus Games' is the *hardest* piece of music they've made, and sensibly proportioned for once. Their rich swirling post-punk has been disciplined so that what we've got is all action: no mock-majesty or anything like that.

Jobson sounds like a real singer, with good sleek phrasing, and pre-teen girl singers bittersweetly emphasise the bright vocal hook. And it's a hook amongst hooks — there's also an eager guitar hook, a battling drum hook, a bassy noise at the end that's a kind of hook and a trick at the end so that the record seems to be jumping (skidding about) which is just as much a hook as anything.



Illustrations: Jill Mumford

In its context — the pop charts — it's a dazzler. Out of that context, Skids are progressing the right way to surprise the prejudiced.

THE MEKONS: Another One (Red Rhino). The Mekons have been roughed up by everyone including me, and one of the diverting messages stamped on the back of this surprisingly tolerant single is *causes me to wonder sadly if we would have been more sensible to invest our happiness and savings elsewhere.*

The Mekons will never be the vital interventionists some hoped, and I don't think this decaying anti-habit rock will reach many more than the converted, but they have developed a long way from the routine place where good time, incompetence and alacrity mix — although the sprit is close to being the same. This single shows them experimenting practically, but it's no wonder the soft Virgin couldn't cope.

THE JAM: (Love Is Like A) Heatwave (Polydor Japanese import). A pretty thing to have if you're a fan and a chance for me to spit a bit. A musician friend of mine in a so-called 'cold' group tells me that the coldest group *he's* ever seen is The Jam.

I'm with him. I appreciate the craft and graft of The Jam but on stage they're so unmoved and unmoving — and those anti-synthesiser purists and spoilsports are conning themselves if they think an orthodox rock group playing with the formal shapes and using the dormant language is more likely to be soulful and dramatic that a group *not* rooted so directly in R&B. The Jam's 'Heatwave' is workmanlike, which isn't *too* bad, and distant, which is atrocious.

THE CLASH: Bank Robber (CBS). I've been as disappointed and as excited by The Clash live as anyone and refuse to mingle with the hardline detractors because this battering of cynicism has done more harm than good. There seems to be no room in R 'n' R argument and criticism for anything more subtle than like or dislike, ecstasy or cynicism, right or wrong, and to change your mind as time goes by is apparently Not A Thing To Do.

I quite like the synth of 'Robber', respect the pace and Mikey Dread's production, don't love the sentiments, and I'll probably never play it again. I just wish The Clash would go wild and smash out of those stenuous, traditionalist restrictions. But, then, who are they meant to be pleasing, and how much is it harming?

THE STRANGLERS Don't Bring Harry etc. (United Artists Japanese Import). I'm one of those floating Stranglers supporting Patti Smith at The Roundhouse/Rattus fans: before things got messy. As such, this typically smart Japanese mini-compilation could yet be my favourite Stranglers record.

Side One: 'Don't Bring Harry', 'Wired', and a good humoured 'Sverige (Jag Ar Insnaod Pa Ostfronten.' Side Two: 'Crabs', a great 'In The Shadows' from the Hope And Anchor '77, and a not so good-humoured French version of 'Don't Bring Harry.' In turn it's enjoyably if conditionally horrid, conceited, comic, facetious, loopy, and tempting in a murky, mawkish immoral way. A generous record from an ungenerous group. Any punch in the teeth comes from it's price: an import £4.99p.

BAUHAUS Terror Couple Kills Colonel (4AD). It's not that I have to make up my mind about Northampton's Bauhaus, I just have to *wake* up my mind. This is actually more distinctive than I imagined, but I feel much the same about this show group as I do about the Furs. They try so hard to produce 'accurate' all embracing comtemporary music, to assault our values and respectability, and just end up sounding laboured. Bauhaus lack heart.

THE ATTRACTIONS Single Girl (F-Beat). I played this just once, shrugged, and the

settled down to work out if The Attractions without Costello was like the body without a heart or candy floss without the fairground. Then I heard some rumours that it was really good. I played it again and again. And again. Intelligent and pleasant, in an absent-minded way it does work for me. More than just candy floss, I'll admit, and B-side 'Sloe Patience' has real pyschedelic passion — essence of '68 and tonic. I'll play that again and again.

THE RED CRAYOLA Born In Flames (Rough Trade). Where do The Red Crayola fit in the elusive jigsaw puzzle? Do they nudge something in us that ought to be nudged? Is there anyone out there?

Mayo Thompson (Pere Ubu), Lora Logic (Essential Logic), Epic Soundtracks (Swell Maps), Gena Birch (Raincoats); an alliance of order and purpose, wit and wisdom, 'Born In Flames' (The Social-Democrats song from a film by Lizze Borden) is brisk, stable, instinctively radical and not as sombre as you think it'll be. B-side 'The Sword Of God' is over the top, downright daft, Crayola becoming the playthings of fate. It had me in stitches.

PETER GABRIEL Biko (Charisma) Peter Gabriel has had nearly as much sycophany ladelled over him this year as the Queen Mother. That has nothing to do with this record, though, an unsettling, maybe unavoidable, mix of good business sense and nice sentiments. It's backed with 'Shosholoza' and 'Jetzt Kommt die Flut' (German version of 'Here Comes The Flood') and this Biko itself is re-recorded, produced by Gabriel. It's released in two versions; a 7" at £1.15 with the first 30,000 in a picture sleeve, and a 12" at £1.99 with the first 15,000 in a picture sleeve.

A collectors item as well as whatever else . . . the proceeds go to the Steve Biko Black Consciousness Movement. I still can't raise much enthusiasm for any of this : I find 'Biko' less sensitive and compelling than his followers. Peter Gabriel has had greatness thrust upon him : these days, who hasn't?

HAZEL O'CONNOR Eighth Day (A&M) — People who find something responsible in *Breaking Glass*, who believe that there are links with reality and that the songs are an able, articulate representation of rock have aboslutely no

can no longer be a valid excuse. Their innocuous baby-punk has progressed into innocuous '70s pop, somewhere between The Fall and the Maps. Not totally unrewarding, but I wish it was a little more obnoxious.

THE BOOKS Take Us To Your Leader (Logo)
IQ ZERO She's So Rare (Logo)
THE LINES Cool Snap (Red Linear) The Books are The Arrows of 1980 — I wish their music was the teenybop music of today. 'Leader' is relentlessly cheerful and bouncy — a catchy enough jaw-twister.

Logo seem to have a thing about second rate post-XTC pop groups : they've snatched IQ Zero from the jaws of contentment. 'She's So Rare' presents the solemn side of Blackburn's fizziest group. Not my favourite song of theirs, it takes too long to tell us something pretty mundane.

Throughout The Lines five track EP there's not one jolt to the imagination — maybe a fraction of one midway through 'False Alarm'. The

Stop Watch and Field and Track Judge: PAUL MORLEY

London four piece are an unlikely, unconvincing combination of Syd Barrett, The Only Ones and the more familiar parts of XTC. They sound *that* English, *that* tedious, *that* off-course.

MAGIC MICHAEL Millionaire (Atomic) - Something as joyless and useless as you'd expect from jinxed jokers forcing themselves to have the mythical 'good time'. A ghost from a barren Greasy Truckers past, Magic Michael gets whipped into fake hysteria by The Damned's Scabies and Sensible and the ex-Damned Ward. So this is what having a sense of humour does to you?

EXPLODING SEAGULLS Johnny Runs For Paregoric (Fried Egg)
VARIOUS ARTISTS The Original Mixed Up Kid (Fried Egg). *NME* hasn't done much of a service to Bristol's

(Open Eye)
SECOND LAYER State Of Emergency (Torch)
THE CIGARETTES Can't Sleep At Night (Dead Good) These are not lumped together simply because they're independent, but becasue they have an edge that prompted me to lift them out of the pile. The terrible pile. The Fridges EP is packed tightly with a ruminative modern fusion music, excellently crafted. 'Stand Alone' is a manageable sub-Station To Station distraction, one of this week's better 'recorded at Rochdale's Cargo Studios, produced/engineered by John Brierley' records — of which, as usual, there are many. Second Layer will satisfy a craving for non-cloying, fragmented noise one dark night. 'Can't Sleep At Night' is one heck of a whine.

RHYTHM CLICKS Short Time (Red Rhino)
HENRY'S FINAL DREAM Indian Summer (Eskimo Vinyl)
DEFECTORS Target Baby (Louder) These three records are only moderately pointless: not totally pointless like today's standard, crude independent. (To be *just* independent is not enough but there's a pile of records sitting next to me proving that many groups think it is. Can all these groups really think that their listless and uninspiring music, scrappily packaged without love or style, is worth reviewing/discussing/buying? Rhythm Clicks, formed around Penetration founder Gary Chaplin put out three uncorrupt, patchy post-punk song. Henry's Final Dream identity, although 'Short Time' is almost a very good song Henry's Final Dream produce go-getting sax stirred art-pop. Airy melodies, self-conscious lyrics, an early Undertones with pretension — could one day be a sublime combination. Hull's Defectors' three songs are embryonic, repetitive heavy-pop — what turns me on for a second or two are the ropey horror vocals.

Who buys these totally obscure and often worthless independent records: addicts, champions of the vaguest of causes, or idiots? These three aren't that bad: this next batch, and far two many others to list, present just those conventional and stultifying non-truths that it's rock's business to demolish.

comprehension of the inner spirit of rock'n'roll. How can you suck any goodness from songs so pointlessly extravagant, pitifully convoluted, devoid of anything illuminating or soulful? 'Eighth Day' and the B-side 'Monsters In Disguise' are Hazel O'Connor's most preposterous songs. She gives respectable posers a foul name.

THE PRATS 1990's Pop EP (Rough Trade) — The Prats are now at a point (aged 16 and 17) where age and charm

enterprising Fried Egg records — Various Artists' 'Original Mixed Up Kid' is their ninth record. Familiar and sincere, it's a post-Jags beat ballad — which is becoming something of a plight. Exploding Seagulls is bogged down in inanities, trying hard to keep a zany face, trying hard to stay on my turntable.

Fried Egg haven't done much of a service to people wanting something a little less obvious.

THE FRIDGES EP (Ink Ink)
WHITE TORCH Stand Alone

THE COWBOYS When I'm Asleep (Offensive)
MR. BURNS When I'm Asleep (Koriva)
KEYS Just A Camera (A&M)
THE STEREOTYPES Calling All The Shots (Art Theft)
ETC. A Questionable And Unhelpful Category (Terrible Pile) Give me passion.

BLACK SABBATH Paranoid (NRMS) And finally, from simpler times, the song on which the theoretical foundations of neo-classical heavy metal are based: Sandy Pearlman is not as utterly irrational as he seems.

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Right now at Boots, Joan Armatrading's latest album has £1 off the list price of both the LP and the tape.

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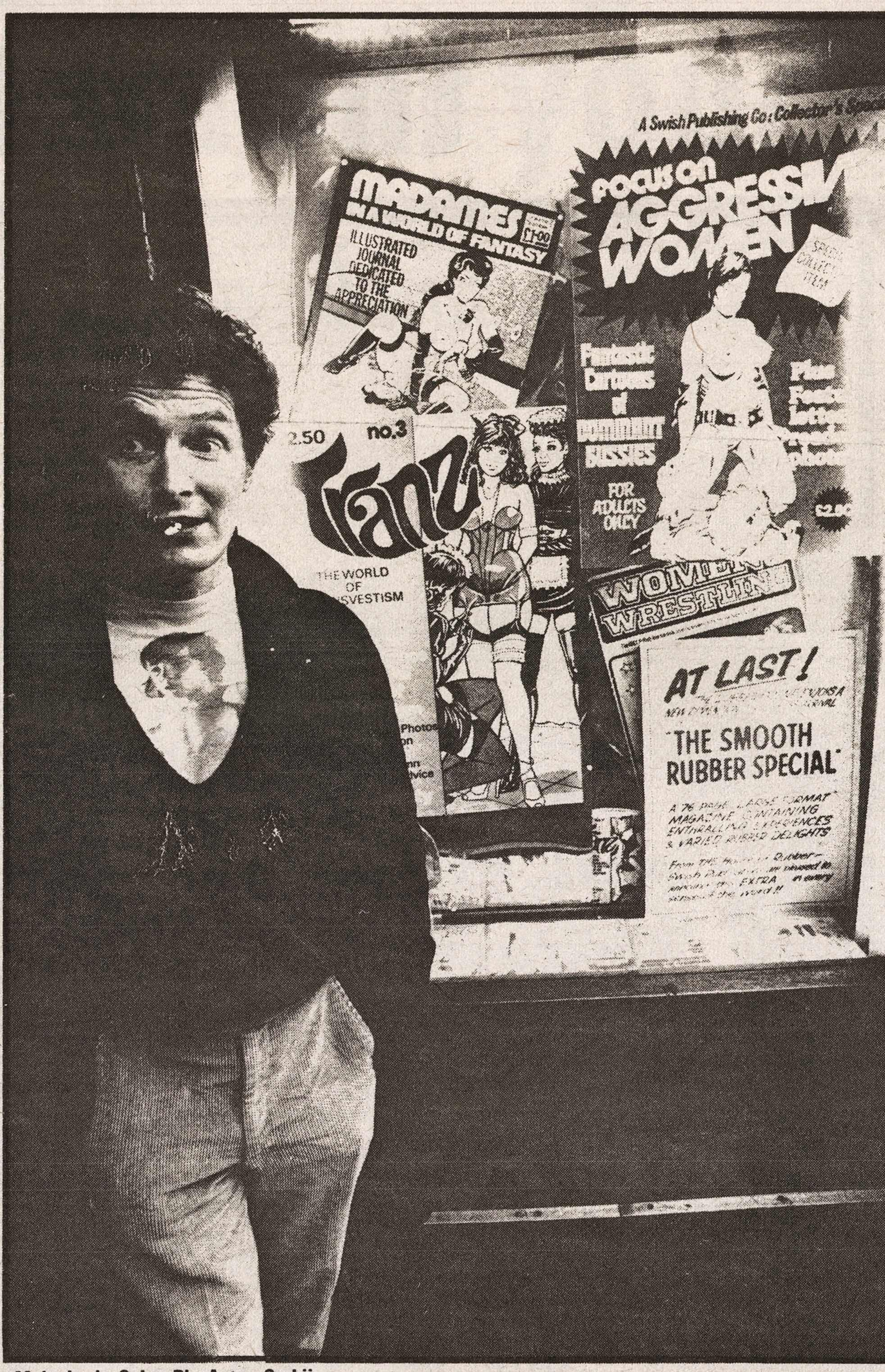
Value with the Special Touch

MALCOLM & BERNARD



Malcolm in Soho. Pic Anton Corbijn.

MALCOLM McLAREN is back, and he's proud.

He's got the 'C30, C60, C90 GO!' spring in his heels, a constant flow . . . of information, ideas, intentions to turn the music business on its head and simultaneously trigger a teen revolt that will make Albion's current grey regime catch its breath. It's a revolt fuelled on the relentless innovations of technology, southern European sun, the new austerity and an inter-teen generation gap, all set against the backdrop of a record industry gasping for air.

McLaren's current vision of the way in which youth/rock culture and the music business should head is hardly less startling than his former concept of the way in which he, the Pistols and punk rock would irrevocably change the landscape of rock music — if at times it also seems scarcely less absurd than his plans in the early '70s to dress The New York Dolls in hammer and sickle encrusted glitter suits.

Linking all his various loves, loathings and obsessions into one all-embracing metaphor for the torpor of the times, Malcolm has declared "The Age Of Piracy". His chosen vessel is an unlikely quartet with the even more unlikely name of Bow Wow Wow, fronted by a girl 'discovered' by Malcolm in a Kilburn launderette. For McLaren, the '80s are gold against greyness, cassettes against conservatism, information international against Britain as a new banana republic.

IT WAS in February 1979 that the former svengali of The Sex Pistols flew into self-imposed exile on the continent following the outcome of the court case taken by John Lydon against Glitterbest which had put the affairs and remaining sketchy funds of the decade's most notorious and subversive rock group into the hands of a court receiver.

McLaren was crestfallen. His managership was frozen. Even before the court case the whole Pistols circus had collapsed into an untidy mayhem of death, another heroin corpse in New York City. Rotten was standing passively in the box at the Royal Courts of Justice as opposing affidavits discrediting each of the former allies were variously read out or dismissed. Even self-styled working class tossers Cook and Jones, whose allegiance to the King's Road shop owner had seemed unquestionable — at one point dutifully going down to Rio to fulfil Malcolm's fantasy of putting a convicted grand larcener into the Top Ten — had now switched sides to disassociate themselves from McLaren.

Of the vast sums of money reaped by the Pistols on their dizzy rise to infamy over a mere two years — a total of £880,000 including a £200,000 advance from Warner Brothers Records in America for the projected Pistols movie — all that was left was £30,000. Most of the remainder appears to have been sunk into the abortive 'Swindle' project, the masterplan to the glue and scissors job currently on view.

Malcolm's original intentions for the film had been far more of a vindication of the title than perhaps anyone has yet imagined, a vicious and scandalous expose of the hypocrisy and machinations of the moguls of 'The Biz'.

Now, a year after the Rio jaunt, the film on which McLaren had pinned his hopes of

Continues over ➧

Malcolm McLaren subverts the course of rock'n'roll (again). Neil Spencer gets it all down — illegally — on his C90s.

Malcolm's current targets are the 13 and 14 year-olds stuck in the middle of an increasingly nonsensical comprehensive school life — pay for your books and graduate to the skill centre and the dole queue. It's a generation McLaren envisions zipping through the weary streets of post-industrial Britain, music blaring from cassette stereos on their shoulders, their *coiffure* and *coutume* a golden defiance of '80s depression, like something out of a Joe Orton film script.

Either that, suggests Malcolm, or the bleak, savage scenario of *A Clockwork Orange*, a film he describes as "totally anti-British".

Malcolm's other targets are *The Grocers.*

After the delights of a protracted stay abroad, the architect of the Destroy T-shirt stands aghast at what has become of the movement he helped spawn. It's the newly arisen pop hierarchy of independent labels and their charges that appalls McLaren — the "glossy art packaging nonsense", the new age synthesizer troops in their bank clerk suits, dutifully devoid of any of the warm romanticism, uninhibited excitement and sheer joyous rush that had been what snared McLaren into rock back at the turn of the 50s when he was a middle class Jewish kid hearing Presley, Cochran, Vincent and Holly for the first time.

Bernard Rhodes perverts the course of an interview (shock). Paul Rambali tries — manfully — to get a word in edgeways.

THERE'S A story The Specials' Jerry Dammers tells about Bernard Rhodes. It's told with a look of bemusement, even stupefaction, that serves as a small comment on the time The Coventry Automatics spent evolving into The Special A.K.A. under the managerial wing of the unpredictable Rhodes.

He doesn't tell it out of any sort of ill will, although Rhodes is supposed to have partly inspired 'Gangsters', due perhaps to his ceaseless scheming, which was among other things to result in Neville Staples becoming one of The Specials. And Dammers stresses that he thinks Rhodes was always the most creative member of The Clash — who are the subject of this story, which stems from his final days with them.

Apparently Rhodes sees his job, that of group manager, as being the generating of ideas.

One of his better but highly dubious ideas for The Clash was that they should go out and rob a bank. Not just write a song about it, but actually do the stick up. And most importantly, he probably wasn't pulling anybody's leg when he proposed this extreme act of guerilla social statement.

After all, he reasoned, with the cunning of the insane, if they got away with it, they'd have all the money.

If they got caught, they'd have the publicity. Crime would certainly pay.

Bernard (centre) in happier Clash days. Pic Caroline Coon.

THE FIRST time I met Bernard Rhodes was with The Clash. Malcolm McLaren had The Sex Pistols and his sidekick in infamy had The Clash, who had not long before played their first gig at the 100 Club.

Rhodes — so yet another story goes — told an R'n'B fan and small-time pub rocker named Joe Strummer to stop trying to be Chuck Berry and start writing songs about things that mattered around him instead. There's more than a scrap of truth in the suggestion that it was Rhodes who taught The Clash *what* to play, and then Sandy Pearlman, forciog them to go over and over the same song, who taught them *how* to play.

But at that time, '76, Rhodes was still the fourth member of The Clash (who were then without a drummer). He was wearing the same brothel creepers, strides, leather jackets covered in purposeless zips, and stencilled shirts, though his clothes sported a higher incidence of red and black. He asked me more questions than I coumd begin to ask his group (and they were very obviously *his* group). He did most of their talking too.

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ROCK 'N' ROLL SCOUNDRELS

From previous page

"Sex is the lau
the bath

salvaging something from the Pistols wreckage was a jumble of celluloid on the cutting room floor, and even this scrambled anagram of the Pistols' *raison d'etre* was effectively beyond McLaren's control, leaving Julien Temple to patch its diverse elements, excising extensive footage of Lydon along the way, according to the latter's legal prerogative.

Malcolm scuttled to Paris for cover. He was broke. Jamie Reid, an old art school sidekick and one of the forces in Glitterbest, said they felt they had been "stabbed in the back". The court case was "a victory for Virgin Records" who, it was claimed, had put up first Lydon and then the other two Pistols to take Glitterbest to court.

"It was a strange period," says Malcolm of his year abroad. "It helped me get some perspective on England, everything looked much smaller."

He fell in with "some other crazy people" and ended up making three full length pornographic films for people he charmingly describes as "these guys from Marseilles". And he continues, "I'd never had a job before where someone said 'Do this, do that, here's your wages'. I was quite chuffed."

He also took time to roam southern Europe, soaking up sun and an atmosphere which he found refreshingly full of *joie de vivre* after the anxious climate of Britain.

He was eventually lured back to the UK by a tentative offer from Granada Television to become involved with a series called *An Insider's Guide To The World Of The Music Business*, for which the Bow Wow Wow single was to have been the theme tune. Malcolm's idea was to use the TV programme as the vehicle for selling the record and at the same time show a record being made and sold — hypes and all — and actually make it a hit. "But," sighs McLaren, "it was too over-the-top for them."

At this point McLaren was fortuitously approached by Adam And The Ants — a band who'd modelled themselves closely on the Pistols, adding an archaic streak of Iggy Pop fetishism. The Ants wanted a manager. McLaren agreed.

"The first thing to do was dump Adam," chuckles Malcolm. Adam went. A replacement was sought via tedious hours of rehearsal.

"They were all either John Lydon or Jimmy Pursey," recalls Jamie Reid glumly of the several score strong troupe of young hopefuls they'd watched unsuccessfully.

Just as McLaren was on the point of packing his bags again, a small epiphany occurred in his local Kilburn launderette where a 14-year-old schoolgirl of Burmese parentage, though resident here for eight years, was singing extracts from the Stevie Wonder songbook. In true 1950s' showbiz style she was 'discovered' by Malcolm, her mother and Greek stepfather placated, and quicker than you can say Brenda Lee was fronting the remainder of The Ants and working on the abandoned theme tune.

"I don't know if this band can play live," says McLaren thoughtfully. "It'll be interesting to find out. They've got a great feel, and when I stripped them to the bone and gave them as much of an injection of gold as I could, they came through, because the musicians had good backgrounds.

"The drummer is Mauritian, he played Greek weddings for three years and used to be a junior in Tottenham Hotspurs. He got fed up having to be in by 9 every night. The bass player is very jazzy, he'd only been with Adam *three days* . . . the guitarist, he's alright, we got him a bigger ukulele, bit more twang, bit less of the metal . . ."

That makes Bow Wow Wow's line up: Annabella Lu Win (vocals); David Della Barbarossa (drums); Leigh Ray Gorman (bass); Matthew Ashman (guitar).

THE NEXT step — perhaps the most intriguing of all — was McLaren touting the acetate of 'C30 C60 C90 Go!' round the beleaguered record companies of London.

"They wouldn't see me at A&M," he says. "Took it very personally."

CBS welcomed Malcolm but wouldn't sign the contract, and neither would anyone else. Then someone suggested he try, surprise, EMI.

"I had no idea of EMI, but the A&R department was changing over and Terry Slater (who had originally signed the Pistols to the ailing English giant some four years previously) had the job. They didn't know what the record was about but they liked the drumbeat and the feel."

Later, when it came to promoting the record and printing its lyrics on the sleeve, it was discovered that — horror of horrors — this was a song saying how great it was to tape things from the radio; *a pro-piracy song!* Press ads containing the lyrics were pulled out, and concern expressed in high places that a song extolling the virtues of taping was being propagated by one of the bastions of the British Phonographic Industry, "the record industry's doberman pinscher," as *NME* referred to it last week.

McLaren claims, "EMI were not so worried about putting out the record, they were worried about the managing directors of other companies telling them 'You're destroying the business.' "

Apparently EMI threatened to leave the BPI when the company defended the disc to its peers. "At the end of the day those people from EMI were so great, they just realised 'Yeah, why not? Why can't you tape off the radio? What the hell is a cassette player for?'

"It's put all those old farts in a position whereby they have to change the industry. I think by Christmas it will have changed catastrophically. The company have already issued the single as a C-10 cassette, selling at the same price as a single, though McLaren and Reid were hoping for a significant undercut on the £1.10 price tag. The press ads came back, slightly altered, the press kit gave the cassette away in a mock tin of Bow Wow Wow dog food, though the slogan 'Music For Free For Life' had been removed from the original.

Let's not get *too* carried away, eh chaps.

"I like EMI," says Malcolm, "they got Cliff, they got Kate Bush . . . the thing about EMI is they don't hype records, it's genuine sales. They got good pluggers and they work hard."

What they've got to plug is an intriguing three minutes or so of mock Afro drumming, '77 tower block guitar ramalama, and a tough little female voice of the sort currently well popular. It's not much, but it could sound pretty startling if you're 13. It's credited to McLaren/Barbe/Ashman/Gorman.

ROCK AND roll entered Malcolm McLaren's life at a Christmas school assembly in his first year at Whitechapel Foundation, a grammar school. An elder pupil came on and sang 'Great Balls Of Fire' to the collected school.

"I'd never seen anything like it, I thought his head was gonna come off," recalls McLaren.

Up until this point the young Malcolm had led a fairly sheltered existence, ensconced in suburban North London with a private tutor. At the age of seven he was forced to read *Jane Eyre* which he says "put him off reading for life".

After the school assembly experience Malcolm's elder brother took him to see Buddy Holly at the Finsbury Park Astoria (now the Rainbow) and that was it. Rapidly discovering Presley, Vincent, Cochran, Frankie Lymon and the many other fabulous new stars of the new music, McLaren began to haunt Soho as a teenager, gazing in awe at sights like the 2 I's coffee bar in Old Compton Street, and soon graduating to the exotic dives of the day — La Bastille Coffee Bar, La Discotheque in Wardour Street, the Saint Germain De Pres (which many years later, as Louise's, hosted the pre-Roxy early punk scene).

"There was Louise sitting by the door in her mink stoll, the same woman who I knew from those days, charging 50p entrance. And when 'Anarchy' was released there was champagne on the house."

McLaren recalls the early '60s with eloquent

Malcolm's decades — the '70s with the Pistols, the '80s with Bow Wow Wow.

ughter of genius. It's aroom of your mind.”

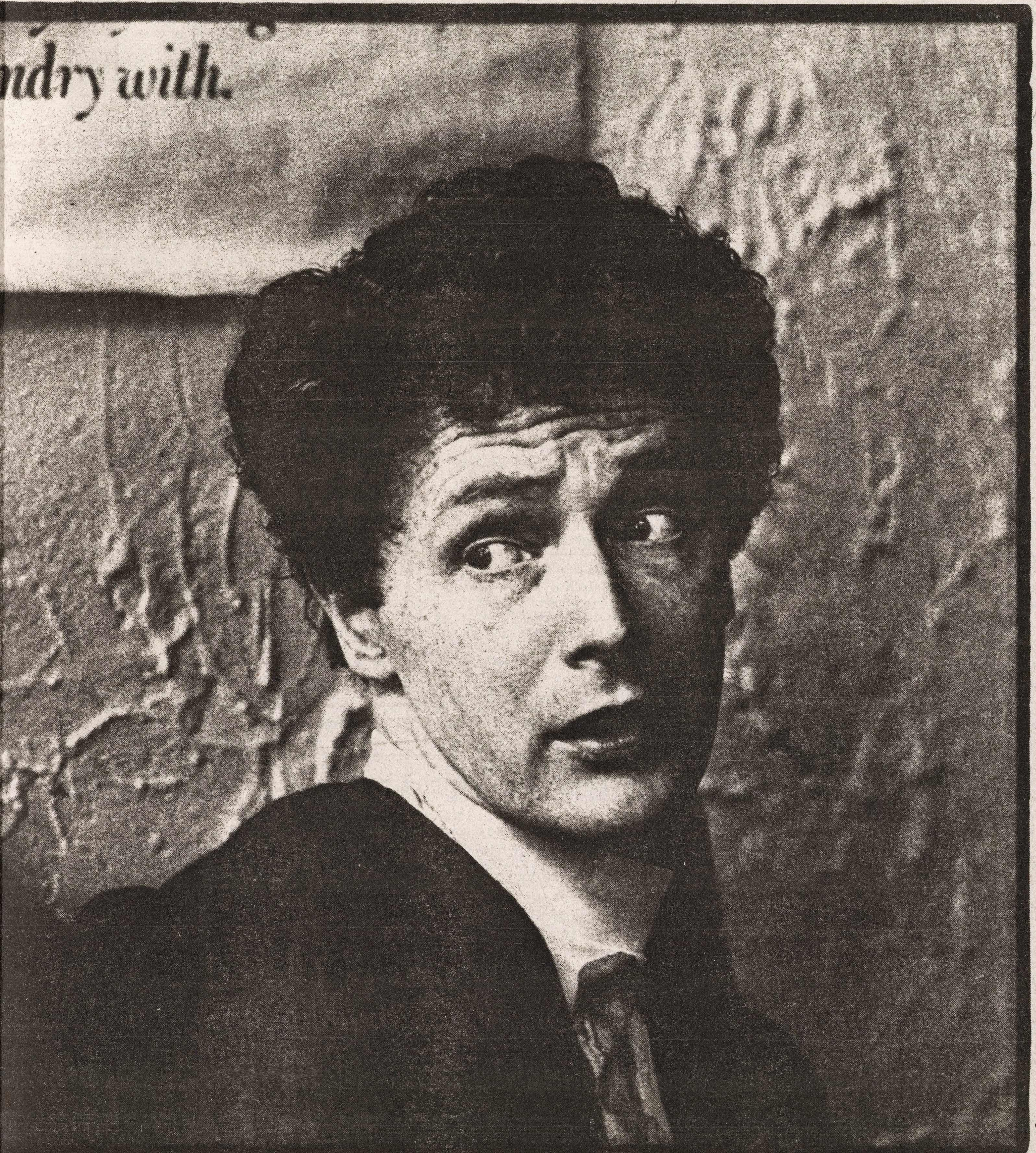


Photo Anton Corbijn

and knowledgeable enthusiasm. He followed the emergent R&B scene; the Stones, Rod The Mod, the Cyril Davies All Stars, The Pretty Things — *"the* most outrageous group in London at the time, far more so than the Stones.

"I remember seeing The Beatles the first time they played London, at the Pigalle restaurant in Piccadilly, and I wasn't knocked out. The main thing was they sounded exactly like the record; we weren't used to that. But they were too cold, too unsexy."

McLaren left school at 16 with two O Levels, his first job being a wine taster for Sandeman's — "my mother was a terrible snob". Later he went to art school — "principally because I knew people there didn't work" — in Croydon. In those days you could get into art schools with scant academic qualifications, one reason perhaps so much of the '60s British rock scene originated in these institutions. Nowadays, of course, McLaren hates art school bands — "because they say 'We're important' and they're not. It's a Micky Mouse medium — y'know, *'So what?'* "

He lost touch with the music scene — "I remember the Velvet Underground was played during art history and everyone was going on about heroin and suicide. I was very naive about it, I didn't know what they were on about.

"I suppose I got back into music at the end of the '60s when I spent my grant on all these old 45s and 78s I used to buy down the markets. I used to take a pram down Brick Lane. Then I opened up a shop and started to flog them."

McLaren had also evolved a taste for teddy boy threads by this time so his shop, Let It Rock, sold these also. "I couldn't sell to Stewart or Bolan or any of the glittering array around me so I became an outpost of sanity," he says.

Hit the cliche button: the rest, as they say, is history. The shop became the place where McLaren encountered first The New York Dolls and later The Sex Pistols, the shop that became Sex and spawned the bondage stride and all the rest of the well worn mythology that keeps the tribes trekking there still.

WITH MALCOLM drooling about "Sun, Gold, Tropical Sounds" it seems appropriate that on the day of the interview the mid-summer sky is so overcast and thunderous that the light meter at the London Weather Centre reads zero at noon.

Malcolm is wearing a black lightweight mac, a red V-neck sweater, a pink Sex shop T-shirt, beige corduroy slacks, pale blue socks, and burgundy suede sling back shoes. He gets progressively less tired as he talks through the hours. We start in a Covent Garden restaurant and finish drinking whiskey listening to Gene Vincent. I turn on the tape and get a constant flow, the questions are just pebbles thrown in the stream.

At one point we go into Soho looking for suitable photo locations when we are regaled by a pair of spiky fans festooned in Sid badges, T-shirts and the like; pure Sex shop 1976. One of them wants to congratulate McLaren on the Bow Wow Wow single, and Malcolm is almost disappointed to hear he bought a copy instead of taping it.

"What's that you've got written on your back?" asked Malcolm. "UK SUBS? Haven't they broken up?"

"I haven't had a chance to wash it off," replies the kid. "That kid," says McLaren, "is up for anything."

SPENCER: You've been back around six months. Does England wear you down?
McLaren: No, but it gets boring. There's not too much energy about, just an incredible amount of misery and discontent. More than anything I feel everyone's so *worried.* There's been recessions before but no-one's looked so *worried* about it. Maybe the British are more aware than most what's in store for them. If Thatcher goes further I can see martial law coming. There's gonna be so many people unemployed what are they going to do with them? Put them in the army.

The mood is becoming very militaristic.
I think so. They seem to be so scared of any radical change. I can't see Labour getting in again. Thatcher's sold off so much they wouldn't be able to do anything anyway. It's divide and rule: kids in the army looking after the kids who are unemployed.

What do you think young people should do about it?
I dunno. They should demand their money in gold dust. They should look rich. There's a greyness in the culture that's beating everyone down to a pulp. I think Thatcher really likes it that people are worried. If people felt happy running round like madmen she wouldn't be able to cope. Just pretend it's the tropics.

There's too much of an aura of poverty around the music. You can't sell poverty to anyone in Europe, they don't want England's poverty, *Get it back!* (Laughs).

The only band that happened in Europe was Madness. The reason? It didn't look too poverty stricken, didn't look too English. And lots of videos of this bloke — Chas Smash is it? — dancing. He looked exciting and it was funny. They're fashion conscious over there and there was a fashion feel to it.

I think honestly that the record industry here has had it. They've got to think about selling records abroad, there's no point having a band that can only sell records in Britain. Like, EMI couldn't get 'Geno' released in France. They said, 'Geno? Who? What? These guys look poverty stricken. What are they? Dockers? Sailors? The album cover has a kid being evacuated! What's going on?' (laughs).

I hated 2-Tone, all that black and white. Why not blue, green, yellow, *gold?* I think that 2-Tone thing will bust.

You reckon? They sell lots of records, they're very popular, those fans won't disappear.
They sell more 2-Tone ties down Petticoat Lane.

Yes, they're very upset about that.
Which is very stupid because they shouldn't have that grocer mentality. Better a guy selling badges than out of work. All those ties, T-shirts, buttons have probably been more useful in propagating 2-Tone than 2-Tone themselves, whether they like it or not.

There is a huge groundswell of bands, independent labels, local scenes, people are making the effort.
Yeah I think that was terrible, that was the end when that indie label thing started.

Why?
You get hundreds of grocers.

You were a young entrepreneur, same thing.
I was never a grocer though, that mentality of feathering your own nest, dig your little garden patch. They're better keeping with EMI.

You are always slagging off the big companies for their manipulations and exploitation.
Oh, they're awful, but the machinery already exists. EMI is like a big old train, once you get on it there's no stopping it. I think they really believe they're some kind of aristocracy these people, these grocers, who are the most styleless, the most poverty stricken in terms of imagination, street suss and feeling. They've contributed to the overall greyness of the culture and not the Sir John Reids; they're just Maggie Thatchers, they're nothing. The ground floor of EMI is better than any of those companies cos they don't give a fuck who's at the top.

The record companies have to change their format. What's wrong with people taping off the radio? That's what technology's for. You've got to get into selling music over the counter like a packet of cigarettes, it's not to be harder on your pocket than that. The problem is it's all too expensive. The companies have got taken up with the artwork, the vinyl, the high gloss art packaging nonsense. Just whack it out on the cheapest cassette. It sells on merit. Get it on the radio and start people talking about the recordings.

And get the kids gigging. Because everyone goes to gigs. Kids would rather go to a show, meet their friends, have a drink, don't mind looking at a bit of rock and roll. They don't want to walk down some rain-driven street and see all this packaging in the window for £5.

That's why the indie/roots thing is invaluable, it encourages the small intimate gigs, and what else are you going to do in some out of the way place?
It's down to people telling the truth and giving people information. I don't believe what these bands sing about, it's dross. I don't want to hear about mirrors in bathrooms. *"In the kitchen at parties . . ."* Who wants to be in the kitchen? OK, so the guy's snorting cocaine, he's a closet case who can't get a girl . . . well it's a very miserable activity and I don't want to hear songs about that and I'm sure the people in Europe don't either.

You have a lot of bands talking about problems and not really giving you information . . . it's all that 'New Wave', the grammar school boys coming in. They didn't like punk because it was too hard and nasty, so they cleaned it up. They've used synthesizers because they think it's smart and new; 'Let's experiment with music'.

I've never heard such a load of dross in my life. Why do they take their lives so seriously? They're so hung up.

I appreciate why people here feel worried; they're becoming increasingly aware of their future. If you want to start in business you think, 'How can I go about it? There's no money, the banks don't want to know me,

Continues page 28 ▶

From previous page

rents are extortionate, I can't do anything'. That's it — what do you do to get a job?

I can only suggest that making kids feel wealthy is one of the finest things I can do to change the balance. Look rich, because Thatcher wants you to look poor, she really does. And she's got rough! I've never seen so many bank clerks in my life . . . black suit, white shirt, black tie — whether they like it or not they're part of the Thatcher regime.

The Oxfam/War poet look . . .

Oxfam, yeah. Go down to Oxfam and buy a suit, that's it, now you look pre-war. Look like that. You'll feel it too! That's what she wants, so when she drives up in her Rolls it spells POWER . . . Whereas if there were all these kids with gold dust in their hair, not giving a shit, zipping around on roller skates with cassette boxes on their shoulders, creating skid marks on her black paint, it'd be different; she'd just have a harder time.

Kids want to feel up, then whatever the scenario around you, it doesn't matter. It's a question of not being put down by people. I thought that song 'C30 C60 C90 Go!' might trigger off sensations that would make people feel rich again, feel more excited about that than running around smashing things up. And sun — make the music full of sun. It would be great if they all went African, like an intense interest in mineral things . . . don't be so interested in aesthetics. Mineral. Something you can hold in your hand.

YOU'RE more interested in 13-14 year old audiences for Bow Wow Wow?

Any kid of 18 I met was so self-conscious, they couldn't relax and be themselves. That was what was so great about Annabella, she had the confidence to be herself. I think that age group have the ability to not give a damn. They believe themselves to be intelligent and they have a confidence about themselves.

A lot of kids of that age are being instructed in school in such a banal fashion, it's not related to their conditions. Kids are beginning to believe that their teachers are very unintelligent.

There's nothing really to learn after 13. I think the reason they keep kids in school those last three years is because that's the time you choose to be straight or not straight. The longer you stay at school the more likely you are to be straight. If they left at 13 you'd create a much more radical society.

If pop culture is useful as an information source and a spirit of intent that age is probably the most dangerous for a conservative system. I think kids deteriorate in the last three years.

In the '50s rock and roll was listened to a lot by that 14-15 year old age group. Records are now made for over 25s, over 21s anyway. I never realised that when I was with the Pistols. But I was always concerned to make them as much like The Bay City Rollers as possible.

Come off it, they were totally anti-Rollers, anti-plastic.

I wanted to get the Rollers fans though.

Just saying to people 'Don't give a damn, have a cassette, look flash . . .' That isn't much use to young people on long term dole, living in depressed parts of post industrial Britain. It's so limited.

I think the over 18s believe what they have been taught in school, that they are intelligent because of what they've been taught. But kids of 13 are catching up so fast they probably know what's happening better than the older kids.

What happens to them in a few years' time when they hit the dole queue?

Oh, think in two or three years time there won't be a dole queue. It will be martial law. Thatcher will push up unemployment to its maximum and then start conscription, that's all. You'll work the field, work the factory, be part of the army overseas. We'll have to wait and see.

This country is genuinely on its way to becoming a banana republic. They're selling everything off. It's like Paraguay or Guatemala — You wanna buy my airline? Sure. You wanna sell electricity? Sure. You wanna missile site? Here's a nice spot by the coast.

It's just sad that England sees itself as important, it's become the most unimportant place. In Europe they really are beginning to forget about it.

WHAT did you think of the final version of *The Great Rock and Roll Swindle?*

I was disappointed, it wasn't very good. Just the title was good (laughs).

You have a very cynical image you know, partly because of that film.

(Surprised) Do I?

Yes. People think you're very Machieavellian, scheming, just like that film.

Well, that was a brave idea and a good way to portray the biography of The Sex Pistols and one that wasn't that far from the truth. It was just the way it was put together; it didn't come across. Where there was humour there should have been tears, and where there should have been tears there was laughter.

What was serious that should have been funny?

Oh . . . 'God Save The Queen'; the killing of the deer, though that was cut; Sid Vicious screwing his mother, that was cut. The ship at the end. Sid with 'My Way', that was wrong. What can you say? You win some you lose some . . .

Looking back over your various charges how do you feel now?

Lydon is a talented guy but ultimately he lost out because of a lack of humour and an unwillingness to make a fool of himself. You can't be serious like that.

When PiL started he wanted it to be very humorous, like them all dressing up in wigs for an *NME* piece . . .

It's totally the opposite, totally . . . That's what kept The Rolling Stone alive, they were always aware of that black R&B feel and they never let it go. It gave Jagger mentors, one after the other, it gave them a certain spirit. For Rotten to base himself on Stockhausen or the likes of Kraftwerk or even Jamaican music, which in my opinion is a very lazy music, he lost out. You can't base yourself on a Caribbean island's culture or German methodical marching music. Neither will give the emotional feeling required in this culture we're still living with, which is rock and roll.

What about Cook and Jones?

They are good players. I can't say I like their records, I find them mundane. They've sold out in respect of making themselves a few dollars. They don't seem to realise there's more to it . . .

When the Pistols broke up I suppose it was difficult for them and the only thing I could give them at the time was Ronnie Biggs and the movie. It's a shame they didn't stay with Ronnie Biggs and make a good Xmas album. They lost their humour — cos Ronnie Biggs was their humour. It was them! Ronnie Biggs was like an older version of Jones.

DID you feel stitched up in court last year?

It happened so fast. I was so upset by Sid's death and hearing that shouted out in court among other things . . . I wasn't properly prepared for it all. I knew it was coming but I kept trying to get the film completed.

Were you upset by the way Virgin marketed Sid?

No, not at all. I don't think it mattered. I only wish they'd sold more records. A lot of the material that came out was garbage and you can't fool all the people all the time.

If I'm upset about anything it's not making a damn good solo album with Sid and making him a big star. He had charisma, he had a certain Micky Mouseness about him, the ability to make a fool of himself. Give him 'White Cliffs of Dover' and he'd sing it. Give it to Rotten and he'd spend a fortnight in the closet thinking about it.

You don't get nostalgic for the Pistols?

No, because musically they were never that devastatingly exciting. What they were was a bunch of kids who adopted these attitudes and took them to the extreme, and who created a series of discontented shows that provided a barrage of information for kids to use and be very thoughtful about and eventually excited about. And it created all those other groups.

That was the greatest achievement. Eventually what was beginning to happen was that they became a political force, not in themselves as people but by their sheer provocative attitude to culture. And it was having a very damaging effect on the British political system. I don't think people quite realise . . . they were probably the greatest rock and roll band in that sense of going that bit beyond the music and creating the most amazing uproar in society.

It's not on the merit of their music, it's really on the level of their ability. Politically through Rotten, provocatively through my own machinations, by utilising the gross vulgarity of Jones and making it seem very imaginative. And making Sid Vicious a very horrific, grotesque cartoon who ultimately became very endearing to people. I think it did wonders.

Damaging how? Disorienting people?

I suppose their greatest contribution was that they demanded always the impossible. And we all know no one gets it *(laughs)*.

Probably my greatest forte as a manager and very unlike most managers was I mismanaged . . . and mismanagement is something that's an adopted attitude. That's a way of forcing kids to become more provocative than otherwise they would. Managers tend to condone that and then patronise it. I don't, I just run into the toilet when there's an explosion, pretend I haven't heard it. *(laughs)*.

You mean setting up situations you're not answerable for?

A little of that because if I was answerable for them then it would appear as if they'd seen me coming. With The Sex Pistols I was always behind the curtain.

When you went to Paris in 'exile'. That was a very despondant period it seemed.

Uh, not really. The first three weeks I was wondering exactly what to do. At first I thought I'd exploit myself as a singer quickly and make a few bob, but it was too showbizzy for me.

Who was 'Hands' meant to appeal to?

I don't know really, I just hoped that Tony Blackburn or someone . . . I was going to do a whole album of such stuff. I got offered a contract from Arista, a telex from Virgin arrived with an offer, we tore it up and pissed off to Madrid for a holiday.

Were you surprised when the *Mirror* gave you those three front pages in a week, or whatever it was, during that Grundy period?

You became the golden boys of Fleet Street and they were very grateful for any publicity because it was selling so many papers. I

Continues page 49

From page 25

Some bitterness but even more regret still surrounds the split, which I surmise came about more than anything else because of Rhodes', shall we say, incompatibility with the aims of CBS. He now claims to be on the verge of winning an anti-trust suit against The Clash, brought on the grounds that the group has betrayed the mandate they were given by their fans to represent the fans' interests and causes. It would have been fun to hear *that* argued in a court of law . . . Never mind how true it is. And it is.

The next time I met Bernard Rhodes was in Brighton, where he had come to see The Black Arabs, a group he's been working with for the past few years, play their third date on Dexy's Midnight Runners' Intense Emotion revue. It was Rhodes who gave the Runners space to practise at his Rehearsal Rehearsals studio in an old warehouse in Camden Town, and then got got them a deal with EMI when they were still "just a bunch of unfashionable factory boys".

While The Black Arabs played soul-funk to an incomprehending Radio One hit single audience, Rhodes stood behind the mixing desk, peering intently at his proteges through large glasses that dwarf his small features. Short, wiry, intense, highly-strung and hyper-active, Rhodes' basic attitude towards the rest of humanity seems to be one of immediate distrust. This gradually softens as you gain his confidence, which he makes clear is not lightly placed.

His wariness is perhaps not unexpected. Mention the name Bernard Rhodes to most people and their eyes roll heavenward, as though there were something utterly incorrigible about him that excludes the possibility of any sort of rational or even-handed dealing.

But my initial impression of him was of someone almost painfully over-compensating for something.

Ruling out his height and the notion that he may just want to be liked as possible causes for this, since he's old enough (over 30) not to care about such things, I put it down to an obsessive nature born out of . . . well, sometimes people find it hard to take him seriously. They think his ideas are absurd, implausible, and even downright deranged. Which of course makes him all the more earnest. Deadly earnest.

For instance . . . asked why he's working with The Black Arabs, Rhodes flatly replies that they're his ticket to black American politics.

"All they've got at the moment, the blacks in America, is gold chains and silk suits, Teddy Prendergrass and all that crap. But that's had it; it's over. And soon they're going to be looking for something else.

"Look at Miami . . ."

And you think he's joking, don't you? Or else he's nuts or something. Which is not a million miles away from what Joe Strummer must have thought when Rhodes suggested he wear a pair of trousers bound together at the knees . . .

I CATCH up with Rhodes in an Indian restaurant in London's Tottenham Court Road and he takes some time out to catch up with his past. He seems to enjoy the task of gathering up his scattered recollections.

"I've been around since . . . I used to share a flat with Grahan Bond in the very early days. But I was never very interested in music, I was always involved with painters, writers, art and jazz. I though pop was a bit crappy, although it was considered to be more non-pop in those days, I suppose. Pop was like middle-of-the-road. Then there was this stuff on the fringe, which eventually moved into the charts.

"Then I had a flat with a couple of people . . . a guy called John who started Granny Takes A Trip and Richard Cole, who works for Peter Grant. Mickey Finn used to come to the flat all the time, he used to play on biscuit tins and drive us all mad. He and Bolan were introduced through the flat. It was during the Swinging Sixties. A very bright period; but there was also a lot of content. That has survived, I think but it's the trappings of the period that people most readily pick on. Biba's . . . I used to go out with one of the girls from Biba's."

Rhodes grew up in the East End of London, went to school in Brixton, then got his GCEs and started hanging around the West End.

"I remember going to loads of dance halls and stuff like that. The Lyceum, The Royal in Tottenham . . . they used to play great records. There was quite a gang of us used to go. The bloke that now owns Johnson and Johnson was part of that mob. We were all scooter boys. The original scooter boys. I had a GS, Used to go down to Clacton, Brighton, wherever it was . . ."

Come '67, he was working in Granny's, buying material in Liberty's and getting flamboyant elephant collar three-button shirts made up by a woman at Surrey Docks for 7/6d, then selling them to Chelsea darlings for six guineas.

"Yeah, '67, that was the hippy period. I got involved with Hoppy — you know, Hoppy, all the people that went on that Frost show, Jerry Rubin and the Yippies, the Arts Lab, I remember that.

"What was I *doing?* It was all ideas, I was presenting ideas — just coming up with them, but not in a very concise way.

"It was all very '68-will-be-better-than-'67, so no-one has to worry. There was plotting and planning, politically, but it wasn't so desperate. Now it's desperate. People feel kind of put upon, and so they are. Then there was a very optimistic feeling. The underground press was coming up, and together with that there was a lot of literature that one was consuming; knowledge, both from books and from experience. Going abroad, checking it out. There was a lot of intake.

"In the early '70s I started listening to a lot of reggae, and there was a lot of good jazz going on: Ornette Coleman, Sonny Stitt. There was John Cage and Eric Satie . . . new-found interests.

"I didn't respect people like The Who and Bolan and all that. I knew them socially, but I couldn't give a toss. Whether I was right or wrong I don't know, but I was interested in what I couldn't get hold of. I didn't want to see The Small Faces playing with their Scalextric and talking about how they wanted to buy a Ferrari and then get the Scalextric model of it. I remember Richard (Cole) always saying to me how great Led Zeppelin were and I never understood it. I knew they were good musicians, but I also knew their sources, and I was going direct.

"Graham Bond used to say to me 'Fuck me, Bernard, how come I can't make it in this business?' I used to say, go to the bedroom, open the wardrobe door and look in the mirror — that's why."

RHODES' ideas were formed on the fringes of the rock culture, from the things the culture brushes in its giddy spin: art, style, bohemia, literature, protest, even folk music. He reveals an interest in it that began with Nina Simone. As a concept, it informs many of his thoughts about the potential of music, a potential which at present is sorely unfulfilled.

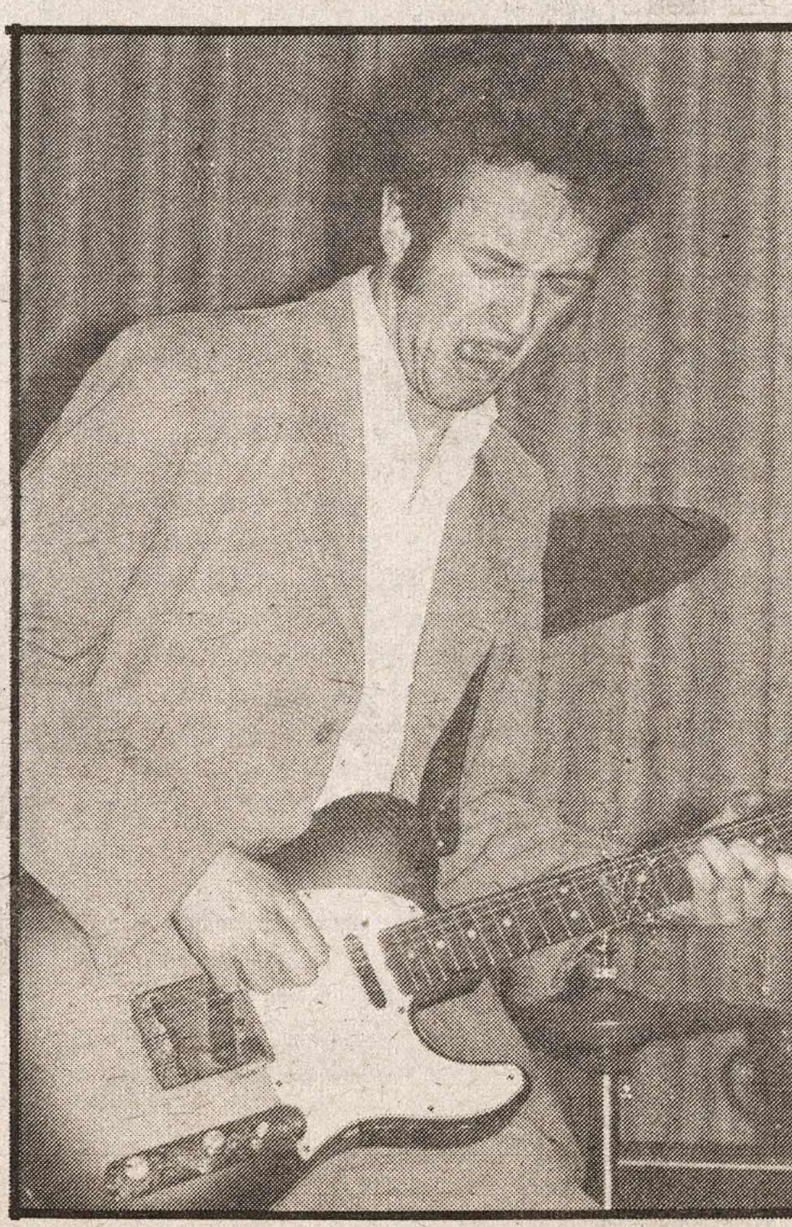
"I don't know whether I'm interested in pop. But I like the popular arts. Paperback printing is a terrific form. I'm interested in that mass culture, but pop music . . .

"Every country has a different eating procedure and different food, and you go to each country and enjoy that difference. But you could also probably find a hamburger, and you can enjoy that as well. Pop is like the hamburger, it's mass produced. You can talk about it reaching every country and being barrier-less, but it can't exist without the other stuff, the indigenous, traditional things.

"Yet what pop tends to do is obliterate all of that, and I'm trying not to get involved in that obliteration process. Nowadays the word pop is like the word car, it can mean any number of things. It's like when McDonald's start doing other things apart from hamburgers. They start doing fish and chips, but the one thing that unites it is that it's fast, it's in a packet, and it's synthetic.

"That kind of thing is starting to happen in music, and I think that's its downfall. People are trying to get, for instance, a reggae dub sound; they're trying to bring back that kind of lost ingredient.

Before Rhodes Look



Strummer as a 101er. Pic Joe Stevens.

"The name is Bernard, not Bernie. Bernard Rhodes. I'm not a bloody taxi driver"

Rhodes, far right, putting ex-CBS executive Walter Yetnikoff straight on one or two points. Writer Lisa Robinson giggles uncontrollably.

"But these liberal groups — I won't mention any names — start doing reggae, and I always think what a load of tossers, because to adopt that culture, or any culture, usually means the downfall of your own."

HIS DISAFFECTION for the pop culture reached breaking point in the early '70s. Marc Bolan was talking about doing a single called 'Children Of The Revolution' — to the horror and dismay of Rhodes and his friends, who thought that what Bolan knew about revolution could be written on the back of a microdot.

Rhodes was so disgusted at this turn of events that he decided to reduce his connections with pop, such as they were, to zero. He met someone who was good with mechanics and opened a garage.

"I wanted to be with working people who could do something about the situation, not a load of tossers walking about on platform boots. I wanted strong people around me — and that's when I started getting involved with the idea of punk.

"Malcolm and I thought we could do a bit more than what was done before. I was only interested in the political aspect, but I was aware of — if you like — the punter's demand. One couldn't present fat blokes with bald heads. One had to come though in a certain sort of way.

"And I was very serious about it. I actually thought we could have a cultural takeover. The idea of doing *Top Of The Pops* was that if everyone stopped doing it, we'd have to have a new TV show. And I don't know, someone panicked because they had a record out, and that was it. Already it wasn't a united front.

"But we didn't know it would spread so fast. We didn't have a manifesto. We didn't have a rule book, and we were hoping that . . . I was thinking of what I got from Jackie Wilson's 'Reet Pettite', which was the first record I ever bought. I didn't need anyone to describe what it was all about, I knew it; but I thought we were a little bit more articulate than that, and therefore people would force the issue.

No-one's going to win any prizes for realising that things are as bad, if not worse, than they were before Malcolm and Bernard's howling little infant was born. People are spent, disillusioned and tired. Nobody I know has the energy to try and reform the music and the culture again. Not so soon, at least.

"UB40 can say isn't it great, an independent at the top of the charts. But what does that mean? An independent — you mean a small business. If you don't have access to gain the means of production, whatever you do is peripheral. So what I'm saying is — and this is the problem all over with pop — if these fellows take a united stand to gain the means of production, their statements will be effective, and not peripheral."

Rhodes makes no bones about having read a lot of books; Karl Marx and the French political writers of the '50s and '60s among them. He's no stranger to the theories behind the frictions that act on our lives, and he's seen a few of those theories put into practise.

"I was listening to the radio in '75, and there was some expert blabbing on about how if thing things go on as they are there'll be 800,000 people unemployed by 1979, while another guy was saying if that happened there'd be chaos, there'd be actual . . . anarchy on the streets.

"*That's* what was the root of punk. One *knew* that.

"Then for some funny reason, power pop came in, and people must've thought there wasn't any unemployment, all the problems were over . . . 'Oh, you ain't still talking about high-rise blocks and unmarried mothers with nowhere to live. That's so boring. Come on, let's have some fun . . .'

"*That's* when I got most depressed. It's nothing to do with what I'm interested in . . .

"The Englishman has a definite problem. His world was built up on exploitation, and he's not able to exploit in quite the same way any more, although we still do exploit in Britain. And it's all become very constipated.

"I remember Malcolm and I trying to get R. D. Laing to design a suit; it would be no different than getting a girl to design a car for British Leyland.

"In a hot country, you can walk about and sit outside and talk and whatever, there's lot more activity in the streets. Art schools and colleges in the '50s and '60s were hotbeds of activity, they weren't just factories for careers. I think people are very straight now, and there is not the place where you can have a debate.

"Also, kids don't have the sort of money they used to have anymore, they're not a spending force. Therefore the media is working on the older generation. They're the ones that have the money in the bank that they're not telling anyone about. And therefore the actual voice of youth doesn't mean anything anymore; you can't hear it, you can't hear the till go ting!

"I've been young, and I'm in the middle: I'm not too old to remember what it feels like to be young, but I feel old in wisdom to a kid of 14 — I mean I've got a kid of 12 myself! Yet if you talk to someone of 50 who is a politician, you feel like you're 14 the way they treat you . . .

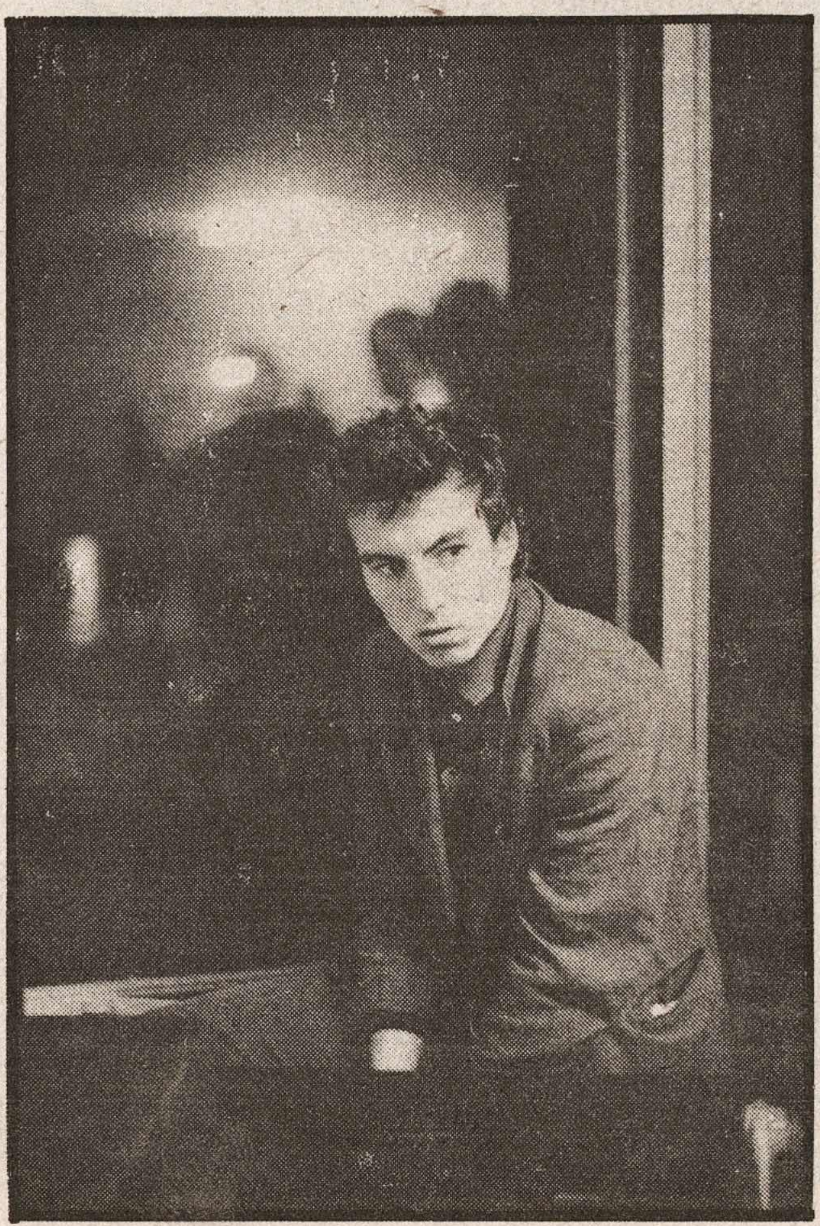
"That's a big mistake the Labour party make. In fact, that's my next job; to go into the Labour party and find out what the *fuck* they're doing!"

Heads turn in the restaurant at this impassioned outburst, but Rhodes is of course absolutely convinced and quite oblivious to the attention he's causing.

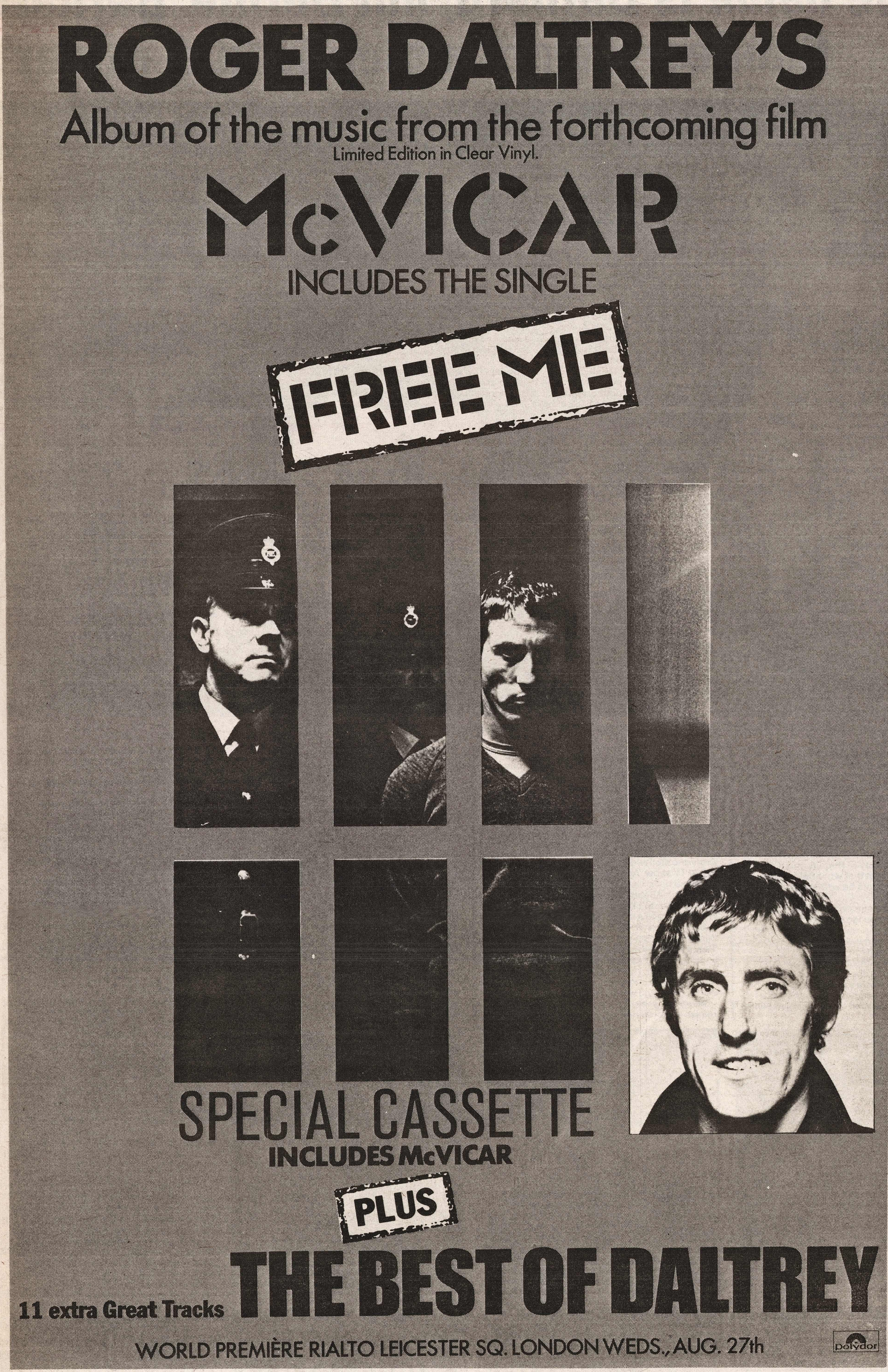
"How come they haven't understood that it ain't about cloth caps, it's about modern technology, it's about *getting people interested in their lives* . . . . so that you do have a chance of putting yourself across without

Special Terry Hall. Pic Harry Papadopoulos.

The Dexys did a runner. Pic Mike Laye


But Vic didn't. Pic Pennie Smith.

Continues page 49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SILVER SCREEN

Matthau and Miss Marker: "Here's looking at you, kid."

No regrets —

well, not very many anyway

Little Miss Marker
Directed by Walter Bernstein
Starring Walter Matthau, Julie Andrews, Tony Curtis and Sara Stimson *(CIC)*

FAMILY entertainment of expressly juvenile appeal, recording the law-abiding activities of certain prominent parties on Broadway during the Depression '30s — such as gamblers, casino owners, policemen, society ladies, cab drivers, pants pressers and other citizens greatly opposed to violation of the law at all times — *Little Miss Marker* is a more than somewhat tenuously adapted production of a Damon Runyon tale from *Furthermore*, prompting unctuous acting from all concerned.

Personally I do not think this is such a bad thing, as Damon Runyon is considered by one and all a very sentimental writer indeed, and especially expertise in the business of waterworks.

Walter Matthau as bookmaker Sorrowful Jones turns in a performance that sticks close to Runyon's finely delineated dour original, while the horse player Regret (who has this name because it seems he wins a very large bet the year the Whitney filly, Regret, grabs the Kentucky Derby, and can never forget it — which is maybe because it is the only very large bet he ever wins in his life) benefits greatly from Bob Newhart's button down personification. Miss Marker herself, in the six-year-old shape of Sara Stimson, delivers in the Shirley Temple tradition a series of sketches that had the tears wet on my cheek.

More spurious are the cameo frames which depict certain prominent parties from Brooklyn such as Blackie Ryan played with a Tony Curtis hairstyle and Big Max (Lennie Bremen), both of which characters are created for the film by way of Walter Bernstein's gaggy screenplay.

"The top jockeys cost more (to fix)," says Regret. "They have their professional pride to consider. Some say there are jocks too high up to rig, but I consider that is just the old phonus bolonus they feed those who believe in fairies."

Also incidental: Julie Andrews as horse and mansion owning Amanda, a character loosely based on Miss Harriet Mackyle from another story, who provides a further variation on a theme by Mary Poppins and some gentle romantic interest.

The little girl is abandoned by her father at Sorrowful's betting office as surety for a bet, which loses. After he does not return, Sorrowful adopts "the Kid", to whom he becomes increasingly emotionally attached. Coerced into partnership of a gambling house with Blackie, the bookmaker meets up with Amanda, and learns of the father's suicide. After various mishaps of a racing nature, the story unfolds happily, ending on a conjugal note with castrational implications. I am duly touched, though suffer no permanent injury.

Unreservedly recommended for those readers aged between five and 10 years. Older people are advised in the direction of the written works.

Penny Reel

ALMOST OVERLOOKED

The Empire Strikes Back
Directed by Irvin Kershner
Starring Mark Hamill, Harrison Ford and Carrie Fisher *(Fox)*

THE SAGA rolls on and the money rolls in. *The Empire Strikes Back* is the second instalment of *Star Wars* — or if you want to be picky, *Star Wars* was Episode III and this one is Episode IV — and already severe danger signs are appearing on the (cosmic) horizon. George Lucas has parcelled out the hard labour of actually writing and directing the thing to others, contenting himself with storyline and executive producer credits. And the strain is beginning to show. Despite vast quantities of fighting and rushing around, the plot is advanced but a little and ends with a revelation for Luke Skywalker and a cliffhanger for Han Solo. After spending what seems like several years in the cinema being expertly and expensively deafened, one expects the film-maker(s) concerned to refrain from keeping the audience in suspense for however many years it takes for them to produce the **next** instalment. *Star Wars* itself was constructed artfully enough to leave a few loose ends dangling for those who were interested in the Further Adventures Of while remaining sufficiently self-contained to enable those not intending to return for a future dose to feel as though they hadn't actually been cheated.

So — as a personal protest against the presence of Mr Lucas' thumb on the scales — here is an instant update. Han Solo is in suspended animation being flown across the galaxy by bounty hunters into whose hands he was delivered by Darth Vader after being turned over to the big fella by his 'friend' the Token Black (Billy Dee Williams). Luke, meanwhile, has been kitted out with a bionic hand after the original was lopped off by Darth, who is in fact — gasp! — Luke's mysterious missing father. The Princess has fallen in love with Han Solo, and C3PO and R2D2 are *definitely* beginning to get on my nerves.

Check this column in another two or three years and we'll tell you how *Revenge Of The Jedi* turns out.

Robot A Heindseit

Luke Skywalker and dad Darth: "Look, ma, no hand!"

ON THE BOX

Saturday August 9

THE BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS / NIGHT OF THE LEPUS: *Beast* is great fun, with atomic tests awakening an Arctic dinosaur. Directed in 1953 by Eugene Laurie from a script by Ray Bradbury. Watch for Lee Van Cleef in a small part. *Lepus* is equally entertaining, but only if you're totally inebriated. I mean, giant *rabbits*? Daft '72 panic, with director William Claxton refusing to take the rise and Stuart Whitman, Janet Leigh and Rory Calhoun struggling to keep straight faces. **(BBC2 Horror Double Bill)**

SUMMER HOLIDAY: Well-known bachelor boy Cliff Richard traipses around Europe, sharing a double-decker with a few chums (most of whom look suspiciously like The Shadows). All jolly tuneful and decent, duff jokes, but well put together by Peter Yates in 1962, a bit before *Bullitt* and *Breaking Away*. **(BBC 1)**

Sunday August 10

THE LION IN WINTER: Peter O'Toole (as Henry II) and Katherine Hepburn (as Eleanor of Aquitaine) shout at one another for two hours. She won an Oscar, he didn't. Anthony Harvey directed in 1968, from James Goldman's play. **(BBC 1)**

MEN CAN'T BE RAPED: I'm not so sure about that, but with its catchpenny title and *Lipstick*-like plot — rapee plots unpleasant revenge on raper — Jorn Donner's 1978 Swedish drama should attract the requisite number of voyeurs. **(BBC 2)**

Monty Smith

BOX OFFICE

London

1. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Director: Irvin Kershner)
2. **Fame** (Alan Parker)
3. **Bronco Billy** (Clint Eastwood)
4. **Being There** (Hal Ashby)
5. **The Sea Wolves** (Andrew V. McLaglen)

Regions

1. **The Waterbabies** (Lionel Jeffries)
2. **The Empire Strikes Back** (Irvin Kershner)
3. **A Star Is Born** (Frank Pierson)
4. **Bronco Billy** (Clint Eastwood)
5. **Gone With The Wind** (Victor Fleming)

(Screen International)

The plane's going to Chicago.
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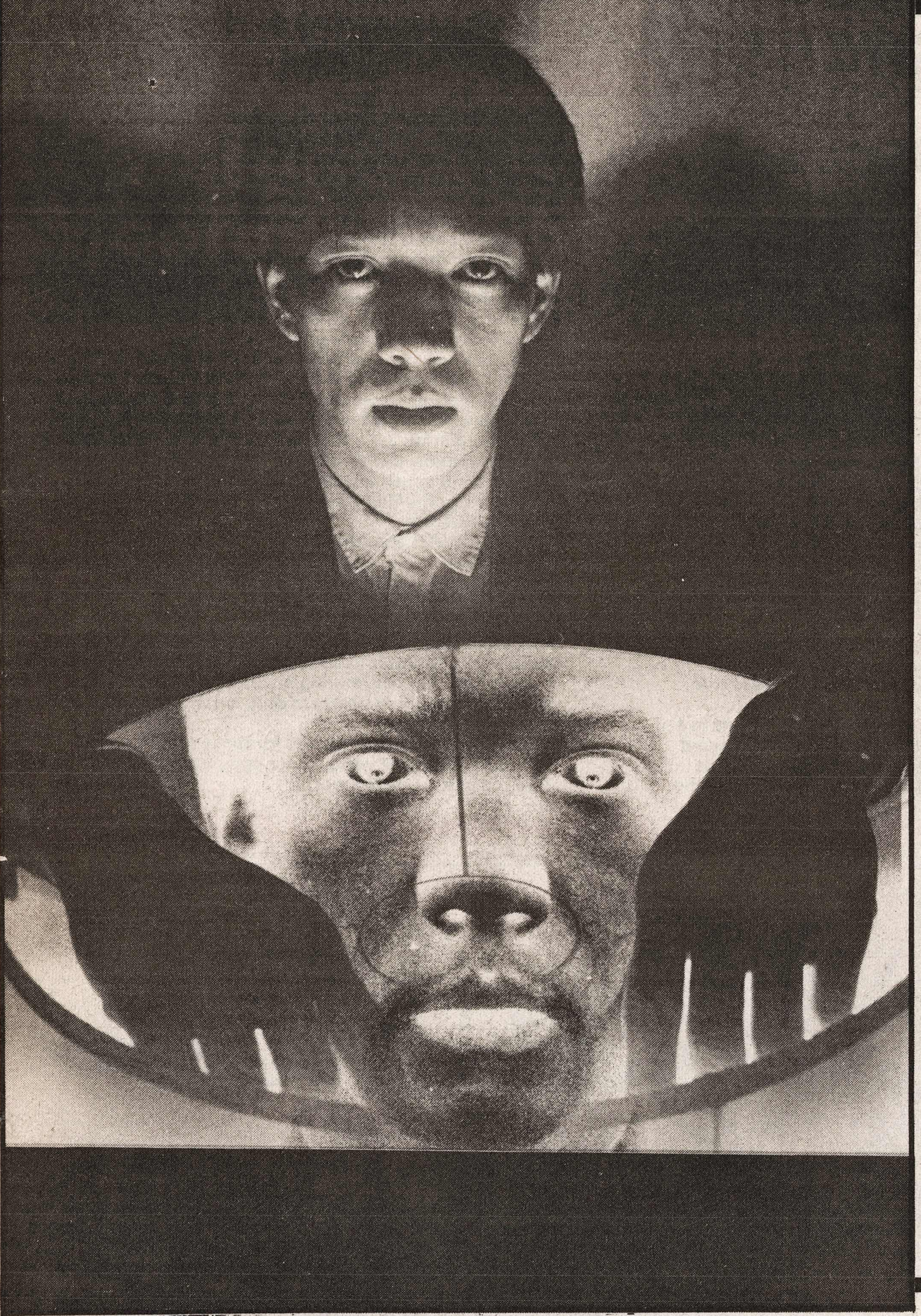


"You will like Yellow Magic Orchestra or I will top myself." Pic: Peter Anderson.

Yellow muzak for that off-colour wallpaper

YELLOW MAGIC ORCHESTRA
Multiplies *(A&M)*

IF THE strictly-wallpaper strains of the sound of muzak are to have any real effect on the poptones of the '80s — as The Specials' Jerry Dammers and Swinging Cat Vaughn Tru would have us believe — then Japan's Yellow Magic Orchestra are surely shaping up as the sharpest and most accomplished of the current exponents.

Not that YMO deal solely in television test-card tunes or whatever happens to be the hip listening this month in the hypermarkets. To write them off *that* simply would be grossly inaccurate. YMO go much further, taking the textures and dynamics of synthesiser muzak and using them to enhance and re-define electronic pop.

They confront synth-pop from a different angle to our home-grown assortment of android-rockers and whacky cloth-capped *Practical Electronics* buffs.

The YMO beat is rarely dull, the multi-layered production never flat. They strive for and attain a brisk and colourful balance of asphyxiating rhythmic twists and an unparalleled melodic strength — Eurodisco meets John Barry!

If the recent chartwarming single 'Theme From The Invaders' served as the bait, then 'Multiplies' confirms their status and hints at even greater promise.

The most irritating thing about the album — YMO's third release back in their homeland but only the first to be made fully available over here — is that it could have been much better, more representative of the group's current standing. It would certainly have been sharper were it released in its original format.

A&M, in a churlish attempt to make it both a brand new album *and* a mini-retrospective of previous single and album tracks, have undoubtedly watered down YMO's impact: in order to make way for last year's disposable 'Firecracker'/'Computer Games' single, for example, a number of tracks on the original Japanese 'Multiplies' release have been sacrificed. A pity.

Of the older stuff re-activated and included on this yellow-vinyl British release, the only really worthwhile track is the opener 'Technopolis', a racey instrumental ode to the big city straight from the John Barry book of spy thriller theme music.

A brace of similarly snappy instrumentals, 'Absolute Ego Dance' and 'Behind The Mask', complete side one along with the aforementioned 'Firecracker' aberration, the keyboards of Ryuichi Sakamoto and electronics ace Haroumi Hasano vying for supremacy over the ever-inventive percussion of Yukihoro Takahashi.

Side two is more ambitious, although it hardly qualifies the 'experimental' claims of the band. 'Nice Age' is the sensual account of lost innocence and the sort of metal funk that could have snuck un-noticed onto Bowie's 'Station To Station' anyday. The sinister, astringent overtones of 'Citizens Of Science' are further evidence of YMO's darker side.

'Multiplies' and 'Tighten Up', by way of contrast, are tacky disco-ska instrumentals, which leaves just a couple of Pythonesque comic sketches, the two-part 'Snakeman Show' (there were five sketches on the original Jap pressing), in which co-opted American lyricist Chris Mondell takes a few sly and funny digs at the stereotyped western image of the average, petty, hard-working Jap.

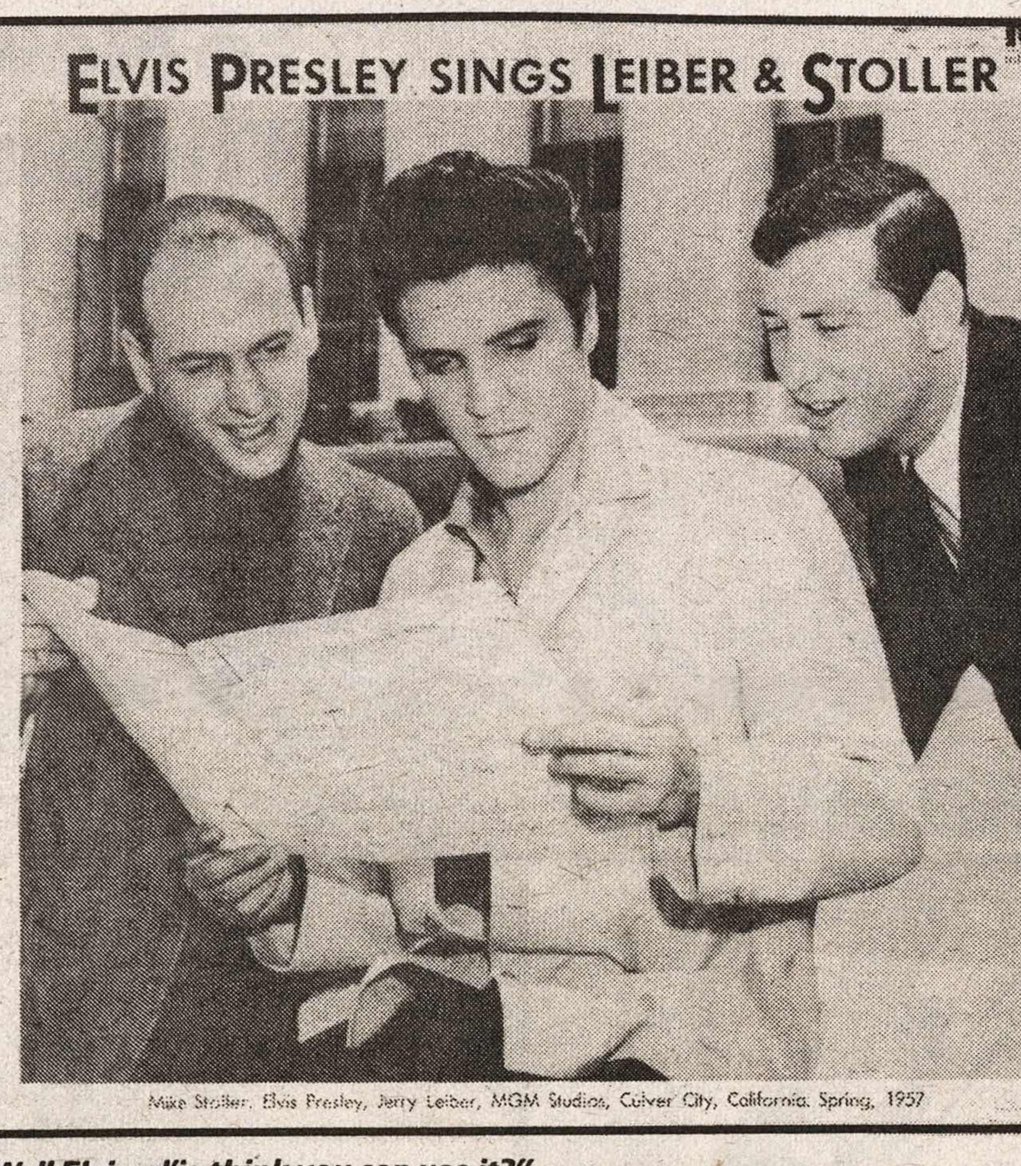
For all their obvious cleverness, YMO betray their fair share of humanism, if not out-and-out soulfulness. They are certainly not bland. Nor are they anywhere near as grey or industrial as the parade of blank mannequins adorning the gatefold sleeve of 'Multiplies' might suggest on first glance.

And with one hit single already under their sequencers, like it or not, the Nips are getting bigger.

Adrian Thrills

ALBUMS

ELVIS PRESLEY
Sings Leiber & Stoller *(RCA)*



"Well Elvis, d'ja think you can use it?"
"Hmmm . . . a PURPLE gang? I ain't sure about that."

SO WHAT are two nice yiddisher boys from New York City doing writing songs for a sullen Southern jessie with a predilection for Negro spirituals? Of equal pertinence, what's a nice redneck like Elvis Presley doing consorting with a couple of East Coast kikes, dressed up like the most tasteless dinge on the strip?

Shekels! I don't believe you.

You know they said you was high classed, well that was just a lie. Here we have the ever endearing Presley at his most tremulous and pelvic, solecising the songs that fired all our pre-adolescent, nay pre-pubescent, sensibilities those many years ago. Purists may insist that the King's Sun recordings represent his artistic peak, and indeed the singer never again achieved that same easy verve, but it was the bulk of his early RCA work that originally introduced Elvis into many of our lives, the excitement generated by the release of the *Jailhouse Rock* film, the encroachment of 'King Creole' and 'Hound Dog' upon an elder cousin's record collection hitherto reserved for the sentiments of Johnny Mathis and Domenico Modugno, and it is this same music that continues to exert its great fascination.

Not that this 20-track set is anything like a greatest hits compilation. Only five of the titles included here accomplished as much: 'Hound Dog' (2); 'Jailhouse Rock' (1); 'Don't' (2); 'King Creole' (2); and the 1963 recording of The Clovers' 'Bossa Nova Baby' (13).

Nevertheless, the bulk of the material is of familiar stamp. Here we have those ballads like 'Love Me', 'I Want To Be Free', 'Loving You' and the aphasic 'Treat Me Nice', long beloved of Petticoat Lane disc costers. Here we have the rocking 'Baby I Don't Care', later a posthumous hit for Buddy Holly; the yuletide favourite 'Santa Claus Is Back In Town', written on order by Leiber and Stoller during a Presley session; the macho and somewhat unconvincing 'Trouble', with which the King used to open his shows; and the affecting countrified 'Just Tell Her Jim Said Hello', a flipside somewhere along the line.

Side two of the set is of inferior quality. The alma-mater tribute to the pelvic one's old school 'Steadfast, Loyal & True' is an embarrassing though thankfully brief discomfiture, whilst the cover versions of R&B material such as The Coasters' 'Little Egypt', La Vern Baker's 'Saved', The Drifters' 'Fools Fall In Love' etc add little to the original versions save always Presley's brilliant vocal style.

My own preferences are for the tender, cleverly rhymed 'Don't' from 1968, and that sheer rocker from the same year describing the hip-shaking 'King Creole', a tenuously autobiographical epistle about *"a guitar man with a great big soul"* who *"sings some blues about New Orleans"* and *"when he gets a rockin' beat for baby heavens sakes, he don't stop playing till his guitar breaks."*

Upfront, Elvis Presley stands as one of the century's great interpreters, a hero of his age, a man whom the British peoples have taken to their hearts like no other popular entertainer before or after, neither Frank Sinatra, nor The Beatles, nor Dylan, nor even Barrington Levy.

In the background, the whole rhythm section is a purple gang. Let's rock.

Penny Reel

PYROLATOR
Inland *(Warning)*
DER PLAN
Geri Reig *(Warning)*
DEUTSCH-AMERIKANISCHE FRUENDSCHAFT
Ein Produkt Der Deutsch-Amerikanischen Freundschaft *(Warning)*
DIE KLEINEN UND DIE BOSEN *(Mute)*

IT'S FITTING that Germany's fast emerging new music scene should be centred in Dusseldorf, situated deep in the industrial heartland which was destroyed by Allied bombing during the war, only to be reconstructed with American money under the Marshall Plan.

A consequence of the plan was the submergence of German culture under American influence — which is roughly where D.A.F. and a whole heap of young, new bands come in. Disinterested in reproducing conventional rock and roll patterns, as most German bands before them have done, they assault traditions with all sorts of exotic new noises and ideas, some of them borrowed from British new wave (Check Croox, Male, Zensur Zensur).

But the best, namely these four, are charting exciting new paths in highly individual ways, drawing mostly on their own roots — Can, Marlene Dietrich, Brecht, Hans Albers, etc — as opposed to Chuck Berry. Of the four, D.A.F.'s attack on U.S. cultural colonisation is the most direct, from their ironic name (German American Friendship) on inwards. The groundwork is laid on their German debut 'A Product of . . .', which consisted of harsh, ragged instrumentals, made by one time member Kurt 'Pyrolator' Dahlke's naggingly incisive keyboards squiggles. It peaks with moments of emotional intensity close to Can's wilder moments.

By the time they'd come to record 'The Small . . .' — half live at the Electric Ballroom — they'd lost Pyrolator and re-located their Spanish-born singer Gabi Delgado-Lopez. Most importantly, though, they'd dispensed with a bass player, thus cutting themselves completely from the anchors of a normal rock and roll rhythm section. Instead they use jittery tape loops that closely follow (or more likely lead) Lopez's bitterly funny, contagious nursery rhymes. Their brief, incisive words jabber away and slash at German taboos and increasingly conservative behaviour, broaching militarism, brutal commercialised sex and Eastern-Western relationships on D.A.F.'s extensive, tongue in cheek broadside.

Excellent.

As potent as D.A.F. are, Der Plan are perhaps more dangerous in that their approach is so insidiously effective. Once under the skin, they're almost impossible to flush out. Also featuring the ubiquitous Pyrolator, Der Plan's witty 'Geri Reig' concept is based on the precept that problems are largely self-induced and consequently can be easily solved (See also *Thrills* page 11).

If at first you find the whole thing lightweight, listen more closely and see if you can escape Der Plan. Pyrolator's own solo album is a synthesis of workaday sounds (rainfall, chattering schoolchildren, etc), loops and keyboards that is mostly fascinating and very occasionally stunning, namely on 'It Always Rains In Wuppertal' and 'Barenstrasse'.

Bored with *The Streets Of San Francisco* and other US pulp fiction? No, me neither, but today's Dusseldorf beat culture is nevertheless an essential, exciting alternative.

Chris Bohn

"That's him! That's the bloke who reviewed me album!"

The selling of a rock and roll Ms-siah

HAZEL O'CONNOR
Breaking Glass *(A&M)*
A STAR Is Born!!

No way. When you get down to the crux of this seedy situation, the eventual success or failure of this thoroughly redundant exercise isn't concerned with how good or bad the actual commodity is (a bigger disaster this side of 'Dear Anyone' you'll not find), but how ruthlessly effective and aggressive the sales strategy.

Subscribing to the public - wants - what - the - public - gets theory, Hazel O'Connor is being marketed in much the same manner, and with just as much sensitivity, as beefburgers. A kind of instant success ready-mix. Just add money to taste. To this end, an all-too-familiar hype pattern emerges whereby Hazel O'Connor has been plonked down, by her investors, at what they erroneously assume to be the very forefront of Modern Music.

In their haste to jump the queue, they failed to realise that not only are the goods on offer hopelessly out-of-date (consume before July 1973), but that the now cliched image of a rock star possessing neo-Messianic qualities has already been enacted in finite detail by Bowie in his Ziggy Stardust role.

It's no big secret that *Breaking Glass* was only conceived as a *Rock Follies* update and therefore offers nothing of any real consequence. Therefore, it's not by accident that this tawdry charade has been launched — amidst false hysteria — during the annual Silly Season: a period when anything as transparently worthless as this can be guaranteed blanket media coverage. And, despite efforts to promote O'Connor as a Serious Artist, the only topics of media interest to have emerged have been her hyper-active sex life and the origins of her hairdo. Fascinating!

Furthermore, those who question the validity of this graven image are (naturally) dismissed as heretics whilst those stupid enough to allow themselves to endorse such puerility are hailed as visionaries.

Though — I have it on good authority — Hazel O'Connor is a pleasant enough individual, having written and recorded such unbelievably bad music, she alone must be prepared to take full brunt for being feted as yet another icon to mediocrity.

Without ever once displaying any of the qualities associated with her obvious influences, O'Connor's music is a distorted pastiche of Eno-era Roxy Music and 'Diamond Dogs' whilst lyrically her "futuristic" bleating evokes most embarrassing characteristics of '60s Ladbroke Grovian psychedelia.

In their roles as trailers for this travesty both 'Writing On The Wall' and 'Eighth Day' depict the passionless attempts to inject the lyrics with bogus emotion whilst every attempt to formula a personalised style renders the whole affair even more grotesque.

At the end of side two, I waited for someone to break down in a fit of hysterical laughter. Much to my surprise, they didn't.

Roy Carr

ALBUMS

VILLAGE PEOPLE
Can't Stop The Music
(Mercury)

THIS is the crumbiest album I've heard in a long while.

The Village People died the moment lead singer, lyricist and driving force Victor Willis left them just after 'In The Navy'. So drippy producer Jaques Morali went out and hired a Willis lookalike — fooled me — and set about erasing Vic's vocal tracks from all the old favourites and planting Ron Simpson's bland bathering over the top.

That's why on this turkey-egg 'YMCA' sounds like those recordings you made with your first cassette player, singing over hits of the day while the song sounds about three miles behind you. Morali also sees to it that his other acts — Ritchie Family and some new, um, face, David London — get glossy 'special guest' look-ins.

The Ritchie Family are tat and London is the latest of Morali's friends — see Patrick Juvet and somebody Parker — to be billed as a sensation. Morali's even lost his flair as a producer too. The sound on this is as hard hitting as a natural sponge — you'll have to provide a glass of water to bung its teeth in before playing.

Nobody in their right mind would buy this record. It is to Village People what 'Friggin' In The Riggin' was to The Sex Pistols.

Danny Baker

"How many more times? None of us comes from Queens."

Pic: Chris Walter.

THE BRAINS
The Brains *(Mercury)*

THE BRAINS debut album smells so strongly of refinement, of post new wave expertise dressed down to suit cold war tastes, that the disinterested listener could be forgiven for assuming they were nothing more or less than a clever combination of the right ingredients; the callous commercialism of The Cars woven painstakingly into the quirkier fabrics of accessible Talking Heads with a surreptitious helping of early 'Daddy Should Have Stayed In High School' Cheap Trick guitar pyrotechnics.

In fact, like any commodity worth investigating, The Brains appeal takes time to mature, its influences are secondary to its own character.

This group has to overcome the stigma of conventional responses to professionalism — easily fed by the atrocious art work they've been blessed with and the biographical fodder which tells me that their songs have 'genius' quality while ommitting to mention where the group come from. They seem to be some Atlantan hybrid, their paycheck subsistence living metamophosed into a contemporary sound.

The Brains are cerebrally guided by the synthesisers, keyboards and songs of one Tom Gray. It's his felicity with distinctive textures, musical and vocal, that draws me into giving the material house room because there is a lack of obvious variety in the band's approach. Remaining Brains — Rick Price, Bryan Smethwick and Charles Wolff — are not allowed to express their individual styles to the detriment of Gray's writing. As with Talking Heads, The Brains function well as a unit without letting false democracies dilute their hardest part.

Which is where I do an about turn and tell you that the opening cut and fastest palliative is written by guitarist Price. 'Treason' welds an instrumental solo with the right amount of lulling synthetics (that might even OMITD as reference) and then evolves neatly into soundtrack, Morricone fashion.

But 'Treason' is an overture to the body of Gray's stuff, much of it stubborn enough to double as bane or breakthrough. So 'In The Night' confronts a solitary pattern of mental disorder based around the premise that dark thoughts become horrifying when they don't connect.

And for a little light relief Gray tampers with cliched attitudes to love and sex on 'Girl I Wanna' and 'Scared Kid'. He explodes them successfully by veering towards satire at the point most songwriters lapse into the mawkish or the conceited.

The album's truly alluring high points indicate that The Brains can appeal to a wide section of the public sector and won't be struggling with any cult tag for long. 'Raeline' is a warped rock 'n' roll stomp that fuses Pere Ubu with the better tongue-in-cheek volume rompers; 'Money Changes Everything' delivers a languid home truth about the power of gold over emotion while 'Gold Dust Kids' itself parodies the idea of adolescent innocence with a melodic venom that recalls Becker and Fagen's 'Show Biz Kids'.

Anyone driven to investigate may not be immediately satisfied — The Brains don't tick off their credits on an image sheet and their activities are often un-American whilst paying speculative lip-service to European fashion. This stance of Gray's, and his refusal to lie down and be counted, ought to give them ample opportunity to formulate their killer punch (this isn't quite it) and to experiment with the most sympathetic response (Steve Lillywhite's production isn't that either).

At least it will keep them out of the stadiums.

Max Bell

PETER HAMMILL
A Black Box *(S-Type)*

A CURSORY count reveals that the words "I", "Me" and "My" collectively occur some 78 times in the course of this album: a revealing preponderance of first-persons.

What few other persons there are ("you", "he", "they", etc — not a "she" in sight, girls) occur mainly in the course of condemnatory tirades and chunks of stern demagoguery. Peter would like us to believe he has something to say, and the first place to search this out would seem to be in 'Flight', the seven-part piece which takes up the whole of side two.

On closer investigation, this proves to be a work which goes to extensive circumlocutory lengths to capitalise on a metaphor drawn from the analogous possibilities of the terms "life", "flight" and "discourse". The thematic concerns implied here also feature on side one, where songs like 'Golden Promises', 'Losing Faith In Words' and 'The Jargon King' display a similar concern with social intercourse and discourse in general.

This could be interesting. Certainly, the problem in question is an interesting one — and a vital component of the larger issue of "individualism" and "collectivism" — but unfortunately Hammill fails to say anything particularly interesting: no insights, and no real attempt to surmount or solve any problems, merely endless reiterations that the problems exist, set in a plethora of first-person singulars. Hammill doesn't investigate the problem, just locates ways in which its existence can be proclaimed. A Black Box is a flight recorder, remember.

Creatively, there's a difference between relation of personal experience and sheer self-obsession, and Hammill dives wildly into the latter, spiralling madly into the pseudo-oracular. It's always Peter Hammill, the fountainhead of wisdom and prophecy, that no one else understands, with scarcely a thought as to whether Peter Hammill ought to try and understand anyone else.

Hammill might consider 'A Black Box' to be a "philosophical" work, but he'd be mistaken, since the problem's only stated, rather than discussed: the title-page and introduction, not the complete work.

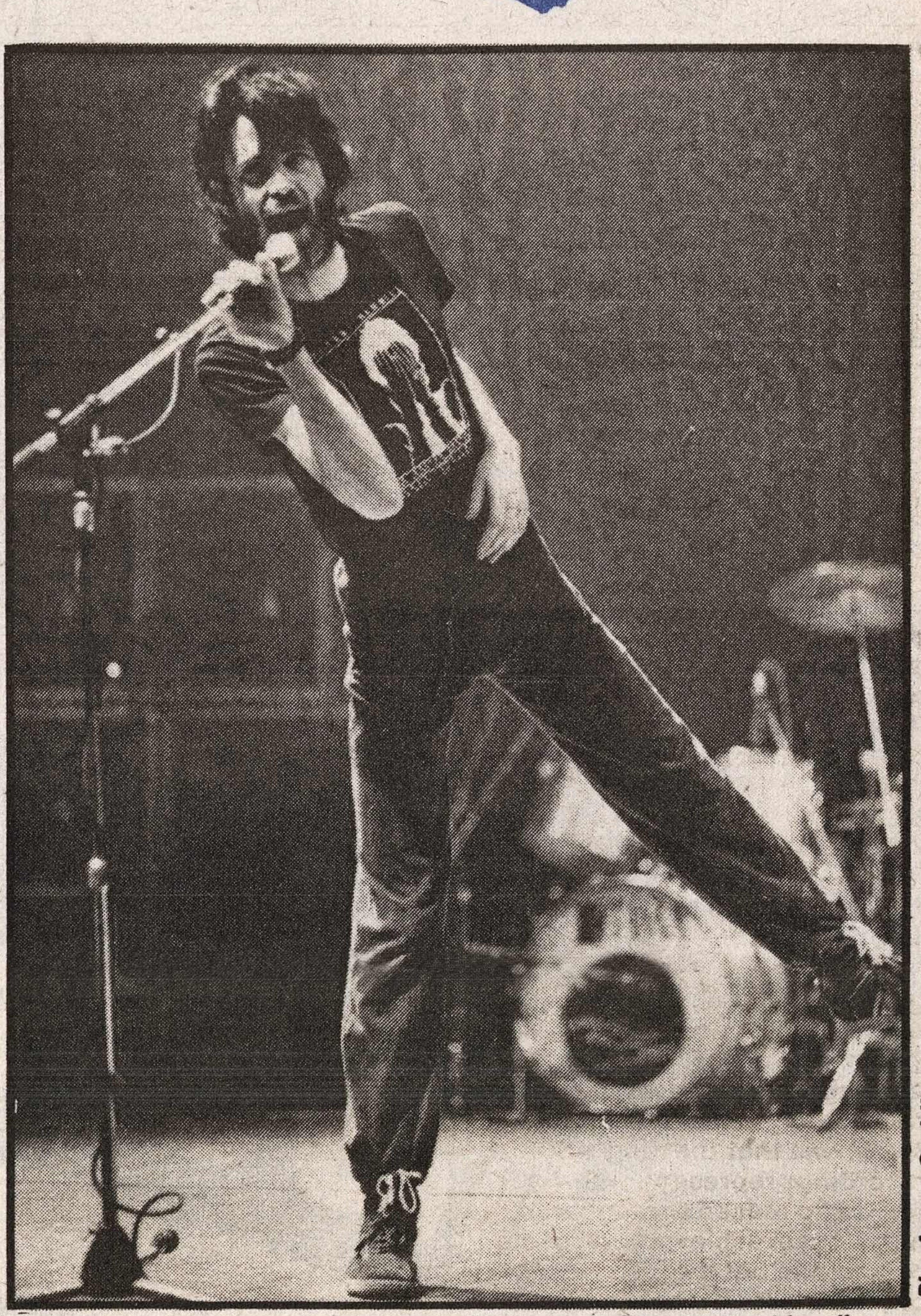
Alternatively, it's a piece of titanic egocentrism, a bloated corpse put on display for the "emergency vampires" the corpse's owner claims to despise.

Either way, I don't need to know; the one is already known, and the other is too distasteful a form of exhibitionism, an updated hangover from a period (the early '70s singer/songwriter confessional style) long since discredited and best left as memory.

The music on 'A Black Box' is arranged, performed and produced by Peter Hammill, with assistance from David Jackson and David Ferguson on a few tracks, and is confined in large part to a characteristic churchy-gothick melodrama (best exemplified by 'Fogwalking') leavened with the occasional backward-tape outburst, as on 'The Jargon King'. The most successful track, though, is the opener, 'Golden Promises', a portentous — but otherwise fairly straightforward — didactic rocker in which Hammill's pontificatory vocals don't seem quite so absurd and out of place.

Certain Hammill fans (and Hammill himself) believe this to be his finest record, so there's a fair chance other Hammill fans will like it. Me, I reckon it's pompous, miserable and morbid in a banal fashion, and although it starts with a good idea, it also ends there, static and lacking follow-through. Defeatist.

Andy Gill



"And now my new single — 'No More Money In The Anxst, Frank'. . ."

Pic: Anton Corbijn.

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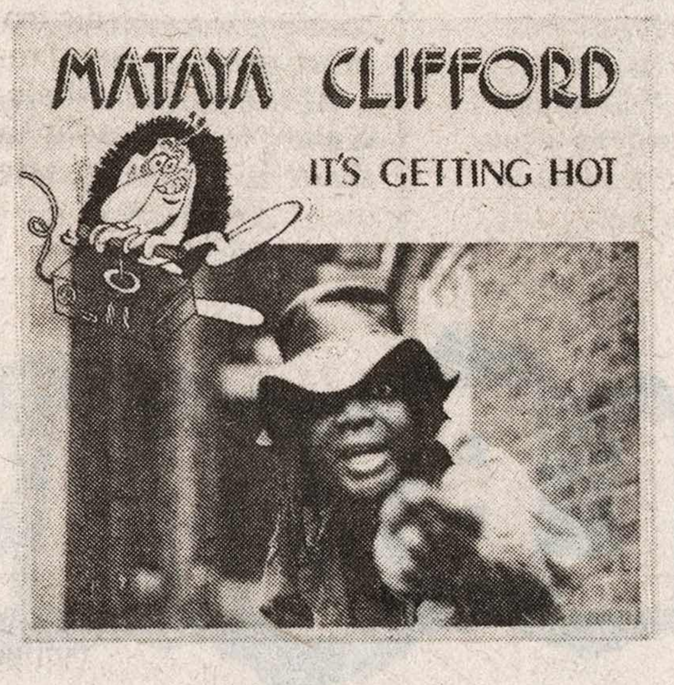

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Night of the jiving dead

Dead Kennedy Jello Biafra makes an exhibition of himself. Pic: Chester Simpson.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Sharp Cuts *(Planet)*
Can You Hear Me? Music From The Deaf Club
(Optional/Walking Dead)

NEW MUSIC from American bands in compilation form ought to be the cheapest, fastest way of assessing what's going down there now that Uncle Sam got used to the idea of green hair again.

'Sharp Cuts' is very much a traditional exercise in marketing, new wave style (WEA used to call these things 'Schlagers' or 'Two-fers' or some such rot back in the days when everyone wanted to hear The Doobie Brothers and Frank Zappa side by side). Despite concessions to the occasional classy act, 'Sharp Cuts' only pays lip service to the form it seeks to promote. There's a self-righteous liner note from Ken Barnes, who waffles about independents and whether rock'n'roll will stand, but since everyone knows that Planet is no Rough Trade, and the majority of the groups here encourage the sitting posture, it's safe to ignore his conclusions.

While no one can expect a compilation to contain any thematic continuity, it's unfortunate that the good sounds merely show up the dross. **Single Bullet Theory** start the ball rolling with 'Keep It Tight'. Their professionalism is almost daunting: mixing elements of Beach Boys harmonic ascent and a jazz tinged backing (Michael Garrett doubles well on sax and lead vocal) SBT are destined to win friends and influence record companies.

More than can be said for ex-Blondie guitarist Gary Valentine and his **Know** band, whose 'I Like Girls' is as vacuous as its title suggests. When Los Angeles gets into a lather over something as dull as this you realise how boring life has become for the post-punk elite.

Similarly, **The Alleycats, Suburban Lawns, The Fast** and **Billy Thermal** all mine a shockingly derivative vein of safe plastic Americana. Not so much a trash aesthetic as a waste disposal unit for these hombres.

Interim relief is provided by **The DB's'** already tasted 'Soul Kiss' (the most original stack of wax on the project), **The Willys'** slow and compulsive 'She's Illegal', and **Peter Dayton's** 'Last Supper', a feast of milk shakes and burger which never tries to veer away from basic stupidity and can be taken semi-seriously as a result.

Ric Ocasek and Robbie Krieger are involved in 'Sharp Cuts' production. I doubt if they'll be sticking round for the royalties.

'Can You Hear Me', recorded live in San Francisco's Deaf Club, at least breathes *some* life into a West Coast corpse which observers were ready to cover in dirt. After you've got over the

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Compiled by Jo & Tim Rice, Paul Gambaccini and Mike Read.

GUINNESS BOOKS

shock of hearing an Englishman called Johnny Walker introduce the evening's entertainment (and nothing but a kangaroo court will suffice for that scoundrel's sickening banter) there's a hefty dose of nastiness from **The Dead Kennedys**. Their 'Police Truck' surpasses all expectations, going beyond hype on the back of a classic metal punk workout which The Sonics might even check. Too bad that Jello Biafra's other contributions, 'Short Songs' and 'Straight A's', induce immediate amnesia.

KGB's 'Dying In The USA' and 'Picture Frame Seduction' take it down to the underground with a basic vengeance. They're messy, disorientated and exciting. The lead singer also has a nice line in compliments: "Enthusiasm sure is cheap around here," he mutters after hearing at least three people put their hands together.

Not that I'd be applauding **The Mutants'** 'Tribute To Russ Meyer' myself; this is one for the weirdo muzak freaks who mistake lionising cultural wastrels for having a good time.

Ditto **Pink Section** who seem to think avant garde is an excuse to cover up obvious degeneration.

Offs and **Tuxedomoon** are disappointing, the former's bizarre line in ska-yanking having been replaced by sub-standard blue-eyed soul while the latter submit to the appalling production job that all the bands are lumbered with for the sake of authenticity. It doesn't do their Stones cover any favours and 'Heaven' (from 'Eraserhead') is simply never there. They deserved better.

But let's not prevaricate any longer. Rather than stay hip and up to date with these offerings (both score three out of ten) try out Marty Thau's '2×5' — a compilation that gives value for money. You'll need that in the modern world.

Max Bell

IMPORTS

by Fred Dellar

"JERKY jazz, rather than jazz for jerks," reads a slick line I've dreamt up to capsulate 'Blue Heart', a song on which guitars and keyboards merge into shimmer and glimmer, while The Chanter Sisters punctuate the proceedings with the phrase *"Don't stop!"*

The album under review is **'Suddenly' (Mushroom),** a newie from **The Sports,** Melbourne's brightest hope since Dame Nellie. I like the band, I've previously praised their efforts and maybe even gained their discs an odd sale or two. But now I'm sweating hard. Because nothing, just nothing, is really registering.

"Can this be Hitchcock rock?" reads my querying note as a cut called 'Strangers On A Train' echoes through the cans. I'm not certain. The lyrics lead nowhere, they hint but fail to develop.

And still I search. But the tracks remain evenly good, no true highs and no lows, leaving little to dwell on but Pete Solley's production expertise, the inclusion of a free single called 'The Lost Demos', and the reason why nobody saw fit to list the band's personnel on the sleeve, thus enabling non-familiars to fit Steve Cummings' name to the heavy hiccup lead voice, or that of Andrew Pendlebury or Martin Armiger to some of the adroitly constructed lines.

Maybe the next one will rouse me from my state of ennui.

It proves to have no name, only a number — **'AFL 1-3603' (RCA).** But it does have sleeve notes that reveal all. **"Dave Davies,** vocals, guitars and keyboards on all tracks," they inform, adding that Kid Kink not only provides bass and drums on the majority of these offerings but also grabs all songwriting and production credits.

The jotting begins anew. "Fine voice but sometimes stretched beyond its natural limits in order to gain effect," reads a comment relating to 'Where Do You Come From?', the opening hard-rock screamer. The guitar flashes and grinds impressively, though a comment once made by CSM about Davies seemingly possessing a cheapo fuzz-box is recalled. By now, 'Nothing Much To Lose', a heads-down rocker is kicking its way through my head, the guitar stabs and smears sliding in and out of my left and right cans in best demo stereo fashion, while Dave chomps on about everyone turning their backs on politics, religion and just watchin' TV and actually getting out and making it all happen, a theme reiterated throughout the album.

Then as the album makes its way to the run-off groove, following a couple more slices of "We're gonna change the world" optimism, I give an approving nod and head for the shower.

Why I'm bothering only Dylan knows. After all, outside the rain is teeming down.

Dave Davies celebrates 50 years in showbiz with his first solo album — a project first mooted in 1967, wouldja believe? Pic: SKR, circa '65.

ARTHUR BLYTHE
In The Tradition *(CBS)*

'LENOX Avenue Breakdown', last year's exhilarating blow from Arthur Blythe, was viewed by some — *NME's* Angus MacKinnon included — as the best jazz offering of the year. With 'In The Tradition' he takes a step back, as it were, to come to terms with his informative influences, using a peculiarly modern variant of the classic alto/piano/bass/drums line-up (respectively, Arthur, one-time Piano Choirist Stanley Cowell, and Air rhythm section Fred Hopkins and Steve McCall) to reinterpret some old favourites in a modern light.

It's rather like Blythe's equivalent of Bowie's 'Pin Ups', the four standards (Fats Waller's 'Jitterbug Waltz', Ellington's 'In A Sentimental Mood' and 'Caravan', and Coltrane's 'Naima') and accompanying couple of blues originals ('Break Tune' and 'Hip Dripper') "signifying the tradition" for Arthur.

It's a curious album which, whilst never achieving the streamlined power of the Ulmer/McBee/DeJohnette axis of 'Lenox Avenue Breakdown', is not without its exciting moments, notably Cowell's rattling exuberance on 'Caravan' and 'Break Tune', and the whole ensemble's tenderly emotive reading of 'In A Sentimental Mood'.

In no way an awe-inspiring album, 'In The Tradition' is nonetheless a pleasant and affectionate view of 'swing' as seen by modern jazzers.

WILLIE NILE
Willie Nile *(Arista)*

WILLIE NILE is the latest victim of a heavy-duty 'this year's thing' hype. Really he's no more than this year's Steve Forbert — or rather, this year's version of what Steve Forbert was a version of last year: the street-romantic, electrified ex-folkie crooning on about love in the shadows, plus witty wordplay and a bit of poverty dressed up as poetry.

Nile's press biography establishes impeccable credentials. At 15, we're told, he was reading Keats, Blake, Baudelaire and Shelley; he's a fan of Chopin; he has a degree in philosophy. He even fell on hard times in NYC and had a long illness, so he must've *suffered* too. Such a harvest of sensitivity! Meanwhile, the album sleeve shows him smoking, swilling beer and leaping into the air with an electric guitar so it seems he's also one of the boys, a good sort, and blessed with a rock'n'roll heart (poor sod).

The actual music, alas, confirms he's merely an apprentice singer-songwriter; with a little talent, perhaps, but certainly out of the mould. At times he sounds uncannily like Forbert or Loudon Wainwright or early Dylan; while by way of variety one track, 'That's The Reason', is a remarkably accurate Buddy Holly pastiche.

The album's chief weakness is that both lyrics and arrangements are too lightweight and prettified — as much the fault of (ex-Lovin' Spoonful) producer Roy Hallee as Nile himself. Jangly guitars and piano frills from the small makeshift band tend to be cloying and Nile's lyrics smack of sentimentality and pseudo-poetic affectation.

Attempts at wit on 'Dear Lord' and the pathetic 'She's So Cold' fail dismally, while the obligatory social-conscience song, 'Old Men Sleeping On The Bowery', seems both rushed and banal.

This genre is both over-subscribed and out of touch with the times. Warbling on about *"vagabond moons"* or the *"mysteries of time unravelled"*, Willie Nile sounds like he's working out of stock rock'n'roll romance myths, not at all from his own observation or thought. True, he has attractive tunes and at times an adroit way with words, but until he can transcend the genre's ideology, his technical skill is of little purpose.

Graham Lock

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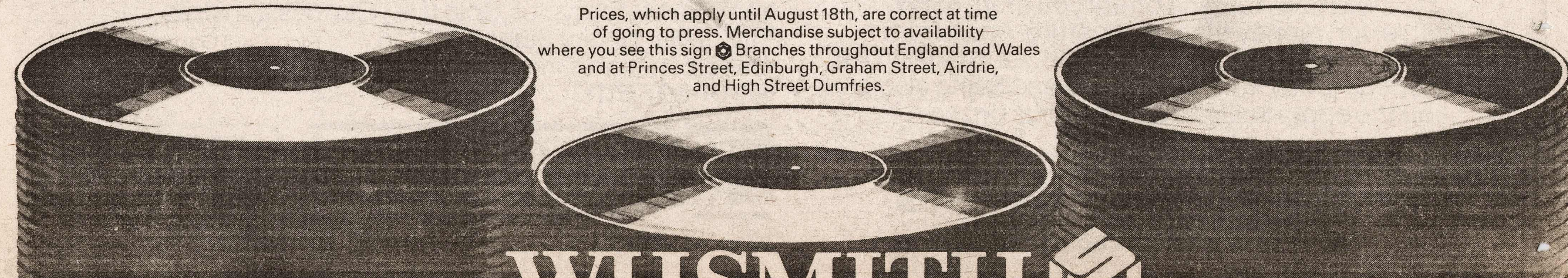

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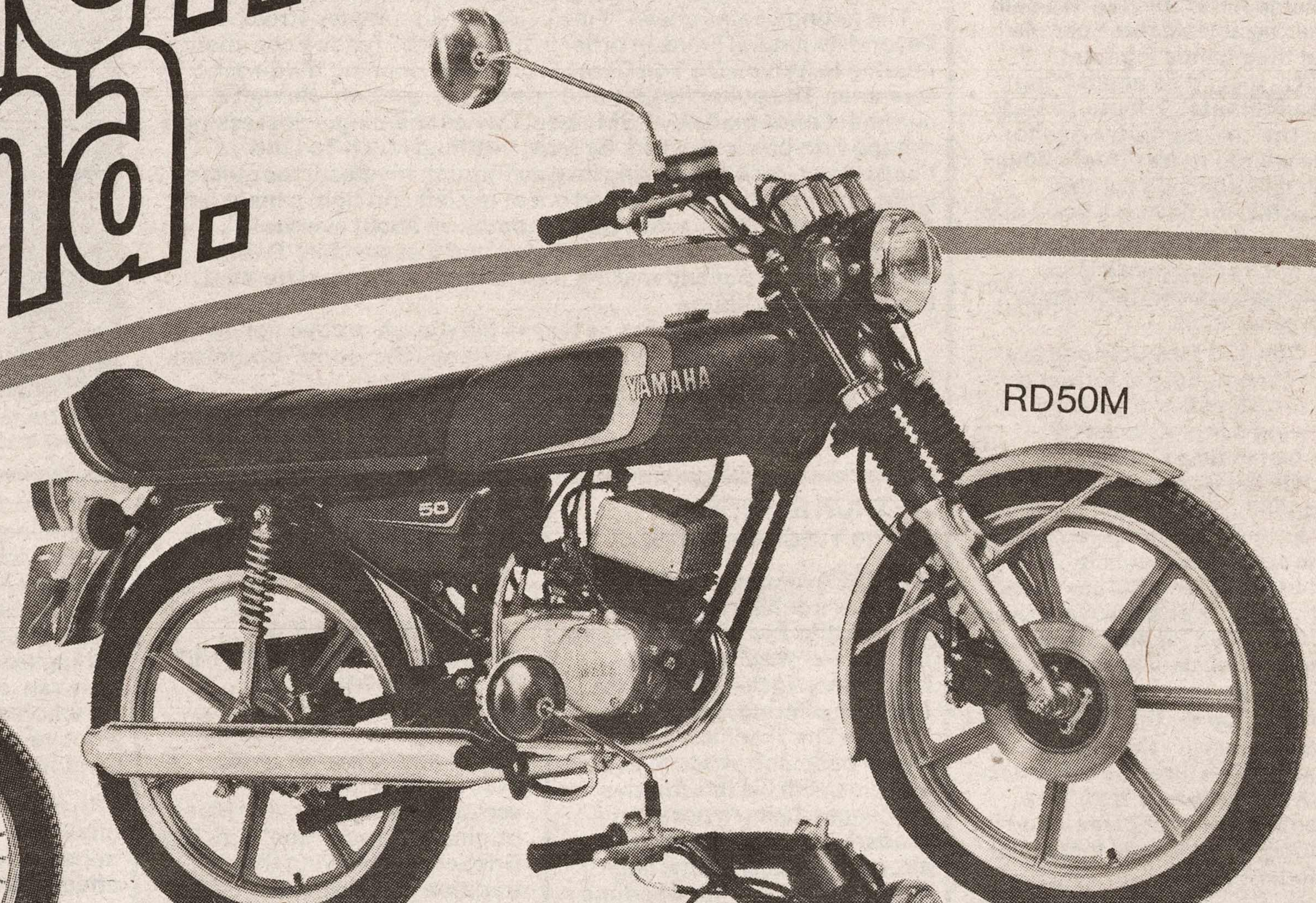

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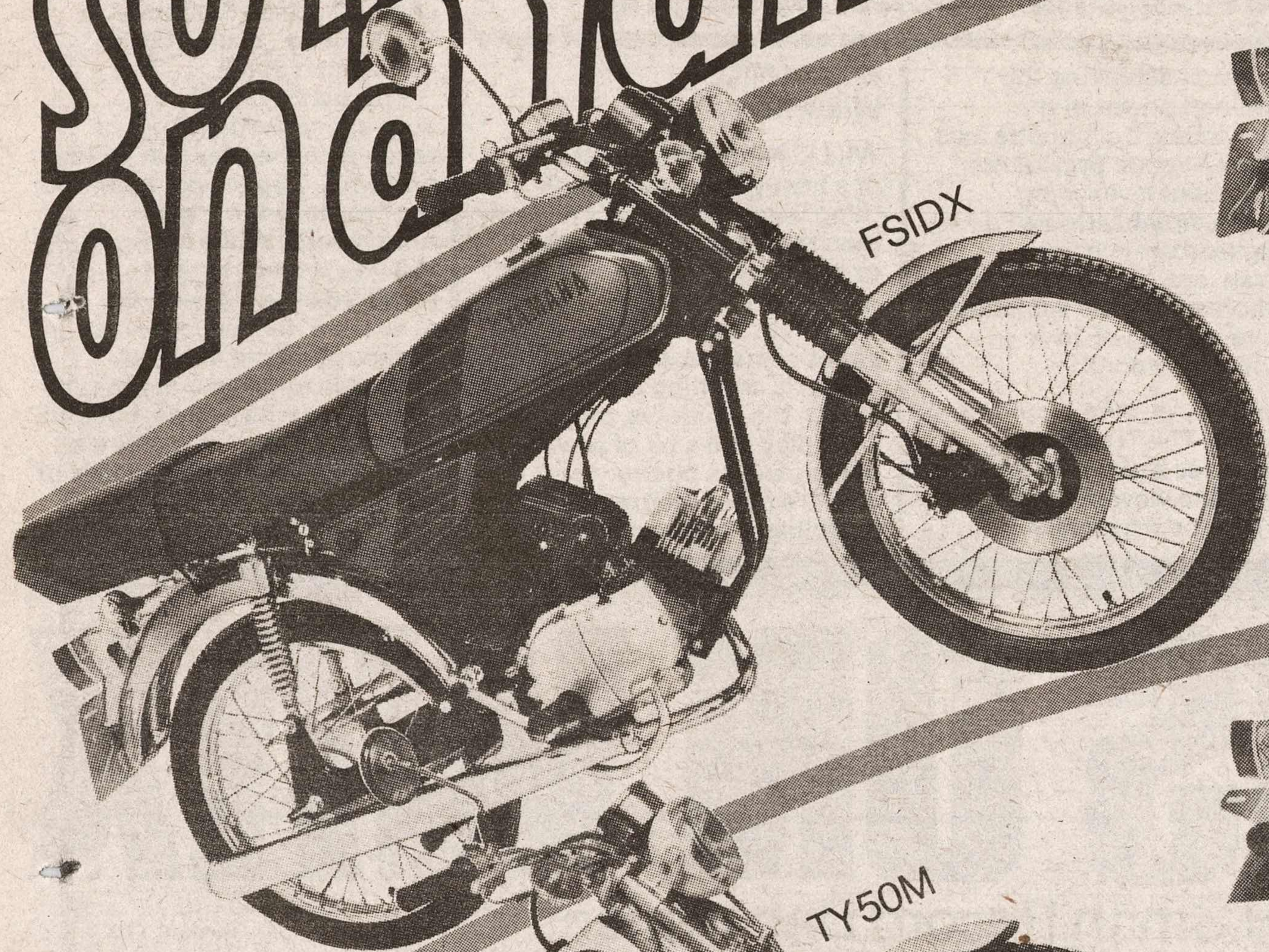

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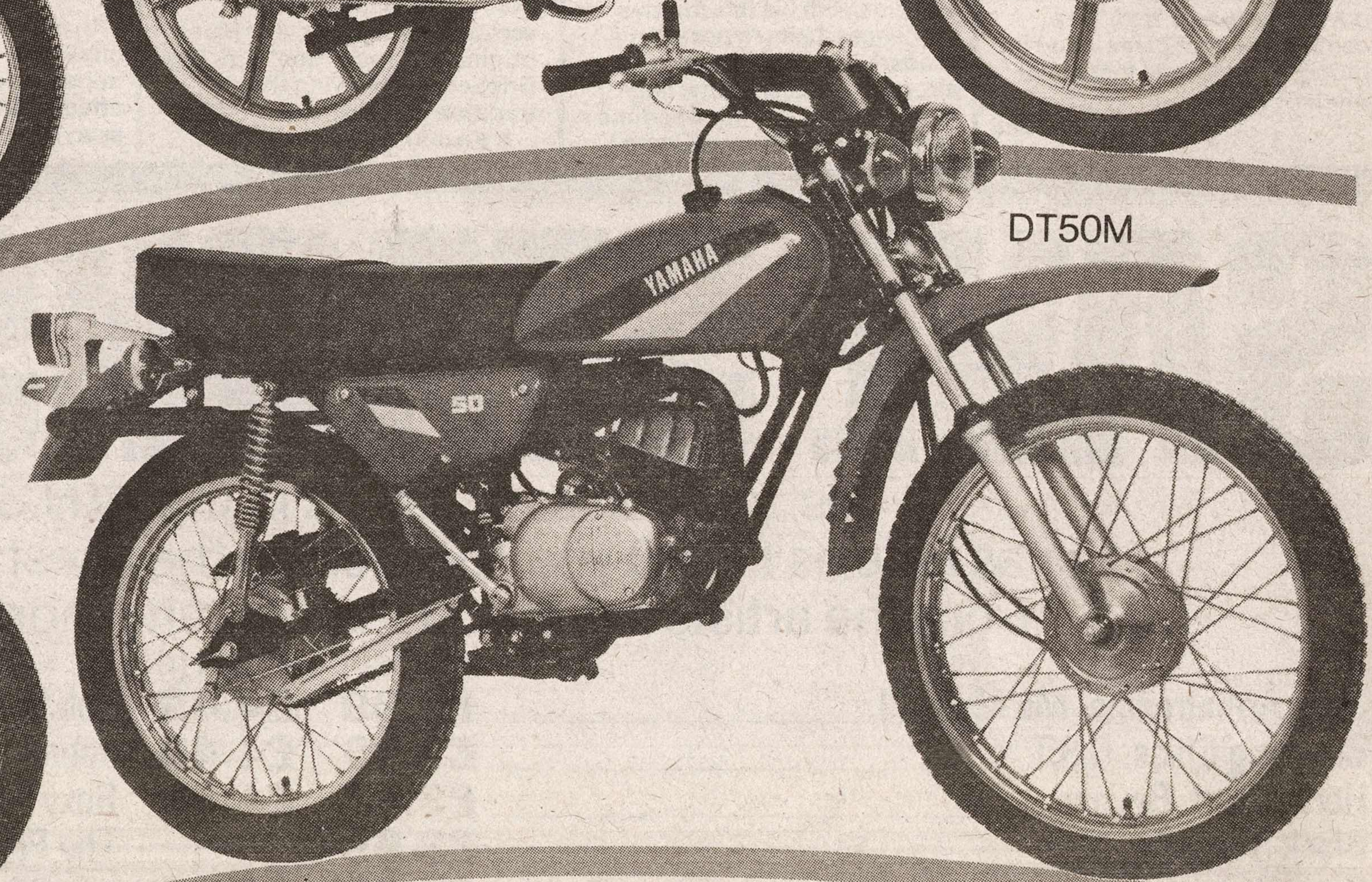

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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

THURSDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Little Willy**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Body Snatchers**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **Dance**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Sky Diver**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Titan**
Blackburn Cloggers: **Eddie Walker**
Bournemouth Exeter Bowl: **The Skavengers**
Bradford Princeville: **Limelight**
Bradford Queen's Hall: **Talisman**
Burntwood Troubadour: **The Amazing Dark Horse**
Coventry General Wolfe: **R.P.M.**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Majority**
Edinburgh Playhouse Theatre: **Average White Band**
Eton The Christopher: **Motley Crew**
Falkirk Town Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Glasgow Dounce Castle: **H20**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **Dark Star**
Kingston Three Tuns: **Seventeen**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **Dangerous Girls**
Leeds Fan Club: **Peter Hammill**
Leeds Fforde Green Hotel: **Girlschool**
Leeds Richmond Inn: **Gary Boyle Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Peter Bardens Mole**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Drones**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **Long Tall Shorty**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Telemacque**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Brian Brain**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Blurt / Birthday Party**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **On The Air**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Wasted Youth**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Real To Real**
London Hampstead Giovanni's Club: **Spartacus**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Reluctant Stereotypes**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Barracudas**
London Kensington De Villiers Bar: **Gold Dust Twins**
London Kilburn National Ballroom: **Dexy's Midnight Runners / The Upset**
London Knightsbridge Pizza on the Park: **Ike Isaacs Duo**
London Marquee Club: **Athletico Spizz 80**
London New Barnet Duke of Lancaster: **The Accidents**
London N.W.3 Seven Dials Club: **The Syndicate / Peter Lemer**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **Chicken Shack**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Beshara**
London Putney White Lion: **Seven Year Itch**
London Richmond Brolleys: **The Piranhas / The Directions**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Tony Coe Quartet**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Mobster**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **The Kinks / The Step**
London The Mall ICA Theatre (until August 23): **'Mama Dragon' with Janet Kay & The Government**
London Waterloo Royal Victoria: **Freddy's Feetwarmers**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **The Spectres / El Seven**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **Nine Below Zero**
Maltby Yorkshire Dragoon: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Manchester Portland Bars: **The International Set**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Ted Nugent**
Newcastle Weston Cafe: **A Sudden Sway**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **The Drug Squad**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gaffa**
Perrantporth Green Parrot: **Metro Glider**
Sheffield George IV: **The City Limits**
Sheffield Limit Club: **The Expressos**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **The Exploding Seagulls**
Thornaby Conservative Club: **Diamond Head**
Wellingborough British Rail Club: **The Cruisers/The Sharks**

FRIDAY

Aylesbury Maxwell Hall: **Junior Walker & The Allstars**
Balloch Ben Lomond Hotel: **H20**
Bicester Nowhere Club: **Dangerous Girls**
Birmingham Digbeth Civic Hall: **Tony Tuff**
Birmingham Golden Eagles: **Blind Prophet**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Situation Critical**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Teuser**
Birmingham Star Club: **Helpless Huw / Out Of Order**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **The Merton Parkas**
Brighton Alhambra: **Sharafia**
Brough Grand Prix Club: **Carl Green & The Scene**
Cirencester Phoenix Centre; **Johnny Coppin Band**
Coventry Dog & Trumpet: **Exit 13**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Spring Heel Jack**
Coventry Ryton Bridge: **Streetlite**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Denny Laine Band**
Crondall Village Hall: **Remember This**
Croydon The Cartoon: **The Breakers**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **The Swinging Cats**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Roy Harper**
Hornsea Floral Hall: **The Bodysnatchers**
Huddersfield Cleopatra's: **Slaughter & The Dogs**
Inverness Muirtown Hotel: **The Associates**
Kingston The Swan: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers**
Kingston Three Tuns: **On The Air**
Leeds Cosmo Club: **Agony Column**
Liverpool Brady's: **Minny Pops**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Doll By Doll / The Almost Brothers**
London Camden Music Machine: **U.K. Subs / The Citizens**
London Camden Southampton Arms: **Jellyroll Blues Band**
London Chiswick John Bull: **Jackie Lynton's H.D. Band**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Spectres**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Upset / Eric Blake**
London Earls Court Stadium: **Pink Floyd**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Mickey Jupp Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Creation Rebel / London Underground**
London Greenwich White Swan: **Nuthin' Fancy**
London Hammersmith Odeon: **The Plasmatics / Vardis**
London Harrow Rd. Windsor Castle: **Seventeen**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **The Step**
London Holborn Princess Louise: **The Scoop**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **Any Trouble**
London Marquee Club: **Athletico Spizz 80**
London New Cross Royal Albert: **Rubber Johnny**
London N.W. 2 Hog's Grunt: **Simms Mellor Band**
London Peckham Walmer Castle: **Shadowfax**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Snatch 22**
London Putney White Lion: **Red Beans & Rice**
London Rotherhithe St. Mary's Church: **The You Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Bob Burns Quartet**
London Stockwell The Plough: **Southside**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Blend**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Dan I / A-Z / Private Parts**
Manchester (Chorlton) Lamplight Club: **The Swinging Lampshades**
Middlesbrough Rock Garden: **Limelight**
Newcastle Mayfair Ballroom: **Ted Nugent**
Pilsley Shoulder of Mutton: **Girlschool**
Plymouth Polytechnic: **The Mechanics / The Brainiac Five / The Bricks**
Portsmouth Airport Country Festival (for three days): **Johnny Cash / Glen Campbell / Hoyt Axton / Bille Jo Spears / Johnny Tillotson etc.**
Retford Porterhouse: **Classix Nouveaux**
Scarborough Penthouse: **Q-Tips**
Scarborough Taboo: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
Sheffield Top Rank: **Samson**
Southampton The Saints: **The Blazers**
Southend Elms: **The Cruisers**
Sunderland Mayfair Ballroom: **Ethel The Frog**
Wakefield Unity Hall: **Ultravox**

SATURDAY

Belfast Green Briar: **The Pop Group/The Au Pairs**
Birmingham Cedar Ballroom: **The Swinging Cats**
Birmingham Golden Eagle: **The Mods/ The Androids**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Handsome Beasts**
Birmingham Odeon: **Ted Nugent**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Mean Street Dealers**
Blackpool Norbreck Castle: **Dangerous Girls**
Bracknell Bridge House: **Motley Crew**
Brighton The Northern: **The Rhythm Squad**
Bromley Library Gardens: **Trimmer & Jenkins/Nightshift/Case/The Papers**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Kicks**
Coventry Matrix Hall: **Beshara/The Wild Boys/The MP's**
Cromer West Runton Pavilion: **Q-Tips/The Expressos**
Croydon The Cartoon: **Seven Year Itch**
Derby Ajunta Cinema: **Ultravox**
Dudley J.B.'s Club: **Any Trouble**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **H20**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Flowers/Boots For Dancing**
Gloucester Leisure Centre: **Barbara Dickson**
Halifax Good Mood: **Ricky Cool & The Rialtos**
Hartlepool Corporation Club: **Ethel The Frog**
Haslingden Tankards Inn: **Direct Hits**
High Wycombe Nags Head: **The Merton Parkas**
Inverness Merkinch Festival: **Those Intrinsic Intellectuals/Ego Pop/Factor X**
Ipswich Royal William: **Vardis**
Kettering Stanwick Club: **Strange Days**
Launceston White Horse Inn: **Felix**
Leeds Haddon Hall: **The City Limits**
Lincoln Cornhill Vaults: **The Name**
London Camden Brecknock: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Crazy Cavan & The Rhythm Rockers/Car Thieves**
London Camden Music Machine: **The Lambrettas**
London Chiswick John Bull: **The Chevrons**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Deaf Aids**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Scene**
London Deptford Star & Garter: **Pagan Altar**
London Earls Court Stadium: **Pink Floyd**
London Edmonton Pymmes Park Festival: **Spider**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Jackie Lynton's H-D Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Live Wire/The News**
London Hammersmith Lyric Theatre (lunchtime): **Bob Kerr's Jazz Friends**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Keys**
London Leytonstone The Heathcote: **Lux Electro**
London Marquee Club: **Angel Witch**
London N.4 The Stapleton: **Sons Of Cain**
London Putney Star & Garter: **John Spencer's Alternative**
London Putney White Lion: **Sam Mitchell Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Johnny M & The Midnite Men**
London Stoke Newington Pegasus: **Big Chief**
London Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: **Blend**
London Victoria The Venue: **Hoyt Axton**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Viva/Dansette Damage**
Maldon Silver Era Club: **Blue Cat Trio**
Manchester Mayflower: **Tony Tuff**
Manchester Tatton Community Centre: **Section 25/PR5**
New Mills Town Hall: **The International Set**
Reading Cap & Gown: **Midnight Sun**
Reading Target Club: **The Blazers**
Retford Porterhouse: **Quartz**
Shifnal Star Hotel: **The Dark**
Sleaford East Road Rugby Field: **5a.m./Paul Kennedy & The Perfect Imperfections/Indoor Rain/Overdrive**
Slough Fulcrum Centre: **Average White Band**
Southampton The Criffin: **The Skavengers**
St Albans City Hall: **Girlschool**
St. Austell New Cornish Riviera: **Mungo Jerry**
St. Austell Polgooth Inn: **Close Rivals**
Stroud Leisure Cente: **Dedringer**
Weymouth Cellar Vino: **The Martian Schoolgirls**
Wishaw Crown Hotel (lunchtime): **The Pests**

MAIN POINTS

No major tours starting this week, but a number of intriguing one-offs in London — including DEXY'S at the Kilburn National and THE KINKS at the Lyceum (both on Thursday), the first gig by the new-look UK SUBS at the Music Machine (Friday), and the AVERAGE WHITE BAND at the Lyceum (Sunday). Friday also marks the UK debut at Hammersmith Odeon of THE PLASMATICS featuring the extraordinary Wendy O. Williams (above) complete with chainsaw and black tape.

The Edinburgh Rock Festival starts on Thursday with the AWB at the Playhouse, and the following night ROY HARPER (below) kicks off a nine-day season of events at the Nite Club . . . while down in Portsmouth, a three-day C&W festival begins on Friday with JOHNNY CASH, BILLIE JO SPEARS, old Uncle GLEN CAMPBELL and all.

SUNDAY

Aylesbury Friars: **Bad Manners/The Bodysnatchers**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Out**
Birmingham (Yardley) The Swan: **Video**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Talisman**
Brighton Jenkinson's: **Ultravox**
Brighton Top Rank; **the Lambrettas/Dolly Mixture**
Bromley The Northover (lunchtime): **Bill Scott & Ian Ellis**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Ginty**
Croydon Crawdaddy: **Combo/The Locators**
Croydon The Cartoon (lunchtime): **Trimmer & Jenkins**
Dunstable Queensway Hall: **Samson**
Edinburgh Eric Brown's: **The Associates**
Edinburgh Harvey's: **H20**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Weapon Of Peace**
Exeter New Vic: **Metro Glider**
Glasgow Burns Howff: **Capital Models**
Leeds Fan Club: **The Merton Parkas**
Leeds Royal Park Hotel: **Windows**
Leeds Staging Post: **Dedringer**
London Battersea Nags Head: **Jugular Vein**
London Brixton George Canning: **Southside**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Lew Lewis Reformer**
London Charing Cross Duke of Buckingham: **The Invisibles (for four days)**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Huang Chung/The Jump**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **Bay Of Pigs/A Popular History Of Signs/Bonhomie**
London Finchley Torrington: **Nine Below Zero**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Chicken Shack**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Sad Among Strangers**
London Herne Hill Half Moon: **Doll By Doll**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Lemons**
London Marquee Club: **The Ram Jam Band/Dynamo**
London Putney White Lion: **Diz & The Doormen**
London Soho Pizza Express: **Stan Greig**
London Strand Lyceum Ballroom: **Average White Band**
London Victoria The Venue: **Peter Hammill**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Root Jackson & The G.B. Blues Company**
London Woolwich Tramshed: **The Step**
London W.1 Portman Hotel (lunchtime): **Harry Gold's Pieces Of Eight.**
Manchester Cyprus Tavern: **The Stills/Kita/Collective Orchestra**
Newquay Central Hotel: **The Winners**
Norwich The Cottage: **The Stingrays**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Medium Medium**
Nottingham Trent Bridge Inn: **Small Print**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Auto De Fe**
Reading Target Club: **Panther 45**
Redhill Lakers Hotel: **The Mets**
Rotherham Trades Club: **Strange Days**
Southampton Joiners Arms: **Sphere**
Stockport Colton's: **A Sudden Sway**
Taunton Odeon: **Barbara Dickson**
Wolverhampton Lafayette: **The Swinging Cats**

MONDAY

Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Gangsters**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **Gentleman Jim**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Brentwood Hermit Club: **Park Avenue**
Cambridge Raffles: **Feet First**
Castleford Roundhill: **Limelight**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Any Trouble**
Edinburgh Tiffany's: **Athletico Spizz 80**
Grangemouth International Hotel: **H20**
Ilford Cauliflower Hotel: **Original East Side Stompers**
Kingston Waves: **Motley Crew**
Leeds Marquis of Granby: **Agony Column**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Points/No Class/Juan Foote & The Grave**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Flatbackers**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Phones/ Billy London**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Brainiac 5/Ski Patrol**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Bob Kerr's Whopee Band**
London Fulham Greyhound: **Weapons/ Nuthin' Fancy**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Swinging Cats**
London Marquee Club: **Q-Tips**
London N4 The Stapleton: **The Syndicate**
London N.W.2 Hog's Grunt: **Martin Franklin Quartet**
London N.W.6 Starlight Rooms: **World Service**
London N.W.8 the Crown: **Trimmers & Jenkins**
London Old Kent Rd. Thomas A'Beckett: **The Blades**
London Putney Star & Garter: **Penny Royal**
London Richmond Snoopy's: **Empty Vessels**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **The Coconut Dogs**
London Victoria The Venue: **Motion Pictures/Paul Goodman**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Way Of The West/The Warriors.**
London W.1 Gillray's Bar: **Fred Rickshaw's Hot Goolies**
Nottingham Hearty Good Fellow: **Bad Publicity**
Nottingham Imperial Hotel: **Gwaihir**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Madness/The Mo-dettes**
Oxford Scamps: **Bauhaus**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Thirty Bob Suits**
Penzance Demelza's: **Metro Glider**
Reading Cherry's Bar: **Sloan**
Sheffield Genevieve's: **Odyssey**

TUESDAY

Barnsley Birdwell Club: **Limelight**
Birkenhead The Gallery: **Asylum**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Cromo**
Birmingham Fighting Cocks: **Brujo**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: The Ramparts
Birmingahm Railway Hotel: **The Ramparts**
Bradford College Vaults Bar: **Fitts**
Brighton Top Rank: **Red Alert**
Cambridge Raffles: **Clone**
Coventry Tiffany's: **Ultravox**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **Bill Nelson**
Exeter Routes: **Bauhaus**
Fleet Fox & Hounds: **Lallan**
Leeds Warehouse: **Spyder Blues Band**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Johnny G**
London Canning Town Bridge House: **The Invaders**
London Clapham Two Brewers: **The Time Flies**
London Clapham 101 Club: **Campbell-Allan/Small Print**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Swinging Cats**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Eric Blake**
London Fulham Greyhound: **No Dice/The Talk**
London Hornsey King's Head: **Main Avenue Jazzband**
London Islington Hope & Anchor: **The Little Roosters**
London Marquee Club: **Q-Tips**
London N4 The Stapleton: **Brett Marvin & The Thunderbolts**
London NW2 Hog's Grunt: **Cobarus.**
London Old Kent Road. Thomas A' Becett: **Nuthin' Fancy**
London Oxford St. 100 Club: **Nine Below Zero**
London Putney White Lion: **The South Band**
London Soho Pizza Express: **All-Star Jazzband with Pepper Adams/Jimmy Gourley**
London Stockwell Old Queen's Head: **Purple Hipsters/Crewsy Fixers**
London Victoria The Venue: **Sonny Terry & Brownie McGhee**
London West Hampstead Moonlight Club: **Speedball/Number Six**
London WC1 New Merlin's Cave: **The Coconut Dogs**
Nelson The Sands: **Vardis**
Norwich Cromwells: **The Spectres/The Running Dogs**
Nottingham Theatre Royal: **Madness/The Mo-dettes**
Oxford Scamps: **Judi & The Scamps**
Paisley Bungalow Bar: **Any Trouble**
Peterborough Gladstone Arms: **A Sudden Sway**
Poole Arts Centre: **Barbara Dickson**
Southend Talk of the South: **Odyssey**
Swansea White Swan: **Len Graham**

WEDNESDAY

Aberdeen Dee Motel: **The Associates**
Birmingham Barrel Organ: **Reality**
Birmingham Mercat Cross: **M.S. Nightwork**
Birmingham Railway Hotel: **Ezra Pound**
Birmingham (Yardley) Bulls Head: **Roses**
Bournemouth Town Hall: **Nine Below Zero**
Cambridge Raffles: **Dolly Mixture**
Cheltenham Plough Inn: **Roadsters**
Coventry General Wolfe: **Brian Brain**
Dorking Hospital Folk Club: **Hot Vultures**
Easington Village Hall: **Monoconics**
Edinburgh Nite Club: **John Martyn**
Ewell The Grapevine: **Avenue**
Exeter New Victoria: **The Dangerous Brothers**
Jersey Gloucester Hall: **Barbara Dickson**
Kendal Brewery Arts Centre: **Martin Simpson**
Leamington Crown Hotel: **Double Yellow Lines**
Liverpool Gatsby's: **Asylum/Angel Witch**
Liverpool The Masonic: **Asylum**
London Camden Dingwalls: **Creation Rebel**
London Clapham 101 Club: **The Sinatras/The Disco Zombies/Table 12**
London Covent Garden Rock Garden: **The Insiders**
London E.3 Earl of Aberdeen: **Eddie Thompson Trio**
London Fulham Golden Lion: **Kicks**
London Fulham Greyhound: **The Expressos/Small Print**
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1/7 Stevie Wonder
8, 9 Kiss
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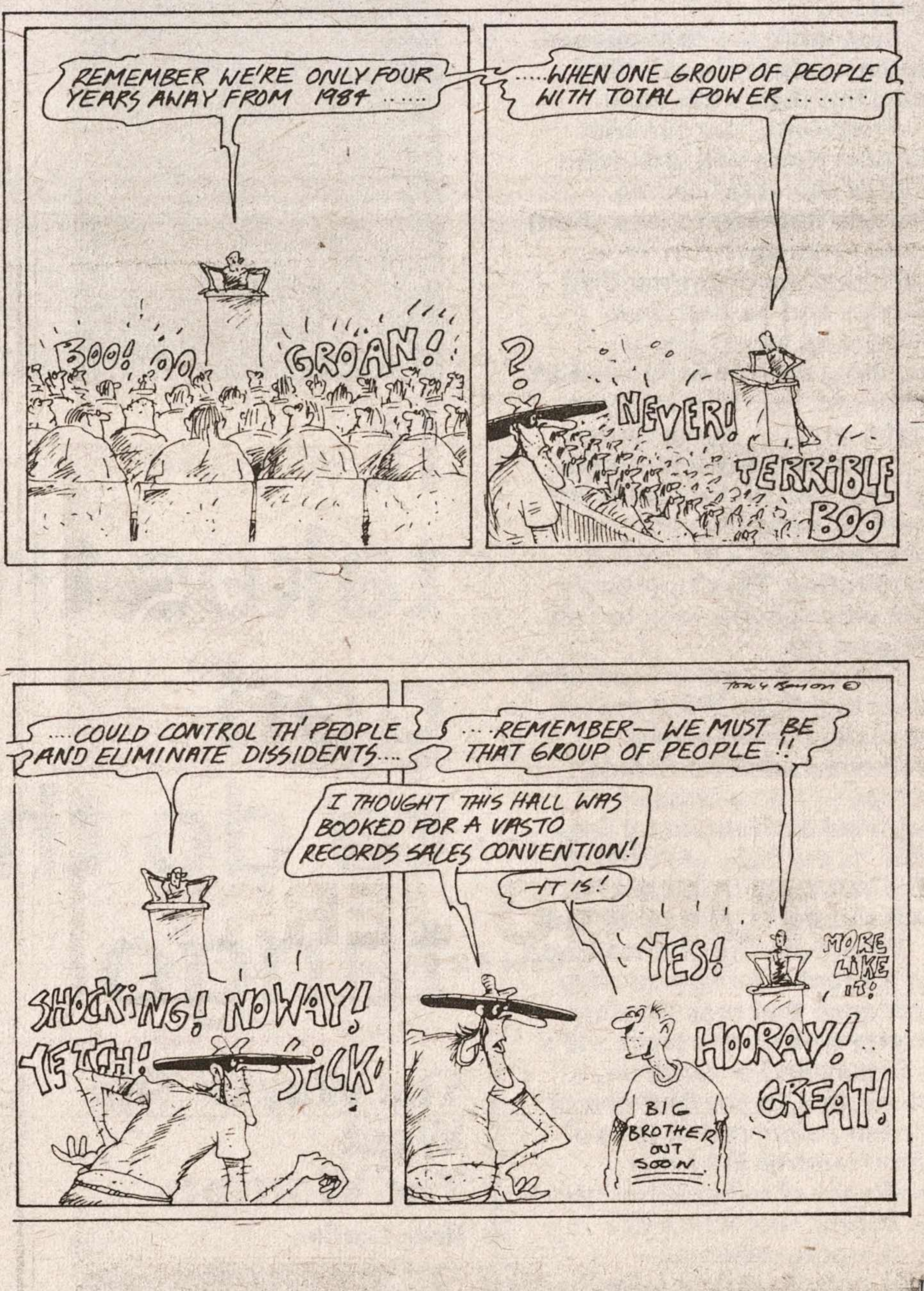


Benyon

LIVE!

It takes the gonzo god to do the wango tango

Ted Nugent

Hammersmith

"ARE yew readehhh! Ah said, are yew *READEHHH!!*"

He sprang across the stage like an uncaged lion, like a rock'n'roll carnivore. Lord and master of this his domain, he prowled it proudly and rocked with savage ferocity. Humble subjects howled surrender, their submission total. His majestic supremacy was unquestionable. He wore nothing except a little loin-cloth. I thought he looked a bit of a berk, myself.

But let it be said: Ted Nugent gave us his everything — heart and solo. The solo is very fast and it goes 'daddle-laddle-laddle-laddle' over and over again. It rears its head in every number, and the crowd love it just as much every time.

The Nuge, as we know him, always appears on stage to an earthquake of acclaim. The men of his band follow him out after a respectful pause — adopting their leader's example, they too look very fit and prove it by bouncing like a troupe of acrobats. I don't quite see the point of it, but everyone else seems tremendously impressed anyway. Purely as a spectacle, they're reminiscent of The Muppets — although, of course, not so lifelike.

Straight away they're blasting a path through 'Motor City Madhouse'; it certainly is powerful stuff! When it's finished, and between every song, our gonzo god will laugh a fierce laugh, his eyes ablaze and fire issuing from his nostrils, and he'll sweep back that lion's mane of hair, throw back that noble head and roar an almighty roar: "Are yew *readehh!* Ah *said,* are yew . . ."

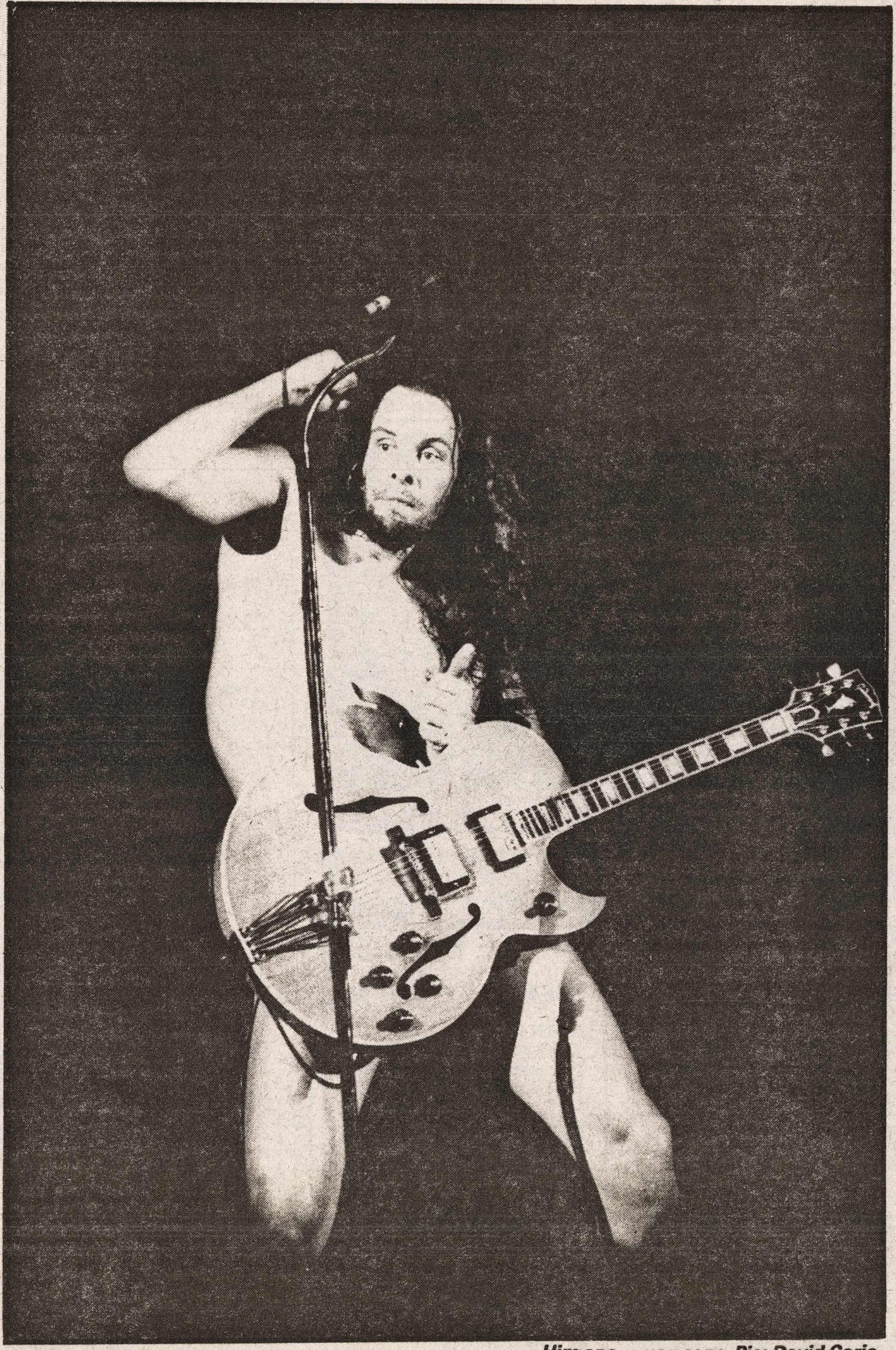
Just what we're supposed to be ready for I never find out; but then, I left early.

Frequently the guitarist Charlie Huhn will unburden Ted of the vocal chores, leaving him free to leap about with extra abandon. More subdued are drummer Cliff Davies and bassist Dave Kiswiney, who stick to pushing out the solid support required. As a band they're tight, precise, dynamic and . . . entirely like a hundred others. For all the energy on hand, it's hard to spot one single instance of original inspiration. That's probably not what people look to Ted Nugent for.

'Wango Tango' is becoming a set highlight. What are we to make of a thousand awkward adolescent lads, whipped into a state of frenzied excitement by lines like *"Is my baby alive?/Or is she WANGOED TO DEATH!"* Is it sinister? Or just a bit sad?

Whatever, the phenomenon of Nugent offers persuasive evidence that rock music is pretty well up the creek. He's a Disneyland entertainer, a showman, in the tradition of Arthur Askey rather than of Jimi Hendrix. When an audience of millions has come to accept characters like him— accomplished illusionist that he is — as representing the real thing, then maybe the cynics are right: rock'n'roll doesn't mean a thing any more.

Paul Du Noyer



Him ape — you sane. Pic: David Corio.

You are old father Ferry, the young man said

Roxy Music

Wembley Arena

WE START with a fact: if a band does a string of dates at the same venue, somebody'll always tell you that you were there on the wrong night. Don't matter who it is or what your reaction was — you went on the wrong night and that's a law, Bill.

When Roxy Music began their act on Saturday I nearly stood and hollered that tonight was the right night, the exception that proves the rule. Silhoutted behind slat-blinds at the rear of the stage they opened with the perfect peaker 'Bogus Man', the gorgeous seeping bleeps and thick clubbing drums almost doing enough to fill the distressing cattle tank mausoleum on Wembley Road. As it punched on I put my feet up on the seat in front and, tucking the old notebook away, thought how much I'll enjoy seeing this old film again.

As it eased and faded into those final drum beats and vocal sucks and clicks the bamboo curtain gradually rose and forward mooched McKay, Ferry and Manzanera leaving the other fellahs about 20 yards behind for the duration of the night. Once visible they naturally got another ovation, around me on the Upper South Tier a dozen or so puny Instamatic flashcubes blew off like so many Swan Vestas destined to show nowt but the three rows of heads in front once they came back from Boots.

Still, everything was cheery enough. 'Trash' rolled around the arena losing everything where 'Bogus Man' had gained from the echo. Ferry juggled his limbs about and I wasn't the only one to note his gangling resemblance to Jimmy Pursey at this distance — white rolled sleeve shirt and baggy pants — but, in truth there was nothing going on down there that justified a squint.

We were all washing down in dopey old memories, I dunno, maybe some sort of mass encouragement to this 'reliable' old school to keep hacking away so as to give the confused, but would be adventurous, consumer some stable handle to keep hold on in these sprawling cockamamie hard-on-the-ear/style days. Roxy Music meant class and value. I remember when it used to strike conversation if you carried one of their records out of a carrier bag! They were musicians in control and money well spent.

But as 'Both Ends Burning' stumbled in I began to strain to pick out something worthy — it was barely recognisable and unintentionally so. Phil Manzanera has some crazy notion about sharing equal billing in the band and his frequent grating crass squealing solos were alien to Ferry's casual dancing. Bryan did his best to feign that smarmy nonchalance, that groovy grace, but you can just tell he wouldn't put up with this stuff if there were another way out. Nobody with any sense listens to that jazz no more.

From that confident rush of an opening it spiralled down: by the sixth cut 'Dance Away', huge holes were appearing where the chorus should've been and then, worst of all, they slapped in a drum solo! That's right. Instead of affirming the shaky foothold they gave us that most tedious and foul of all musical waste. (I mean, I know Bry's got this liver upset and must need to nip off for relief but show a cartoon or something, anything but a drum solo).

From here we got lost in, er, the newer material.

Now I was totally lost and irretrievably bored. It became a jumble. 'Love Is The Drug' — again all echo and muddy-mild bass — had the main arena area rushing to the front but it seemed so random, no structure to the set at all, perhaps I should have twigged *that* when they started with a climax.

Ferry introduced old songs with the standard insurance tag of "Here's one from long ago that some of you might remember . . ." which of course everyone remembers and all bark back cheers of reassurance. By the time the thing's underway they're all too full of self-congratulation at being such loyal fans that any pretence of . . . ah, what's the point of all this again? Massed concerts at Wembley, drum solos?

Dear, dear old Roxy Music. Bryan's soft ride and his hard labour. Playing at a distance so as not to expose the tired eyes, wrinkled material and raged edges. There are still so many people wanting to fill Wembley under any flag rigged out in bizarre, if tame, outfits, willing Roxy Music to inspire. We all know Roxy Music don't exist anymore, but the bankrupt members still trade under the name. A slogan to aspire to, dress up and dream to The Bogus Band.

And if anyone should dare to set fire to the illusion . . . tell 'em they shoulda been there on. . .

Danny Baker

The Way Of The West
The Warriors

Rock Garden

AT A time when most bands are primarily assessed in terms of associations with various movements or cults, it ought to be refreshing to stumble across two basically non-aligned outfits whose immediate concerns are sharp, entertaining pop, well played.

That on this particular night it wasn't is more down to my obsessions than either of what these two bands did, though a minor case could be made against The Warriors' studied naivety. All short-sleeved summer shirts and Buddy Holly glasses (well, the leader anyway), their music is a breezy combination of light hustling rhythms, perky tremelo guitar and some revealing sax work, that throws light onto their slight but amusing afternoon TV tales.

Some are a bit hackneyed, especially one called (at a guess) 'Nine Weeks', what with its women-with-hearts-of-gold line — but maybe they're being ironic. Personally I won't be rushing to see them again, but that shouldn't stop modern lover or Jonathan Richman fans checking them out.

A daft head-band aside, The Way Of The West make few concessions to visual impact and win points for it. Only five gigs into their short career, they've already developed a high standard of ensemble playing, embellished by only the briefest and most hesitant of solos. The two guitarists' criss-cross rhythms draw the listener into an ominously confused swirl, out of which comes a clear Sting-like voice (mercifully shorn of melodrama), that is naturally vulnerable and emotive, without deliberately tugging at any strings.

Underneath it all, the bass

Manzanera and Ferry try to push into Gary Tibbs pic. Photo Peter Anderson.

The Royal Family

Manchester

'OOZITS' Disco is secretly concealed in a back alley somewhere behind Manchester's giant, Legoland Arndale bus station. On Wednesday nights it becomes the home of the Beach Club, brain-child of a handfull of well-meaning Mancunian entrepreneurs, including Buzzcocks' manager Richard Boone. A typical evening features a couple of local or almost-semi-famous bands, a film show and the in-house funky disco. A truly great northern night out!

The climax of tonight's entertainment are Factory new boys, The Royal Family. Before them a film or a dance? Unfortunately, the funky disco succeeds in clearing almost everyone out of the bar and so a claustrophobic downstairs room where the gruesome film, *War Games* is being shown is packed. After the film, people are still talking about Ian Curtis' death and the more recent suicide of the drummer of local band Slight Seconds. And *this* is the current mood of Manchester's morbid youth.

Suddenly, I am confronted by an oddly smiling stranger, a member of The Royal Family no less, who tells me of an absurd situation that has developed. Their lead singer Andy MacDonald's affinity for putting his feet on tables had brought about a conflict situation between the owners of Oozits and himself. Such was the intensity of the management's aggravation that they ejected him from the club and rufused to let him back, despite the protests of Richard Boone. After all attempts to pacify the owners had failed, Andy, like any true artist would, went off to write a poem in the back of the group's van.

All was not lost however as Boone, veteran of the showbiz world and firm upholder of 'the show must go on' cliche, dubiously agreed to stand in as Royal Family vocalist for the evening; a noble though somewhat capricious gesture.

Of course, it might have been helpful if he'd been even the tiniest bit familiar with the band's songs. Although he made earnest but haphazard attempts to recite some meanigful poems/literature over the continual, formless drone that is The Royal Family's sound, his fervour was all in vain. As far as vocals go, Ricard Boone is no Frank Sinatra . . . or even a Peter Shelley come to that.

Without having seen their proper singer, it is hard to realistically assess The Royal Family's true potential. But ignoring Boone's assumingly misrepresentative vocals, it was hard to distinguish any particular sparkle of genius or hint of originality in the backing instrumentation. Only an amorphous distorted sound meandered along directionless paths.

The Royal Family have sucked a colourless form of improvisation into a vacuum of barren ideas. Even when they temporarily create a consolidated musical pattern they quickly subvert and destroy it in a seemingly purposeful attempt to maintain audience disorientation. But to be excessively dismissive would be unfair in tonight's ludicrous circumstances.

Watching The Royal Family I'm reminded of A Certain Ratio who, in their early days, were only remarkable for their mediocrity, but have since matured into a fine and innovative musical force. Perhaps the Tony Wilson Factory can create another strong, artistically credible band from this unlikely bunch of confident scousers.

This is the future of rock and roll (?)

Mick Duffy

The Books

Fulham Golden Lion

FROM Arizona to Wimbledon; that was the great trek made by the five members of the Books.

The effect of this transatlantic/transcultural journey has had uncertain benefits. They live in England, so they are surrounded by all our li'l national monuments like John Peel and Rough Trade. But their heart is in Arizona and they pine for FM radio with its function by a vague euphoria.

It is from these roots that The Books come on their style of music. They worked out a rough formula around which they could sculpture their masterpiece: MOR Post-Modernism. They have managed to mix David Byrne's vocals, Any Troubles' lyrics, The Cure's guitar and The Attractions' keyboards.

Sounds interesting? No, it sounds awful.

Then came part two of their 'triumph': image. What should they look like? Again they needed something for everyone. The bassist settled for a space-suit to keep the 'kiddies' happy. He smiled patronisingly at the audience and swung the neck of his instrument in time to the music. Then there was a woman on keyboards who gently tossed her greased hair in the delicate light of a kilowatt spot.

It was beginning to look like the cast of *Alien* so, by rights, they should have had their token 'black'. But either no rastas were forthcoming or they wanted to try a more subtle ploy. They found a token alien! Yes he/it had been there all that time in sunny Arizona. They had found the only man in the world who could smile vertically, revealing a set of teeth that advanced out of his mouth. Rumour had it that he was born as a small, skinned ferret.

He gnawed his way through a set that included a vocal chant/instrumental for all you 'Regatta de Blanc' fans and went into 'Wishbone', an attack on everyone's favourite HM band. It is a shame that they couldn't have parodied their style as they obviously were so adept at parodying what they'd have called New Wave.

At least with a name like The Books they'll never sell, but I still think Sham '80 would have been more suitable.

Brer Ruthven

A rare offstage shot of The Royal Family. Pic Norman Parkinson.

playing is more felt than heard, sparingly commenting on the action rather than ramming home points by single-mindedly concentrating on the main riff.

When they've the confidence to rationalise even further their sparse but complete instrumentation — so that the singer doesn't clutter the lead guitarist's cleanly plucked lower-register work with unnecessarily shrill nervous chording, I'll feel lot more positive about them. However they've done enough already to encourage a second look.

Chris Bohn

Queen Ida

Dingwalls

EXACTLY one year after Rockin' Dopsie imported Zydeco to these shores for the first time, enter the alluring Queen Ida and her aptly named Bon Temps Band. A refeshingly enigmatic creature to see on a British stage, Ida also ranks as something of a cult-figure in her own country — unique in her status as America's only female Zydeco bandleader and, furthermore, someone who began a commercial career in her mid-40s.

Until recently, Zydeco remained a largely overlooked corner of the musical spectrum, and while still relatively untainted by commercial zeal, it's far from being a static backwater sideshow. It's a flourishing art which absorbs an eclectic range of influences with no discernible compromise to its essential spirit.

Along with the easy-rolling blues of their native Louisiana, The Bon Temps Band tastefully steamed through a marathon set of polkas, waltzes, and a host of knees-up noise gleaned from Latin and European sources, all electrified by the heavily syncopated beat, the inimicable swirl of the squeezebox and the corruscating zip of chrome knuckles over a zinc washboard added to which there's some fine rock'n'roll guitar breaks courtesy Al Lewis on Gibson jazzer.

The Fa do do rattled into the wee hours, fuelled on a surge of bucolic happiness. Outside, a pair of pink alligators jived on the banks of the Grand Union Canal. It doesn't happen very often.

Rick Joseph

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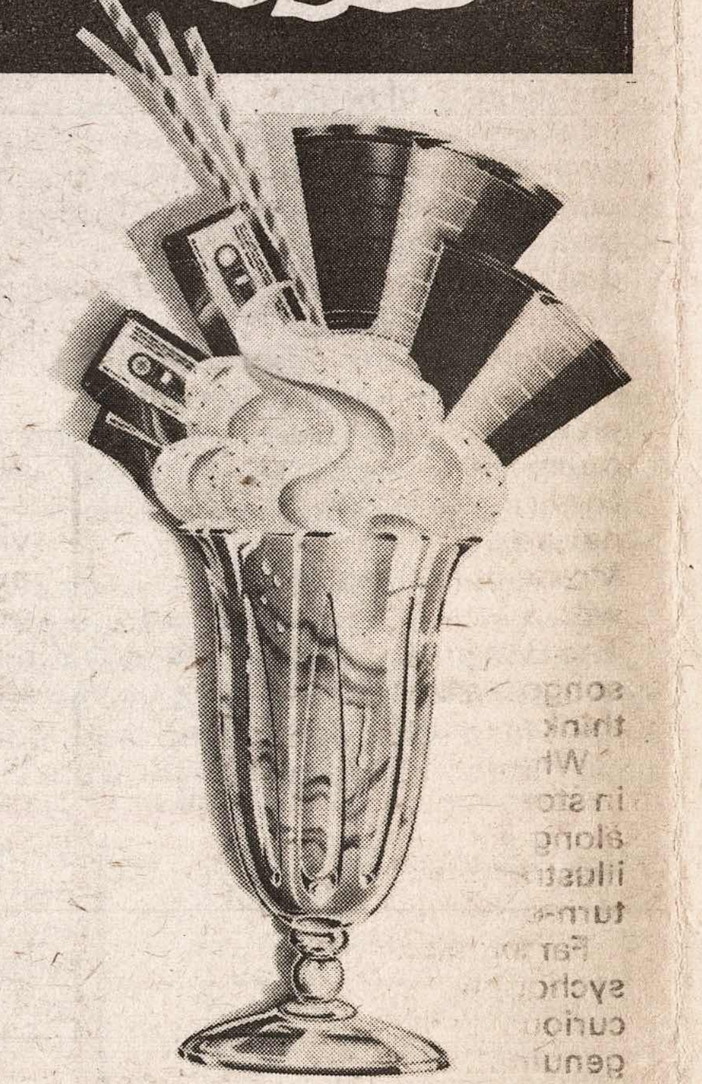

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Play Misty for me

Misty. Pic Jean Bernard Sohiez.

Misty Jah Shaka Coxsone

Acton Town Hall

I WAS all psyched up for the advertised afternoon of cultural activities at the Acton Town Hall, and was duly kicking myself for turning up at 6.30 instead of 3.00. But of course, I needn't have bothered — activities of a cultural nature didn't begin for another couple of hours. The event was a benefit for the Dreads who run the hat and other cultural artefacts shop in Brixton.

The evening posed the crucial question: what chance does live music stand when placed next to a heavy sound system? Shaka and Coxsone battling it out before the Dread assembly isn't an uncommon occurence, but it's always worth losing half a night's sleep for.

That night, Coxsone sound played some hard tunes, but every time Shaka muttered some spiritual reference into his mike and delicately placed the stylus on the groove that's guaranteed to make you move, the walls and the floor and even the ceiling seemed to shake to a different rhythm.

Shaka fights the Battle of Jericho . . .

About 11 pm it was Misty time. It was an evening for many people from Southall to think fondly of the late lamented Rut, Malcolm Owen, a long-time friend of Misty's. They'd all started out on the People Unite label, and there was some talk of a memorial benefit concert.

Misty don't really need any extra emotional trigger, they have enough feeling to fuel them through their set. But when they first appeared, it seemed as if the sound had shrunk to midget-size after the system had pounded your metabolism for hours. If the sound could have been channelled through the mighty stacks, it would have been an improvement; but as it was, many people had walked out without allowing time for their ears to adjust to the more dulcet wattage.

Misty played an hour set, with some very old music they don't often play, like 'Wise And Foolish,' and some very new tunes by singer Bertie McKay, 'Jah Live' and 'Bail Out'. A couple of new additions to the personnel, too — Enchanters person Joe Brown playing organ, and Bidoo hitting some very elevated horn lines.

For the first half hour or so, the musical runnings seemed weak, not because Misty played badly. I too would hate to follow Shaka on stage; simple as that. But after the initial tune-in period, Misty's rolling, churning assurance, the genuinely tribal spirit of their three-man one-woman vocal front line chant, took over and mesmerised as usual. Their rhythms don't change, but they are a slow-burning fire which grows hotter through the hour, and involvement grows while you listen to the flame crackle. Established Misty favourites like 'See Them A Come' and 'Judgement Coming On The Land' were re-delivered with passion and dignity.

Vivien Goldman

Young Marble Giants

101 Club

A Young Marbled Giant. Pic Anna Murray.

LET'S hear it for quiet music!

Much to their surprise Young Marble Giants are currently enjoying the 15-minutes of fame accorded to many bands who are young, gifted but most importantly, *different.*

With typical reticence the Moxham brothers have stated in the flurry of recent interviews that the band's success may be short-lived, parrying speculative thrusts at their mercurial rise by saying that the group might not exist in three months and that they suspect the intense press interest to be because they are on Rough Trade, a label very much in vogue. As if to confirm the insubstantial nature of the group, Stewart Moxham is already at work with a band of his own called The Gist in order to play the songs his brother doesn't think are suitable for YMG.

Whatever the future holds in store, the present is coming along very nicely, as illustrated by the considerable turn-out at the 101 Club.

Far from being either sychophantic or fashionably curious, the crowd seem genuinely interested in the music, noticeably reacting on different levels to each number. The much-touted shyness which has dogged most of their live performances to date seems gradually to be dissipating, and while not the most visually dynamic band I have ever seen, the playing possessed a quiet confidence that created its own subtle tension on stage.

Alison Stratton is even tinier than I'd expected, swaying gently to the mechanical beat she sang with distant passion and is evidently capable of maintaining her role as focal point with cool poise.

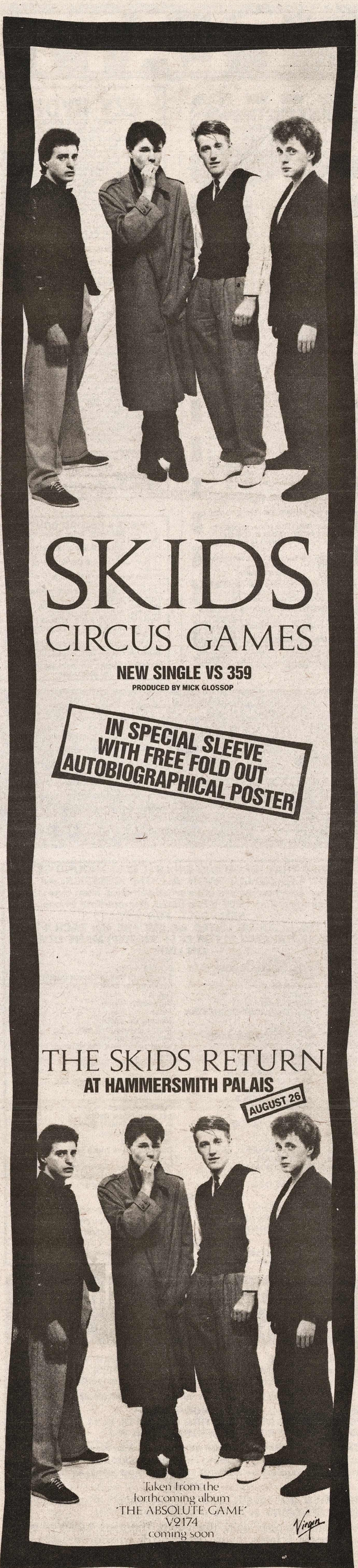
Philip Moxham on bass seemed least able or willing to project himself on stage, frequently turning his back on the audience while he got on with the business of creating deceptively simple rhythms over the tick-tack of the drum machine. Stewart alternated between guitar and organ, cigarette planted between his lips as he contrasted the light poppy sound of the keyboard with the spare, hard clarity of his guitar.

Beginning quietly, the set was paced simply to increase in volume and inflection as it progressed — which seemed the logical thing to do when working with material defined by its own limits. 'Wurlitzer Jukebox' was given a fuller treatment than the album track and saw them relaxing after some initial nervousness; and 'Colossal Youth' became almost singable as its zappy organ made it the prime candidate for pop music. The simple organ coda of 'Ode To Booker T' washed underneath a haunting bass lead to great effect while the toned-up 'Include Me Out' became quite physically motivating.

Certainly a transitional band, it remains to be seen whether they will grow and develop within a new movement or simply introduce it and disappear into the wings. Their current output is slight but not as fragile as at first appears, with a surprising elasticity that will hopefully grant them plenty of room to manoeuvre in the future.

And contrary to what I'd been told, you *can* dance to them.

Neil Norman



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INFORMATION CITY By Fred Dellar

RECENTLY I came across an album called 'Handsome', by Kilburn and The High Roads, on Pye — and very cheap so I bought it immediately! Now I was vaguely aware that the Kilburns had recorded some material, but apart from the 'Best Of' material on Bonaparte, I had never heard anything about it. The album is dated 1975, though it was apparently re-released later with a 'featuring Ian Dury' sticker on the front after The Blockheads had made it. The sleeve info also states that Hugh Murphy (of New Acme Production Co) was the producer — but can you provide any useful (or otherwise) info on the disc?
RUTH WALKER, Sheffield

● 'Handsome' is one of two Kilburn albums that surfaced, the other being 'Wotabunch', cut for Raft in early '74 but not released by WEA (on Warners K56513) until October 1978. I once did an interview with Hugh Murphy for *Sound International* magazine, during which he told me: "The Kilburns were signed by a man at Pye who left after we'd been working on the album for a week. I'd been told 'I know it's a difficult band, so spend what you need to spend and take as much time as you want to.' Then the geezer we did the deal with left the company. It was then that I got a phone call saying: 'What's going on down there? Finish that album NOW! So I'd started one way, then all of a sudden I had to scurry around, get overdubs done by any people that could do them, slap on things and mix it quick. And because the carpet had been pulled out I was only allowed one mix on the album. I think you need to get the feel of a track and mix it twice at least. But this one took just one mix and then was shoved out — Pye threw it out like a secret. Nobody could understand what they were doing with this funny band. They were all funny people — little short bass player, a geezer whose legs didn't work very well, and little Ian Dury, corr . . . 'Oh dear!' they thought, 'What's all this? We've spent three thousand on the album, so go spend another two — but *finish* it for those two thousand pounds!'

"The album eventually came out to terrible reviews, nobody liked it. And merely because there wasn't enough thought put into it. Maybe, in retrospect, I should have done it live, I wanted to get it as tight as possible and get that idiosyncratic Dury frame of mind over. They eventually sold off five of the tracks to Bonaparte for an EP. I offered to remix it, bring Dury up, take out some of the padding etc. But no one was interested."

Kilburn and The High Roads

FOR many years I've been baffled as to how your staffing system works. For instance, Parsons, Burchill and Kent were all staff at one time and have since been reduced to the ranks. Also the list of contributors seems to change quite often — one of my favourite writers, Graham Lock, doesn't even appear in the latter category any more. *(Yes, he does — Ed).* If you could shed a little light on the subject, I'd be delighted.
DEREK SEVERN, King's Heath, Birmingham.

● There's nothing very sensational to report on the everyday story of journalistic life captured in our staff and contributors' listing. It's just that some writers, having gained staff positions, either find that the task of bringing in copy-to-order can prove a little wearing after a while or they merely get bored with what they are doing and move on to do other things. Others simply feel that they can earn more loot by working on a freelance basis — which many can. The contributors list fluctuates for similar reasons. Some move on to staff jobs with other papers because they need financial security, many take up other jobs within the industry — press officers, promotion men etc. — and there are a number who just choose to drop out because either not enough of their copy is being printed in the paper (any writer, staff or otherwise, accepts it as a fact of life that only a proportion of anything he or she writes will actually appear in print — something that applies on any paper) or merely because they've run out of things to say. All thoughts of heavy editors sacking writers willy-nilly can therefore be dismissed. Things just don't happen that way. ***(You're fired — Ed.)***

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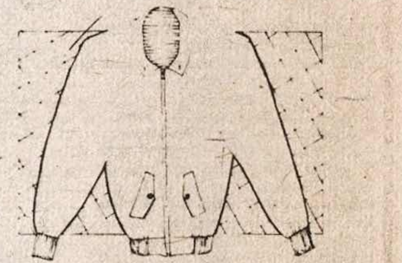

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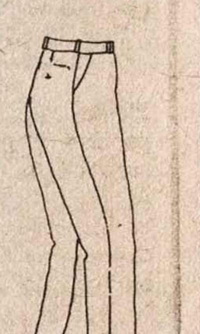

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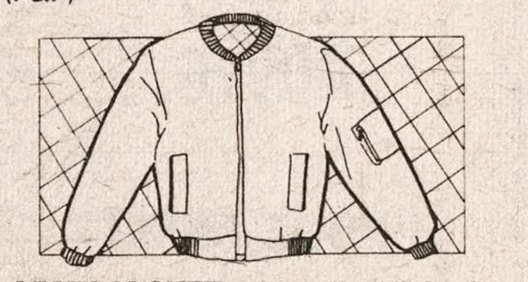

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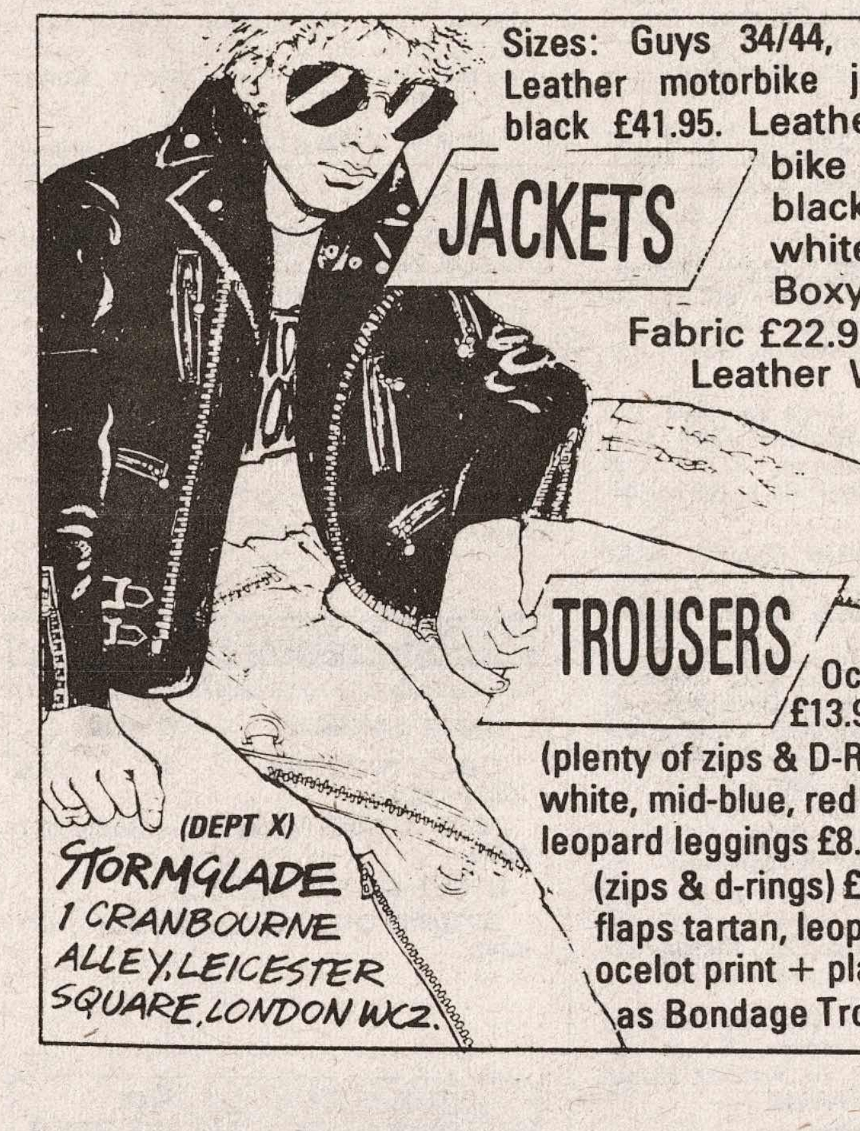

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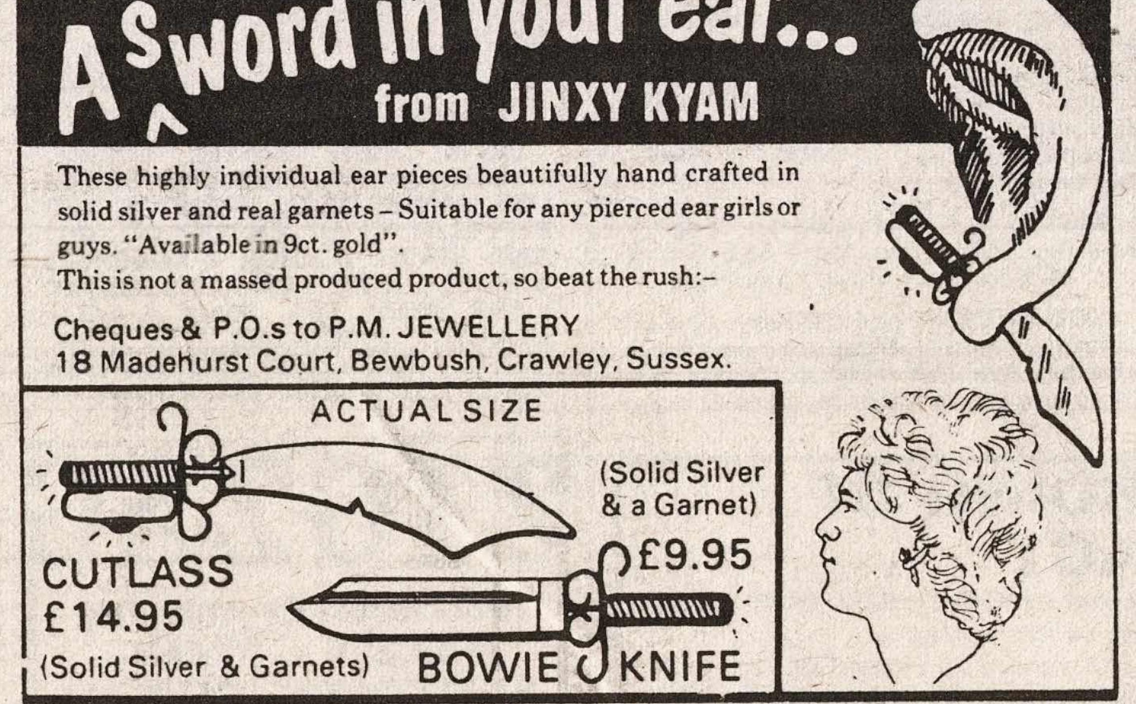

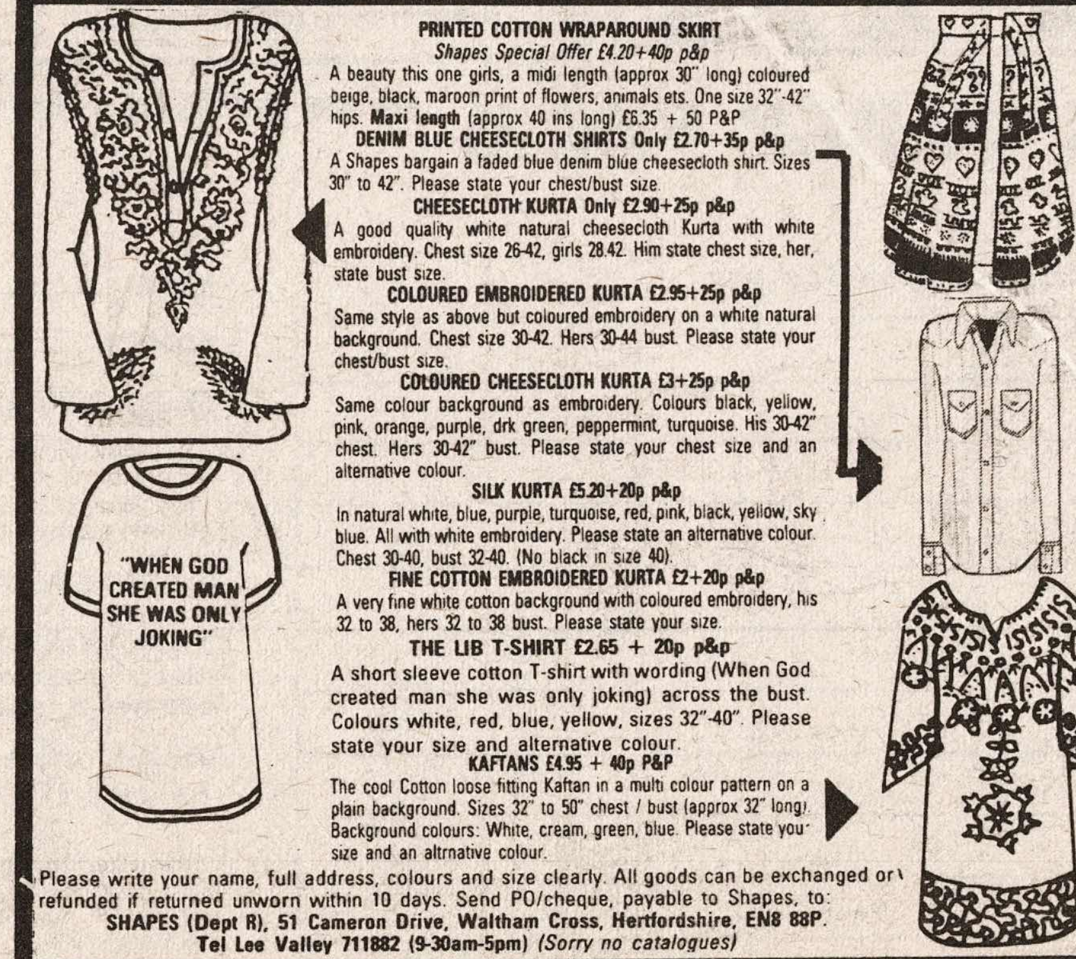

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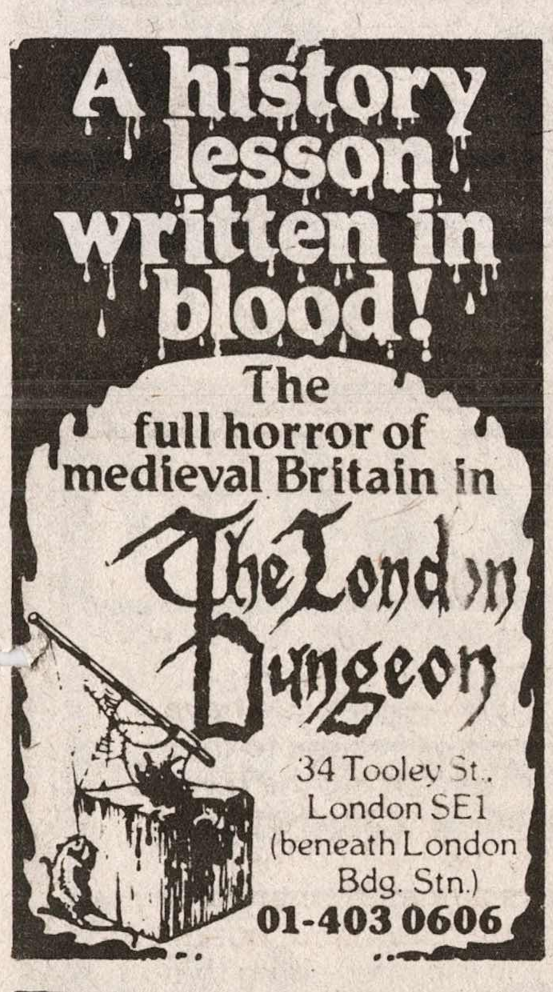

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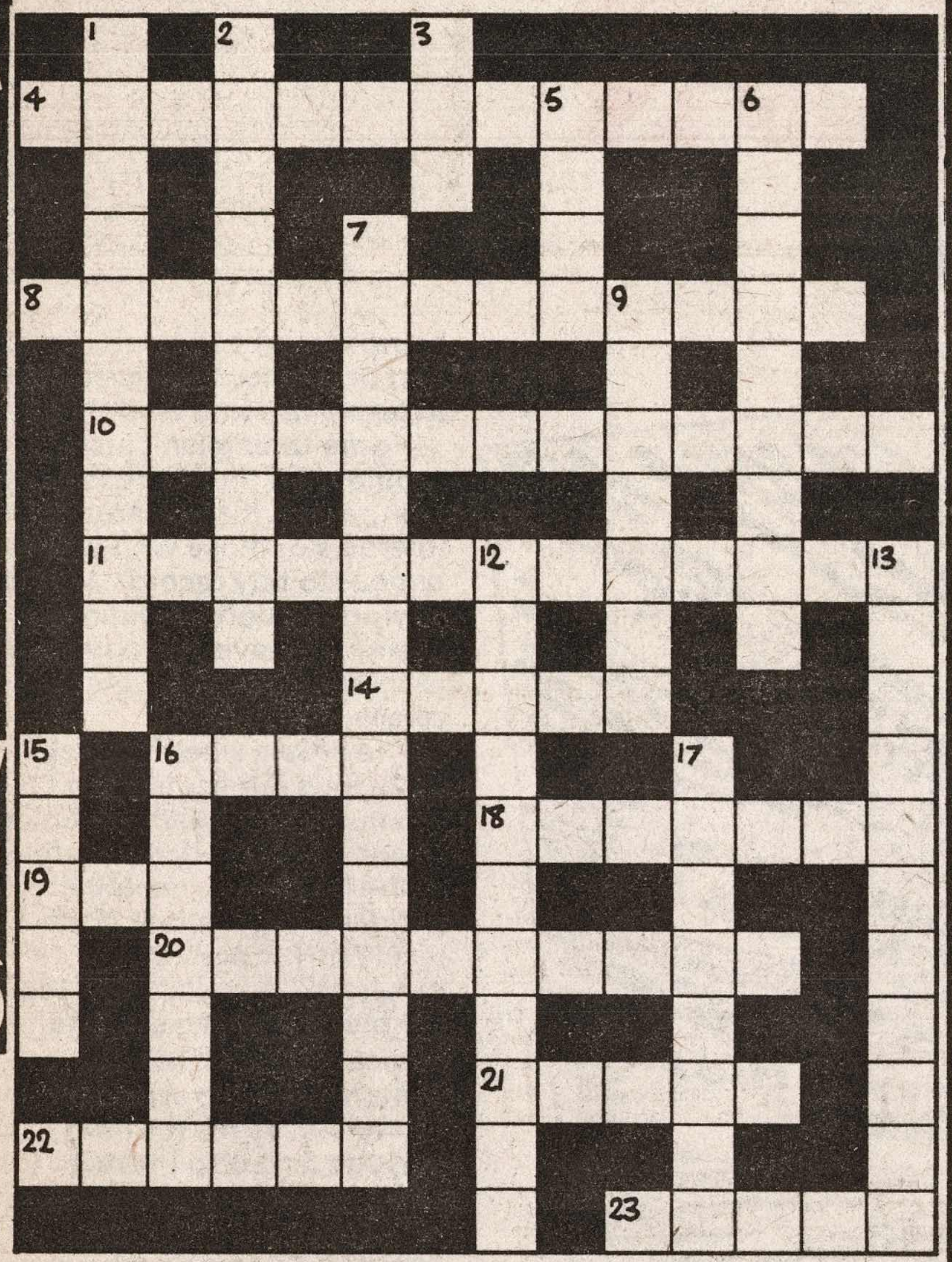

ACROSS

4 Boomtown Prat . . . uh . . . Rat (6,7)
8 Guitarist dubbed the Vasco de Gama of rock for his interminable touring schedules (4,9)
10 Ranking Roger losing self-control? (1,4,4,4)
11 Mink DeVille hit of recent memory (7,6)
14 Half of one of '70s biggest-selling record partnerships
16 Edinburgh or Earl?
18 Aaron/------/Staples
19 '60s group, featuring Gurvitz twins, that hit with 'Race With The Devil'
20 Ed's XI saved! (5,5)
21 Bessie Banks number which became Moody Blues first big hit (2,3)
22 Soporific US singer/guitarist (1,1,4 zzzzzzz.....)
23 Jackie of Doll by Doll

DOWN

1 Not in brooms! (anag. 2 words)
2 '75 hit for 'S-S-S-Single Bed' group Fox (4,3,3)
3 You join Foreign Office and find a heavy metal act!
5 & 15 I hang Anne (anag.)
6 He has letters *before* his name
7 A.k.a. Ray Burns, punk lunkhead (7,8)
9 T. Rex oldie (3,2,2)
12 A Manuel, huge and confused, from Sheffield (5,6)
13 Heavy rock dinosaur formed out remains of the Yardbirds (3,8)
15 See 5
16 Martha & Muffins/Revillos label (3-4)
17 Transcendental Beach 'Boy' (4,4)

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

ACROSS: 1 Jah Wobble; 5 (Brian) Jones; 7 'Aladdin (Sane)'; 8 I'm The Man; 10 & 11 Anne Nightingale; 13 Muddy Waters; 17 (Rod) Stewart; 18 Tony Banks; 20 Pete Briquette; 21 Sky; 22 (Suzi) Quatro; 24 New (York Dolls); 25 Asylum; 27 (New) York (Dolls); 29 'Angie'; 30 John Martyn; 31 Gigs; 32 'Rumours'; 33 (New York) Dolls.

DOWN: 1 Joan Armatrading; 2 'Wednesday Week'; 3 Brian (Jones); 4 EMI; 5 Johnny; 6 Singer; 9 Motors; 12 'I Wanna Be Your Man'; 14 Status Quo; 15 'Sweet Talking Guy'; 16 (Alan) Price; 19 Spizz; 21 Swan Song; 23 'Replicas'; 26 Young; 28 (Roger) Waters.

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IMPORTANT NOTICE:
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MALCOLM

From page 28

remember the *Daily Mirror* editor ringing me up and saying, 'We sold more papers today than even at election time'.

The trouble with punk rock was that the old couldn't get in, which in some ways was a bad thing.

But you engineered that.

It was the only quick, clear and concise way to do it, because the old *were* so lethargic. The pop world had become the aristocracy in armchairs. You couldn't do anything unless you cut that umbilical chord very quickly and it hurt a lot of people of my generation, who were a very narcissistic generation and still believed themselves to be pretty and young.

That hurt, to realise they weren't. I think it hurt Jagger, it went very deep. And Stewart. And Townshend. I think that was a sadness on their behalf, and had they been able to go along with it things would have been better. I think Jagger was very thick to turn round and say, 'They didn't last long did they?' That was his motivation and he ended up wearing a 'Destroy' T-shirt on stage.

But what you created was an 18 year-old pop group that ultimately couldn't carry anything through could they? After the Pistols no-one carried anything through. A lot of people took The Clash far more seriously than they should have done. When Jagger said they didn't have the force he was dead right. It's like the difference between The Modettes singing 'Paint It Black' and Chris Farlowe singing it — they just don't have the force.

It's so self-conscious. I don't see how rock can lose that self-consciousness, it's gone so far.

13-14 year olds. I tell you they are going to take over this entire music scene, I'll give it 12 months. They're going to kick out that 18 year old ex-comprehensive, university graduate art school generation. They're just gonna go, and they're gonna go faster than Jagger went when punk rock happened.

They're instant: 'Where's it at? I'm going!' They got the energy and they got the ability not to be precious about themselves.

And I found this girl in the laundrette and she was singing Stevie Wonder songs, liked Joan Armatrading, listened to the radio a bit, had never been to a gig in her life, had seen groups on *Top Of The Pops*, didn't understand why they kept looking at the camera, was really put off by them. Couldn't understand why the whole thing was out of tune.

What did she make of the Pistols when she was ten?

Didn't understand the Pistols, thought they were awful. Understands the excitement now she's looked at it with a bit of perspective but that's all.

The magic of the girl. Get in there, go with a 4/4 beat, articulate all those words. And two weeks later I said 'Right we're gonna do it in Spanish now'. She loved the way the Spanish language was so soulful, the way it cut.

The band said it sounded better in Spanish than English. I said 'Yeah, we're gonna release it to all those Puerto Ricans in North America who've probably all got cassettes . . . make this band a Latin American band. Put the whole album in Spanish and sell it in Spain'.

The first generation of rock and rollers are a pretty sorry bunch now, those that are still alive; most of the good ones are dead.

I think it's great Cliff making a record called 'Rock And Roll Juvenile' when he's 40. No matter how celibate he is and all those trips with Divine Light, I still think he's amazing. He's as much there as Jagger. He's probably given more pleasure and excitement than Jagger in this country. He should do a porn film with Kate Bush.

Hardly likely, he's an ardent supporter of Mary Whitehouse.

He used to do all those films — *Expresso Bongo* — it's time he did something saucy *(laughs)*. I loved him at the start, him and Billy Fury, who had a subtle sexuality.

Lots of people are still waiting for the next Elvis, or the next Beatles, or the next Pistols . . . maybe the era of 'Big Things' is over though.

There must always be someone who can dance, tease, sexually provoke you into being excited. Always.

There's no-one like that now.

EXACTLY! That's why no-one's selling records anymore. Cos noone's any damn good. They're trying to project Gary Numan — he's just a record shop salesman with a bit of camp make-up trying to live in the aftermath of Bowie. Bowie was never that sexy anyway.

Bob Geldof? 'Give us a pick mick'. It's all that. Irish third-rater coming in the southern league somewhere. He's not first division is he?

John Rotten was a poet not a performer. Could dance, could not project sexuality, not sufficient to make anyone excited about it. He had the politics and the lyrics and the ability to project in terms of the whole escapade of The Sex Pistols, but the sexuality was not there so he didn't tie up internationally.

He did come up with all those lyrics then?

Well, the inspiration was coming from myself, Vivienne, Jamie, it was the circle he was involved with. You know what it is when you've got a buzz going and you have a drink and a critique, it's inspiration. He was inspired to write those lyrics. I suppose Glen was good then for the same reason. Left to his own devices, just like Rotten, you're just gonna dry up. Same with Jones and Cook, you always need someone to drop a bomb here and there.

It was marvellous and poetic the way he put it all together, that was his greatest talent. His downer on Jones and Cook was stupid really because if it had any sexuality at all it came from them. Jones was a very sexual player, that guitar used to *sing* behind Rotten, whenever Rotten went flat it didn't matter. The chemistry was great.

I do think Sid would have made it. He could have sung with an orchestra, he didn't need anyone. I dunno, one in a million that guy, could have been the new Cliff Richard. Definitely. If you'd seen him on TV, just shaking and singing. You couldn't cope with the lady though.

If Sid was here now, he would have been England's Elvis Presley. He had the ability to look at a photo, listen to a performance, and imitate to a T looking at himself in a mirror. He loved the idea of Sid Vicious and wanted to live it out. He couldn't fight to save his life, one blow and he'd fall over.

When he sang 'My Way' it was *great*. I'd pay £5 to sit and watch that guy with an orchestra! I could see him in Las Vegas, he'd bring the house down, he'd knock Tom Jones right out! I knew it when I was in America — noone was interested in Rotten, everything was on Sid, the front of the stage round him was packed.

Yes, but that was just voyeurism, it was awful, people just wanted to see blood. He was like a circus animal.

There was all that. It was like 'What's he gonna do now?' When I went to Virgin I said 'You got Rotten but you missed the dark horse.' I delivered the tape of 'My Way' and Simon Draper (Virgin's Managing Director) said 'Rubbish'. I said if you don't put it out the market will be flooded with imports from Barclay in France. And they put it out, with Ronald Biggs' 'No One Is Innocent' on the other side.

What was the fascination with Biggs? I never did understand.

He was *wonderful*, a teaboy living in Rio. He was a Brazilian folk hero. He was the 55 year old man in the street, you tied in the old guy coming home from Fleet Street . . . here was Thatcher or whoever seeing Ronald Biggs coming up the charts with The Sex Pistols!! How *could* you have a 55 year-old-guy as a pop star? You could have anyone. It was that perversity that was wonderful, it gave pop music lifeblood.

If you couldn't have Elvis, fuck it, you might as well have Ronnie Biggs. It was my crowning piece.

Back to The Age Of Piracy; what else does it mean besides taping records?

Hoisting the jolly roger on top of Tesco's *(laughs)*. People don't realise — one step further and they can use the technology. Pirate TV. You go to Italy and they got 50 pirate TV stations. You can tape a concert and an hour later be broadcasting it and why shouldn't you? I bet every kid would be more excited about that pirate TV station than what's on now.

They talk about video cassettes; the Mafia are making more money out of those than the film companies all put together. 50 per cent of the market in America is pornography.

Any more predictions for the '80s?

It's going to be a very dangerous era, no doubt about it. It could end up very catastrophically, in a world war. Even in a limited nuclear war England would suffer the most. That's why I say Britain would be better off being pro-Russian, no matter how much you dislike the system.

You talk about greyness. Russia's grey.

It looks grey but the people aren't grey, given the chance they aren't grey.

Will they ever be given that chance? You'd be straight for Siberia, Malcolm.

I think when Brezhnev goes they're hoping to open up, they don't know how to sell themselves, they're not that interested in selling themselves . . . they've had an enormous amount of flak. I think Portugal, Spain, Italy, France will all become more pro-Russian. It would make European politics more important, change the balance. As it is, we're just an island with missiles in their eyes.

Ultimately they're nowhere near as fucked up as America, America is trigger-happy madness. *Doctor Strangelove*, no matter how old it is, still tells you what America's like — the guy who went down with the bomb. *Yhhhheeeeaaaaay!* Like that. I'm not a Communist but I prefer Russia to that.

BERNARD

From page 29

hanging yourself or going through extremes?

"And I'm fucking serious about this! I'm going to pursue it. I'm interested in politics. I don't want to be a politician because there's too much red tape, but I would be interested in, er, being the Minister For The Arts . . ."

The thought of Bernard Rhodes presiding over the opera is a little too much.

"You might laugh, but it's like any elite culture. You go to the galleries in Dover Street and they've all got their hush-hushness . . . yet kids do their single covers in the same sort of arty way and it's all shouting and laughter!

"The culture of England, the old historic culture, is the elite or the ruling class and the workers. The kid is a worker, so he's Labour straight-away, if you like. But he's forced to be Tory by having to be opportunist and having to carve out a niche for himself. That's what happens on the street — it's the law of the jungle — and he carries that philosophy on with him.

"The Labour party is all about red tape and unions and boredom. And, if you like, my one chance now is to do something in that area. Not be an advertising agency to it, like Thatcher is doing — she understands that element of it — but really try to get their funds into activities that can generate some sort of interest."

But only politically-minded people can stomach having to swallow politics, especially party politics, with their music.

"If the thing has a value, then people will accept it naturally. If we're talking about Tom Robinson's sincerity . . . well, I know for a fact that his management would work out when a big demonstration was coming together and program the next record accordingly. It was a promotional campaign. That didn't work, and it was shown not to work.

"What would I do? I don't have a master plan. But I feel that I'm left wing, and I want to be proud of the party that's supposed to be representing me in Parliament, otherwise you do have fighting in the streets — and I don't think it will come to that, because most of the educated people are enjoying the rewards of their education, and the working people are too frightened about not having enough money to pay the rent. I think that it would be absolutely impossible to have a revolutionary situation. I think you could have a cultural revolution, but not an actual revolution. The culture side of it is the interesting thing. That's possible. The other one isn't."

IS THAT it? I think so. We can go back to what we were doing beforehand with a relatively painless degree of remorse. If Rhodes' words struck any kind of chord at all, the reverberation seems destined to die away. He finished by almost pleading for some kind of renewed debate, or even just a place where the debate can take place, a club, or a newspaper . . . As he says, there's no more plotting and planning, and a lot more desperation. The music, the rock culture, the underground, or whatever you want to call it, has lost its nerve. Send flowers if you like. Or seize the moment.

The phone rings. It's Bernard Rhodes. He's had an idea.

"Yeah, put this in your article: I'm interested in getting in touch with people who want to commit suicide. I've been thinking of starting up a kamikaze depot!

"Your paper exploited that bloke in Joy Division who committed suicide by putting him on the cover and everything, and I don't see why I shouldn't. So come on, don't be a closet-case, don't do it in the tranquility of your own home. Do it in a way that will help the poor souls that are left behind!"

Bernard . . .

". . . What?"

You're mad.

GASBAG

NME, 5-7 Carnaby St, London W1V 1PG

I WOULD dearly love to know what your conception of a Kiss fan is and why you are consistently and unfairly hateful towards Kiss in your reviews of their albums, singles and concerts.

I read Paul Du Noyer's abysmal and totally bigoted review of the new Kiss album, but as I refuse to spend money on *NME* I had to look at my friend's copy. He, being a Joy Division /Slits advocate, laps up any word that tarts such as Paul Morley, Kent, Parsons and Du Noyer have to say.

I just cannot understand why you are so venomous about Kiss. Kiss aren't dishonest. They plagiarise the past no more than 98% of bands. It is true that they've become a visual parody of what they once were. I mourn the basic Kiss of 1975, but this shouldn't matter to Du Noyer; he was supposed to be reviewing the music, not the pan-stick and tinsel. As such he should have written that Kiss have created eleven individual songs which are well produced and instantly listenable. But to the *NME* that's filth, isn't it?

I mention the number 98% because, even though I'm a mere Kiss fan, I do recognise that bands such as Joy Division, Bowie, the Banshees have qualities of their own, and I respect that. But I don't like 'Closer'. I don't like 'Cut'. I don't like Pere Ubu. And I defy you to insult my musical tastes without having an ounce of fairness in trying to understand why I love what I love. You hurt me and anger me because I believe in what you write about the new bands. But you're so vicious and bigoted in other areas. You're always honest and consistent in anything you say about politics / society but with music — your reason for existence — you're so often liars. You insult me.

I believe you praised *Star Wars*. Then why do you not accept that Kiss aren't all that bad? I shall be escaping at Wembley and Stafford in September; it's just a good laugh. When I get home I'll be crying that a bitch is tearing this country apart while the people look on dumbfounded.

You seem to despise the good-time rock fans. Why? You might deny it, but by despising our fave bands you despise us.

Kiss do no damage, but The Clash and Pistols do. They scream things from vinyl which cause violence, not aimed at those who deserve it — the scum in Parliament — but at those who don't — other kids with different musical tastes.

If my letter is 50% faulty then it's at least 50% more reliable than the *New Musical Express*.

Jimmy Bannock, Sunderland

It's a pity you don't buy *NME* — we could use a few more passionate people like you around this page. And, as it happens, I agree with some of what you say. But I still think Kiss suck — they may entertain you, but that doesn't mean they're not mediocre entertainers — and will defend to my death Mr Du Noyer's right to so say, OK? *Star Wars* was crap, too. Let's say we're both 50% faulty. Which isn't a bad average these days. — M.S.

Who the hell are you to tell us what to think? Your paper is loaded with preconceptions, prejudice and favouritism. You're not interested in a band's live performance or material, only whether it's hip to like them. Praising PiL is hip, so is slagging off The Clash. I like The Clash and couldn't care less if you don't. In fact, only one thing could put me off The Clash — if you lot decided it was hip to like them.

A Clash Zealot, Downend, Bristol

P.S. Put a nasty comment after this letter — then I'll know it was worth writing.

I have a puppy called Wobble, a ferret named Sting, and three little hamsters named Paul, Bruce and Rick. Unlike my friends, though, I am not interested in pop music.

Nick Magennis, Belfast

Neither is Enzo Bearzot and he called his goat Paul Rambali. — M.S.

Perhaps people are inclined to mistrust you, Mr Brian 'Highlife African Music' Eno, mate, not so much because you're an intellectual but because, underneath it all, you're maybe just a humourless, boring old pseud.

Spike, Swanley, Kent

I'll drink to that. — Bryan Ferry

Dear Danny Baker, has Bryan Ferry got three hands? I wonder, because in your Singles review you wrote "I can imagine him, one set of fingers running through the piano, the other cradling his head which stares off wanly. The other scratching his arse."

A Lonely Octopus

Why do I bother? — A gag writer

Well, we thought it was a good gag, Dan. Which is why we've re-run it. — M.S.

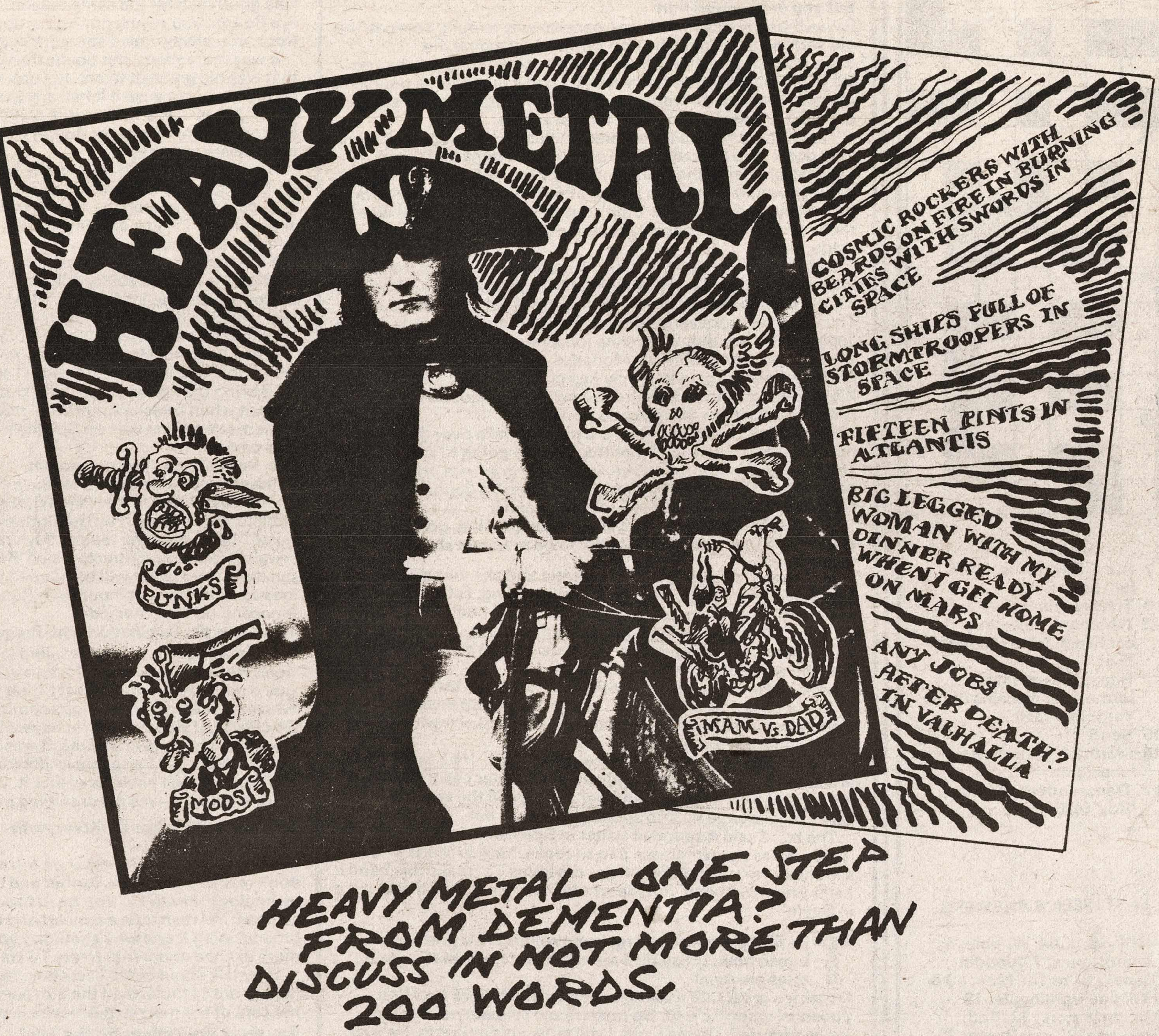
Jerry Dammers is *not* gay.

C.B., Plymouth

And I'll drink to *that*. — Bryan Ferry

I've just heard on the radio a very deep Kevin "No press interviews" Rowland of Dexy's. I'd say he needs all the misquoting he can get.

Alan Charles, Leamington



I looked long and hard for the letter in last week's *Gasbag* which said that the poem on side two of DMR's 'Soul Rebel' was written by Ray Thomas and was a Moody Blues out-take, but it must have been lost in the post.

If they can't take the criticism they can have their LP back — as soon as my mate's finished taping it.

Erich van Datsun, London N5

This correspondence is now closed — M.S.

Look, defending Ian Penman takes courage, so bear with me. Eno is mildly pissed off with a review. But on what grounds do you criticise Herb Alpert? As deliberate muzak, his work can't be dismissed for not having 'street credibility', only for not having 'airport lounge' credibility. Which is precisely Penman's criticism of Eno's 'muzak'. All those sleeve notes, the art school packaging, it means it's not muzak at all. Cute, huh?

Eno puts slabs of artspeak all over his records. For whom? Rock critics? If them, then he shouldn't fuss when they react. Why isn't he selling his stuff to airport lounge muzak directors? Herb Alpert just gets on with *his* job.

On the other hand, Penman's a lousy stylist.

Mark Sinker, Montford Bridge, Shrewsbury

P.S. If you can't read it, make it up.

In his Peter Sellers obituary, Danny Baker gave no mention to the *Pink Panther* film. Surely Sellers will be remembered most for his role as the bumbling Inspector Clouseau?

Herbert Lom, Hartlepool

I wish *we* had one of those doomsday bombs. — Buck Turgidson

I would like to point out that the real threat to world peace comes from the Swiss. They are the only nation with enough fall-out shelters for their population. All they have to do is wait until the rest of the world have blown themselves to bits and then crawl out of their shelters and take over. It is a clever strategy for world domination which I believe they have been planning for years. In the interests of peace and security I believe we should declare war on Switzerland and destroy these chocolate eating, watchmaking, mountain-climbing political manipulators before the Holocaust besets us all.

A Haemophiliac Jehovahs Witness with a nose bleed, Oldham, Lancs

See? Ten, 20 million dead tops, if we get the breaks. — Buck Turgidson

Recent editions of the *NME* have been littered with waste-of-space articles which in no way pertain to the musical panorama on which your publication is based. I realise fully that a good music journalist needs other areas to branch out in order to put things in context. But should this include an interview with a fatuous fabricator of family favourites such as *Night Of The Living Dead* and *The Crazies* (July 12 issue)?

Who could care less about the sleazy George Romero and his abundant duplex chins? On top of this, another page of film reviews and adverts. Pretty boring stuff. After trashing my way through the cinema I'm confronted with *T-Zers*, which is offering its commendations to none other than Bjorn Borg. Let's have a beer and read the sports page. When does the feature on body-building come and that roadtest on the new Vespa?

You're still the best music fanzine on the market, but I think you can use the columns more wisely.

Jim Matis, Ellicott City, Maryland, USA

I suppose you'd prefer wall-to-wall Iggy Pop. Look, mate, what do you know about culture — you're from the goddam United States. Less narrow-minded bigots like you and a few more Jimmy Bannocks is what I say. — M.S.

Since the advent of boring punk, new wave, 2-Tone and ultra-boring white reggae, you've not printed one understandable article in your rag. How about a deja vu on early '70s stuff like Neil Young, CSN & Y, Carole King, Zep and the likes. I dream of Woodstock 2.

Keep up the good work.

Colin Ed, Liverpool

Ever been to Maryland? — M.S.

If Bo Derek is a 10, then Debbie Harry, I'd like to give her an eight, Judie Tzuke a seven, Siouxsie a five, and Kate Bush — I'd like to give her one.

Ronald Dahl, New Barnet

P.S. If you don't print this, please send it on to *Record Mirror*

We've sent it back to Benny Hill. — M.S.

The little paper you published on home-taping will not have done your anti-big business credibility any harm whatsoever, but at the risk of being thought an apologist for corporate incompetence, I feel it deserves some comment.

Home-taping isn't just a problem for the big record companies, it also harms the interests of those who acutally *choose* to buy records. We're paying enough for them as it is without having to pay extra to meet the costs of this piracy.

The artists who find their work thus duplicated can't be too happy about home-taping either. Admittedly, according to the latest reports, Mike Jagger can get along quite nicely on his present, ex-pirated, royalties, but there are plenty of new acts (the future of rock 'n' roll, remember) who aren't quite as well off as he. It's hard enough as it is to make a living out of music without your encouraging people to get their listening without paying the royalties to the people who write, perform and produce it.

The solution is relatively painless. A levy of, say, 50p on all blank cassettes, to allow the owner to make recordings legitimately, would make home-taping only marginally less economical and fun and would mean that artists got a fairer return for their labours.

A. J. Readman, Leeds 15

Ah, but you're forgetting one thing. Read on . . . — M.S.

So what is this levy we're all (maybe) going to pay for home taping? Does it mean that when I buy a C90 and fill it full of my brutally fractured (D Jewell) Harmonica Stylings, I will be able to apply to the BPI for my 10p back? This seems reasonable to me — I mean, why should all dem rich Pop Star blokes have my royalties? An' me only an undead child singer from Salem, Massachusetts! Or do the record companies seriously expect me to pay royalties to someone else on my own recordings? That's what it'll amount to.

Umbrella Lord Succubus (Teac A-108 Syne)

P.S. I do tape a lot of records, but I also buy a lot.

You weren't supposed to add that last bit, dummy. — M.S.

1968 'F' registration green Vauxhall Viva, requires slight attention. £50 o.n.o. Apply: Mr Alf Roberts, Coronation St, Manchester.

Biffo, Warrington, Cheshire

If The Citizen is such a punter, how come he doesn't know that the Hackney dogs run Thursday, not Friday?

Ian Macleay, London W6

He claims it was a typographical error. — M.S.

Re that incident in the Far East. Would Macca have been admitted to Japan if he had bludgeoned a dolphin to death, or done his best to make whales instinct?

Feargal Shark, Dundee

Sure. — Emperor Hirohita

Mark Graham forgot to ask John Lennon about his cow.

Klaus Schafer, Duren, West Germany

If John Anderson becomes President will he call up Rick Wakeman to be Vice-President?

John Barnet, New Connolly

Why does beer go up when dole doesn't?

Phil, Penarth, South Glamorgan

You'll have to take that up with Milton Friedman. — M.S.

Why print letters that mean nothing?

Sammy Counterpart, London

Edited by Monty Smiff

Sleeve design: Ray Lowry

Left: Not a dry ice in the house.
Peter Gabriel has often expressed a desire to get back to those side-splitting theatrics he made his own trade mark in Genesis. Well we now have photo proof that he is back on that track when at the Tower in Philadelphia he donned this hilarious set of bat wings. Said Pete: "I know it isn't much but frankly, I'm skint. True, a roadie has to hold them in place but as soon as we get enough cash together I'll buy a new snake-belt. I use them in this song called 'Oh Yus, I'm Batty Over You' and I think they give it a subtle twist . . . it's all very satirical actually. It goes over many peoples heads . . . which is another one of my jokes. Showbusiness is all about bums-on-seats as far as I'm concerned, and let's face it Brian, Joe Public doesn't want to come home from a hard day's work to have to watch a bunch of po-faced, humourless," . . . (Cont Page 96)'

T-ZERS

Below: David Johansen was involved in his usual showy onstage gymnastics when, at the culmination of a particularly athletic somersault, an expensive, if ill-placed, RotoBugle mike complete with stand vanished down his throat. The show was halted while a team of surgeons laboured to retrieve the instrument. The theatre was eventually cleared after several people were treated for nausea when the sound of David's mid-evening meal began to be amplified, as it digested, around the whole hall. (Many thought this disgusting series of gas, bloops and squeeches to be a tape of the new Throbbing Gristle import and began to dance feverishly.) Mr Johansen then lapsed into a coma, which is his present condition. However, RotoBugle Sound Hire Inc say the mike is still their property and they will be able to meet any contractual agreements already signed. Consequently, all ticket holders for the ELO gig at Madison Square Gardens are asked to stay calm when Johansen is wheeled on and Olivia Newton-John begins to sing into his mouth. That is all.

Both pics: Lisa Haun

YES YOU! A free copy of **Anthony Newley's** 'Girls Were Made To Love And Kiss' to the reader who comes up with the most touching tribute to Britain's Best Loved **Gran,** puts it into prose, decorates it with dried scented flowers and mails it to '80 Glorious Years' Competition, c/o **Vic Moans,** Workers Revolutionary Party, Great Yarmouth. Right, that's about as sensible as it gets in this weeks hot'n'wacky *T-Zers!* . . .

Hot: Announced as "the last surviving members of Crawling Chaos", **Joy Division** played their first gig since the death of **Ian Curtis** at the Beach Club, Manchester last week. As a trio taking turns on vocals they replaced the Belgian band **Names** who'd been specially booked by JD manager **Rob Gretton.** Apparently, though, he got the dates mixed up and asked his bereaved chums to stand in, which they did, playing all new material for about forty minutes . . .

Wacky: **Debbie Harry's** in the country to record a special segment in the *Muppet Show.* Although her spot is brief, she was put out to learn that it meant nine-to-five rehearsals every day. *(Shame — Ed).* The show will be screened later on this year and Ms Harry will be recognisable as the one with the ludicrous hair style and an eye for a marketable mass exposure stunt situation. **Blondie** are currently back rehearsing after their long break but sources say that their touring days are over. The group are fed up with dreary old concerts. Moreover, they've joined the growing list of artists making impositions on photographers. This time they're trying to get the cover of **Lester** 'Square' **Bang's** biography changed to a shot they approve of. (Current book sales worldwide have just passed into treble figures). . .

More touchy types: **David Bowie** — just breaking in here to say that, although we've started with some big names, all the usual crud will follow later — David Bowie has become another rocker to blight the career of doomed film-maker **D. A. Pennebaker.** Old Buckle-Eye has vetoed his *Bowie* movie on the ground that it has yet to undergo a sound mix 'to match my own standards'. (Those of you who heard 'Alabama Song' will realise that a strumpet will therefore be essential if wishing to peruse the finished picture.) Anyrate, the '74 movie about the Ziggy Stardust period was due to open on 42nd Street next week. Snides reckon it'll eventually show supporting *Can't Stop The Music* at London's glamorous Elephant & Castle ABC. . .

Nowhere in sight was **Elton John** who's just finished a song on the all round fabness of Cartiers jewellery store in Bond Street. Incidentally, who remembers the old Crown Topper TV ads when that bloke used to stand in a wind tunnel to prove his syrup was immovable? Well, that man was Elton John himself! . . .

Receding **Ian Dury** joined balding thespians **Derek Jacobi** and **Vanessa Redgrave** in an edited version of *Hamlet* at Stockwell Manor School. *Hamlet,* the tale of a simple Danish crofter who rises to become the world's most powerful Cigar & Toupee Manufacturer, was well received by both spectators on the day. It was all in aid of London Youth Clubs although the *Daily Mail* interpreted this as a fund-raiser for the monarchist WRP. Dury took four parts: Halmet's father, **Laertes,** a soldier and **Shakespeare** himself. William was present and thought Ian's performance was "wild but cool" . . .

Top Of The Pops returns this week — it *has* been away you know — with a new look and a new producer, **Michael Hurll,** who weighs in at a youthful 42. Mike used to produce *Crackerjack (CRACKERJACK! — Responsive Audience)* and is quite obviously the man for the job . . .

And More: BBC Radio One has at long last decided to drop its dreaded playlist allowing DJs to play exactly what they want. (Party whistles, factory hooters, duck call) . . .

NME's completely headshaven photographer **Joe Stevens** files the following hairless joke: "Y'see the **Shah of Iran** was so unpopular they buried him in a bullet proof coffin!". Yeah Joe, file it under DD for Dropped Dead . . .

BRIEF Encounters: Fate slung together **Hazel O'Connor** and **Iggy Pop** in a sleazy Cheese-O-Matic on Broadway, New York. They hit it off straight away. (No, Monty, I said *hit* it off.) The Ig was donned out in a tourist shortsleeve shirt and **Bing Crosby** hat and pointed out to the wideeyed Brit various hoodlums, hustlers and dope dealers going about their business. Under his arm was a batch of **George Gershwin** toons and he was griping about Arista being on his back demanding fresh demos. So you can expect an 'Iggy Sings Gershwin' album soonest. "James Osterburg is in full receipt of all his own hair" writes a doctor . . .

Ongoing Sits: Remember that story we ran about **Chrissie Hynde** going silly onstage and then the retraction we wrote afterwards. Well, Pony Express has just delivered an angry missive from An Unnamed Ketchup *(That's source — Ed)* who originated the rumour an' says that every last embarrassing syllable was stone fact, jack. Latest Score: Deuce, advantage source . . .

Upcoming **Attractions** LP to be called 'Mad About The Wrong Boy' and comes free with **Cyril Lord** StringUnderTheChin Gent's Top Piece . . .

After the recent Milton Keynes mudbath **Sting** came offstage to discover that some semi-honest fans had broken into his tent *(Tent? — Ed)* and ignoring the expensive Cartier tape decks and stuff made off with some of his stage clothes. Now he'd like them back and is even prepared to do a deal with the foul hirsute villains in exchange for souvenirs, kinda thing. Seems to us there must've been summit mighty important in those pockets, like a set of *photos* or the recipe for his own blend of rejuvenating Grecian 'Blondo' 2000 . . .

Ms Honey Bane, a mere 16 years of age, reckons that the big bad world of record bureaucracy has taken advantage of her good and comely self. Seems that her split with **The Allies** won't prevent them using her material on an up-and-coming album with another girl singer. S'if that weren't bad enuff Gem Records — the villains of the piece — hired an exec to spill the beans telling Honey that she "has a weak and wimpy voice". Wimpy — can you say that? This was after Gem had given The Allies a fat grand upfront to make the tapes . . .

Deaths: **Garry Cooke,** 24-year-old composer and guitarist with **Sister Sledge** died of cancer in Philadelphia on July 23. A day earlier — July 22 to you — former **Grateful Dead** organist **Keith Godchaux** shuffled off the planet in a Californian car crash. Godchaux, who replaced **Pigpen** in the Dead in 1973, had been playing the clubs of San Francisco in his recently-formed combo **Ghost** . . .

T-Zers will read this next one verbatim and as it was handed in to us. Ahem. "**Errol Dunkley, Tapper Zukie, Dennis Alcapone, Roy Shirley, Cedric Myton** of **The Congoes** and assorted idren sighted taking in Jamaica's visiting Ray Symbolic Hi-Fi with bona fide Jamdung toaster **Ranking Joe** at the mike and **Jah Screw** at the controls down at London's Forest Gate Friday hot spot Corner Shot." Anybody remember **Rambling Sid Rumpo**?

Clash members are helping out **Mick Jones** who is producing and co-writing his girlfriend **Ellen Foley**'s next LP. Plus The Clash are but one of the oddities to be found in *Billboard*'s Disco Top 100. Others include **Gang Of Four**'s 'Damaged Goods', items by **Selecter** and **Pretenders,** with no less than *two* from **The Cure.** This must give **4be2** a chance with their upcoming single, the reverse of which, is called 'Why Won't Rangers Sign A Catholic', which must make as much sense to Americans as the previous *T-Zer* did to us . . .

To close we go to the *Oxford Dictionary.* It says: Toupee (TOOpay)n. artificial tuft or front of hair. Next week we explain 'Joke', especially for all New York photographers . . .

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BETTER BADGES

This	Last Weeks		
1	(1)	Joy Division — Closer	20p
2	(2)	Joy Division—Unknown Pleasures	20p
3	(4)	Crass — Anarchy & Peace	20p
4	(5)	Crass — Fight War Not Wars	20p
5	(3)	Jam — Going Underground	20p
6	(8)	Jam — Tubestation	20p
7	(7)	S.L.F.	20p
8	(6)	Cockney Rejects — Logo	20p
9	(–)	Dexy's Midnight Runners	20p
10	(–)	Dead Kennedy's — Cambodia	20p

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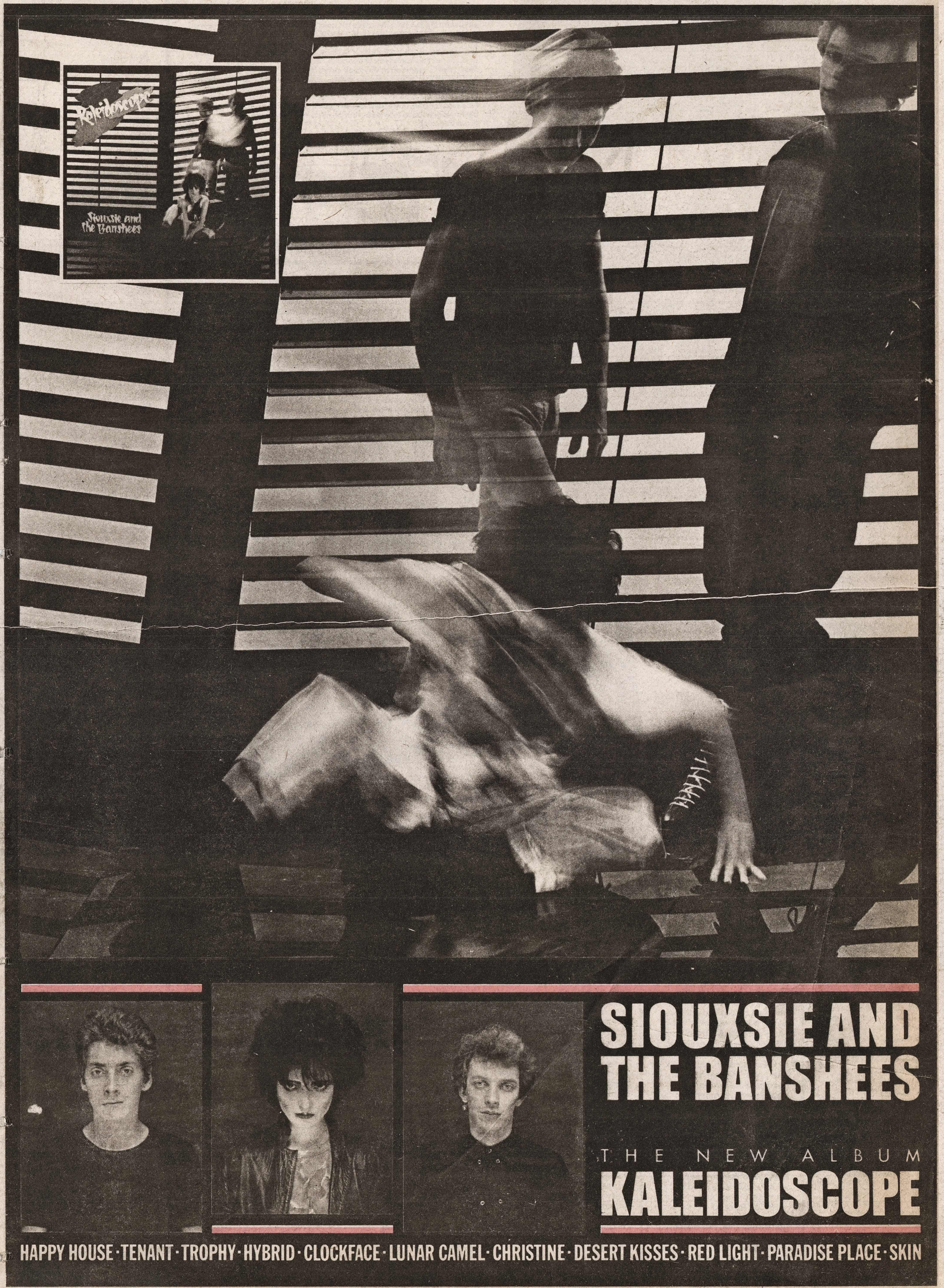
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